THE

Philosophy of the Beautiful

BEING

A Contribution to its Theory, and to A Discussion of the Arts

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Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd without tears.

TENNYSON.

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PREFACE

A previous volume in this Series was devoted to the History of Æsthetic Theory.

That volume had to be issued under disadvantageous circumstances. It was written several years ago, and, when ready for the press, the MS. was lost in a railway carriage, and never recovered. The book had to be entirely re-written. In consequence of this, the temptation to abandon the historical part of the subject, and confine oneself entirely to the constructive, was great; for while the second form in which a theory is cast may often be better than the first, in the case of a historical outline it is rare that one can improve upon an original draft.

It was not my aim—either in the first or the second treatment of the History—to trace the organic evolution of dogma from school to school. My purpose was to give an impartial account of the greater theories *seriatim*, along with an outline of the more important treatises, on the Beautiful—or discussions of the subject—in a condensed form and in chronological order. Histories

which attempt the former task, and trace the stream of tendency as it develops itself in the philosophical schools, have a distinctive feature and function of their own. They must be critical; and every critical history must reflect the bias, or at least the idiosyncrasy, of the critic. It seemed to me to be more important for the general reader—and more useful for the student—to have some sort of guide to the Literature of the subject; and therefore, such "outlines" of History as are contained in the previous volume, were, in the first instance, published by themselves.

Opinion will differ as to the relative value of many of the books which were there analysed, and also as to the merit of some of the theories discussed. If no important æsthetic doctrine has been overlooked, there are certainly many blanks in the list of the minor writers mentioned. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the amount of space devoted to each was not determined by the general rank of the author in the history of Philosophy, but by the importance of his contribution to this special subject; and there are several whose sole title to "honourable mention" in Philosophy or Literature is what they have written upon it. Sometimes a stray essay, a casual lecture, or even a few paragraphs by a writer otherwise unknown, have been more to the point—and are now more valuable to posterity—than volumes of miscellaneous discussion by authors whose names are "household words."

The literatures of Greece, Italy, Germany, France, England, and America have been dealt with in the previous volume. In an appendix to this one I have added a brief sketch of Russian æsthetic, for the facts contained in which I am indebted to F. Vengeroff, formerly of Minsk-gour, now of St. Petersburg; and, for a shorter outline of the more recent Danish writers, I am in the same way indebted to E. Fritsche of Copenhagen.

The book is not a treatise on Art, or on the several Arts; but it deals, in a humble way, with that which underlies each of them, while it pervades them all. A large portion of it was written at first in lecture-form; and, while the whole has been recast, it is probable that some traces of its original purpose may survive in its latest literary form.

The appreciation of the Beautiful, both in Nature and in Art, is a noteworthy feature of the close of the nineteenth century, and an account of its evolution would form the subject-matter of an interesting essay. This appreciation seems to be increasing both in quantity and quality, filling a wider area of popular sympathy, and being finer and truer than it ever was before. It is proverbially difficult to estimate the characteristics of the time one lives in; but, with much to thwart it on every side, the "increasing purpose" of the age runs forward; and it may be safely affirmed that the methods of modern education have in our day developed a truer appreciation of Art than of Philosophy. Science is

doubtless in the ascendant; but Art, in all branches, is following closely in the wake of Science. Music, for example, was never so widely or deeply appreciated by the people in any previous time, as it is in ours; and the desire to have at least some simple Beauty, some kind of decorative work, in their houses — which is increasingly felt by our artizans—is a characteristic previously unknown.

But while the appreciation of Art is now probably greater than it ever was in the history of the world, in our art-criticism there is a great deal of meandering, of intellectual helter-skelter, and not a little rhapsody and vagary. The fads of personal taste, based sometimes on acquaintance with a particular period, which the critic affirms to be the only great one in art-history, lead to rash condemnations on the one hand, and to extravagant praise on the other. This will in due time correct itself; but, both in Literature and in Art, the professional critic of the day is perhaps a little "heady and high-minded."

It is perhaps worthy of note that the great artists — whether poets, musicians, sculptors, architects, or painters—have not, as a rule, possessed the literary faculty of interpreting their own work. They have been too busy with the work of creation to tarry and explain its processes. It would probably have lessened their originality as artists, had they theorised upon their art; while it would certainly have lessened the amount of

the work they have produced. Beethoven would not have scaled the heights, or sounded the depths of Music, had he—like Schopenhauer—written of its philosophy; and Turner would scarcely have enriched the world with his unique idealism, had he been also an art-critic like Ruskin. In addition to the fact that the gift of supreme originality disinclines its possessor to theorise upon his mode of work or its results, were he to do so, the form in which he would present his theory would, in all probability, be "caviare to the general"; because the original mind (as Wordsworth pointed out) has *to create the taste by which he is appreciated*; and, in almost every instance, he cannot help being unjust to his contemporaries. But, while the great writers do not write of their art, or its philosophy, inferior ones do; and the empirics are more loquacious than the wise.

The study of the Philosophy of the Beautiful is of importance not only on its own account, but because of the relation in which it stands to kindred problems in Philosophy, and the light it casts upon them. Idealism can, perhaps, find its fullest vindication within the second of the three spheres of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. The meagre doctrine which traces everything back to sensation, and finds, in the transformations and sublimations of sense, the process by which the entire fabric of human knowledge has been built up, can easily be seen to be a sectarian hypothesis, when we examine it on its æsthetic side. And, if we have good grounds

for believing that there are *a priori* elements in our knowledge of Beauty, we may make a similar inference in reference to our knowledge of Truth and Goodness. In other words, although it would be a gross exaggeration to say of Beauty that "she keeps the keys of all the creeds," we may apprehend some phases of Truth —perhaps the more recondite ones—some aspects of Conduct, and the significance of our ordinary Life, if we approach them, so to say, through "the gate called Beautiful," rather than by any other way.

I intended to conclude this book with a chapter entitled "Deductions from a theory of Beauty bearing on the spheres of the True and the Good;" and, in the preface to the former volume, the bearing of a Philosophy of the Beautiful on Theism was referred to. The discussion of this subject, however, is postponed. I shall take it up in a work dealing with Theism exclusively.

In the bibliographical lists appended to chapters VI. VIII. IX. X. XI. XII. and XIII., I have given the original titles—and dates of publication—of German or French books, except in one or two cases, when I have referred to subsequent editions or translations, which will be more accessible to the general reader.

WILLIAM KNIGHT,
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CHAPTER I

PROLEGOMENA

1. The problem of the nature of Beauty has often been abandoned as theoretically insoluble; and comparatively few of the solutions offered present the definite intellectual form which the greater speculative theories as to Truth and Duty have assumed. Nevertheless, there has been as much reason *a priori* to expect that some solution of it would be found — partial and approximate as all theory must in every instance be — as that Philosophy should succeed in clearing up the mysteries that surround its other problems. As a concrete fact, Beauty is as near to us as either Truth or Goodness are. Its aspects are quite as obvious to the ordinary eye. Why then should its essence be wrapped in more impenetrable gloom? It may perhaps be found that its nature is not only quite as intelligible as is that of the two realms which border it, but that its speculative analysis casts considerable light on the problems belonging to those spheres which intersect or overlap its own.

It may be presented, in the first instance, through a series of questions, thus:—Why do we call any single object in Nature beautiful? When we go beneath the surface of commonplace admiration, and affirm that any particular thing possesses Beauty, what do we really mean by the assertion? How comes it that one object partakes of Beauty while another does not? Is there any fixed relation between the many different objects which, taken individually, are called beautiful? If so, what is that relation? Does the Beauty they partake of separate them from one another? or does it unite them together? Leaving individual objects, what is Beauty in itself? Is its essence knowable approximately, or in fragment? Can it be apprehended by us indirectly, if not directly, and be understood through analogy, if not by intuition?

In thus stating the problem from various points of view, questions of Science have been mixed up with those of Philosophy; but, as we proceed, these will be disengaged, and separately handled.

There is scarcely any debate in the philosophical schools as to the universality, in some form or other, of what is known and described as the "æsthetic sense." Whatever its origin, and however curious the phases (or the vagarics) it assumes, it is practically world-wide. It may be said of it, "there is no speech nor language where its voice is not heard"; but if we are to have a Philosophy of the Beautiful, we cannot rest contented with a mere induction of particulars, or by a summary of the various instances in which Beauty occurs. We must try to find out whether it is primarily a sense, or a faculty—whether it has its root in feeling, or in reason;—and we

must deal with it, both by analysis and synthesis, to see whether, underneath its multitudinousness and variety, there is any unity at all.

Suppose that we are in the presence of objects which awaken both the feeling and the judgment of the Beautiful—a flower, a gem, a sunset, a madonna; of others that we call majestic—lofty mountains, a storm at sea, a great cathedral; of others that we regard as sublime—"the starry heavens above us, or the moral law within us" (to take Kant's illustration); or of others that we describe as graceful—a tiny cascade, a waving birch tree, or a Greek vase: and we ask, have these things any element in common? and if so, what is it? The phenomena, in themselves extremely varied, all possess a certain charm. But charm is a thing that is absolutely vague. We desire to know in what it consists, and how it is brought about. We find that in many things Beauty is "half-concealed and half-revealed," that it may be a sudden apparition anywhere, but that it tarries for inspection nowhere. It is apparently all-penetrating and pervasive, yet it is shadowy and evanescent. Can we find its secret, as the one within the many? or is Beauty only a name, which conceals our ignorance of its nature? In other words, can we clasp the varied phenomena which delight us within a frame of theory which surrounds them comprehensively, and while it embraces each is a valid definition of the whole?

2. We might content ourselves, as some philosophies affirm that we must, with merely registering the particular forms which Beauty assumes, classifying the objects in which it occurs, and thus distinguishing its types; but

in so doing we would be dealing merely with the science of the Beautiful, for science is concerned only with phenomena, and the laws of phenomena. As soon as we raise the question, "Can the types be combined under an archetype?" we have left what may, with all deference, be called the outer court of Science, and we have entered the inner court of Philosophy. Philosophy is the study of that which transcends the sciences, that which underlies phenomena and their laws, the essence behind appearance, the "unity where no division is." Thus regarded, the scientific inquiry is only an introduction to the philosophical one—a necessary prelude perhaps, but no more; because the chief use of a collection of statistics, or an inventory of beautiful things, is to help us to solve the problem of what Beauty is in itself.

An enlarged acquaintance with Beauty in separate things always awakens in the mind that discerns it adequately a deeper feeling *for* the Beautiful, or a fuller appreciation of it. This by degrees supplies a standard by which the Beautiful can be judged. It becomes a criterion by which we test, and intuitively measure, the amount of Beauty in particular objects. The standard is itself progressive. It is enlarged, both in height, in range, and in depth, by every new experience. At length, however—and indeed very early in our initiation—we find that no single object contains perfect Beauty, or can contain it. Not only are the inharmonious and the ugly constant attendants, side by side with their opposites, the harmonious and the beautiful; but imperfection enters into, and mingles with, every sample of the Beautiful which we perceive. In other words, we

find that perfect Beauty—the supreme reality—does not exist in the actual world at all; that only fragments, approximations, or suggestions of it are to be met with, while it is itself an ideal of the mind. Thus the actual world of the partially beautiful is first of all tested by the standard within us; and then, in our search for perfection, the actual is by degrees supplanted by the ideal.

3. But where do we find, and how do we become possessed of this standard, criterion, and ideal? If it be true, as Tennyson says,

> That type of perfect in the mind
> In Nature we can nowhere find,

there is but one possible reply. It is found within our own conscious life. It is evolved within the percipient subject, while his faculties are in contact with the imperfect world of Beauty beyond them. What is thereafter discovered, however, in the realm of the objective—while not a mere ideal creation, or "projection of the mind's own throwing"—is something that is kindred to the nature that perceives it. The things we call beautiful are so because they are a mirror of ourselves, because they disclose personality beyond the narrow limits of our own individuality, and express a meaning which can be made significant in no other way.

Those who affirm that there is nothing intrinsically beautiful in objects usually lay claim to be more scientific than the upholders of an intrinsic standard. They contrast what they regard as the helpless dogma of an ultimate and inexplicable datum with the theory of development, by which things intrinsically neutral or

unattractive have gradually become beautiful, through custom, association, or use and wont. This claim must be tested in detail.

4. The first point to be noted in reply is, that the theory in question is on precisely the same intellectual level as that which affirms that Truth is what each man troweth, and Goodness what each one fancies to be good; in other words that our present inheritances —having been evolved out of others unlike themselves—possess only a passing value, and a relative significance. History shows that this theory of the Beautiful has been invariably the product of an empirical philosophy of knowledge and of morals. There is no instance in which an experiential psychologist has admitted the existence of an absolute standard of Beauty, or in which an *a priori* theorist in metaphysic has adopted the associationalist theory of Beauty.

The same thing may be seen from a speculative point of view. If we have no standard of Beauty, for precisely the same reason we can have no test of Truth, and no rule of Conduct. In each department the *a priori* and the *a posteriori* theories draw to one another by secret intellectual affinity.

5. In the next place, the various judgments passed by different men, nations, and ages, as to what things are really beautiful and what are not, is no valid basis for the doctrine that they become beautiful by custom and usage; because these differences are necessary illustrations of the standard. We could have no test of Truth, unless aberration from it — in the form of erroneous theory—were possible. The recognition of

error is thus one of the conditions of our knowledge of what is true. "Error," as Bossuet used to say, is but "truth abused"; and, without occasional departures from the *via media*, we could not understand its theoretic meaning or relevancy. Mere mechanical accuracy in the exercise of our intellectual powers would prevent our distinguishing the true from the erroneous; and it is the extremes of experience that give significance to the mean in conduct. In like manner, it is the varying judgments that have been passed, and are still passed, as to what is beautiful and what is not, that bring out the standard, making it obvious to the general mind. They may even in a sense be said to be necessary to its existence.

6. It has been repeatedly affirmed that, although the Hottentot Venus is superlatively ugly to the European eye, the distinction between her and what is known as the Venus of Melos or the Castellani Aphrodite is only one of degree, containing nothing intrinsic. This statement, however, has no authority beyond a miscellaneous assortment of very miscellaneous facts. It is notorious that the verdicts passed by the human race as to Beauty are as various as the nations, and almost as the families of mankind. But such statistics are irrelevant. They cannot disprove the fact—and this is the third point in the argument—that, given an adequate education in Beauty, these scattered judgments and verdicts will approach toward a common standard; and that the crude taste of the savage will yield, in a perfectly normal way, to the insight of the civilised. In order to make good the empirical theory of Beauty, it would be necessary to prove that the educated intelligence of the different

races do not tend to a common focus; but that the æsthetic judgments, current in different races equally educated, remain as diverse as they are amongst savages. It is an undoubted fact, however, that wherever education has advanced beyond an elementary stage, there is a consensus of opinion as to what things are beautiful and what are not. Minor or secondary differences remain, and will always remain; but the radical difference in the judgments as to Beauty is between those adopted by the savage and the civilised, not between those which are entertained by the latter. Further, we can only explain artistic progress in a nation if there be a standard towards which that progress normally tends.

7. It must be noted, however—and this is the fourth stage in the argument—that approximation to a common standard does not mean that all tastes will ultimately coincide, or that æsthetic judgment will ever become absolutely uniform. Tastes will continue to vary with the balance of the faculties in each individual; and since the samples of Beauty in the world are indefinitely various, differences in judgment and feeling will remain, and will also assume new forms, as the individual tends for the time being to appreciate this or that type of the universal beyond himself. It is never found that a dead level of uniformity is the result of artistic training, any more than that similarity of opinion or of practice follows from the highest intellectual and moral education. But, with a thousand types remaining, in each of them a standard of Beauty may be reached. To take a minor parallel within the sphere of the Beautiful itself: there is beauty in the ruby, the opal, the sapphire, and the diamond

—each of them distinct and characteristic—and yet they are all concurrent instances of one and the same beauty. Uniformity in the type would destroy what is most characteristic in each variety.

Thus the practical identity of educated judgment and feeling as to the beauty of the Parthenon, and the great Greek statues or vases, is quite consistent with the utmost variety of taste as to what is most attractive in each of them, or as to what constitutes the special charm of landscape-beauty. We are all constitutionally biassed either in favour of, or against, a particular style; and deflection from the supreme standard is easily explained by hereditary custom, and by training, or by caprice. The influence of association is not denied by those who refuse to take it as the sole key to this problem. It is admitted on all hands that custom distorts and corrupts, as much as it educates and informs. But could we ever speak of a vitiated taste, if taste had no standard? It is perhaps unfortunate that the word "taste" is so much used in this discussion. It seems to carry the parallel down from the sphere of the higher intuitions to one of the elementary senses. An analogy between them, however, does exist; and, keeping to the higher senses, it is easy to see that, as the physical organs of eye and ear are the main channels through which Beauty reaches us—and as these organs are the same in all, yet different in each—the judgments and feelings of mankind, as to what is and what is not beautiful, must show difference and similarity combined. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the possibility of educating every taste up to a common standard

(differences surviving underneath it) is forgotten by those analysts who tell us that the emotion of the Beautiful is, at its root, just as empirical as the taste for caviare.

8. Another point to be noted in connection with progress in the appreciation of the Beautiful is that judgment and feeling become more complex as æsthetic education grows, because more elements are brought within the category of the Beautiful. Things to which the savage pays no attention whatsoever are invested with profound interest to the educated; and this, while it simplifies the problem in one sense, complicates it in another.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the existence of an objective standard of Beauty necessitates an absolute uniformity in the opinions and feelings of mankind, either as to what Beauty is, as to what things partake of it and what do not, or as to the extent to which they do so. Every one is fallible in judgment, and vagaries of taste occur as frequently as peculiarities of opinion or of practice. It is perhaps less noted than it might be that the most divergent judgments as to Beauty exist within the precincts of the art-world itself. Contemporaries seldom agree (perhaps in proportion to the individual greatness of each of them) as to the merits of others, who perhaps at the very time are leading the art-world towards the recognition of a new type of Beauty. The idiosyncrasy of genius leads them to emphasise some true perception of their own, and at the same time to depreciate the equally true perception of a rival, with which they have no constitutional sympathy.

Some have supposed that the general acceptance of

the theory of Evolution in our time, in other words, the way in which Science has magnified processes above products—trying even to explain products by processes—must not only sweep away the old-world notion of a standard of the true, the good, and the beautiful; but that, more especially in the domain of the latter, the same inexorable wave of theory must for ever abolish the notion of the *quod semper*, *quod ubique*, *quod ab omnibus*. It may be questioned, however, whether the most fervent upholders of that maxim amongst the mediæval philosophers did not recognise the variable, fluctuating, and empirical side of things, as clearly as they saw the constant underneath the changing. They certainly saw—as some of the moderns do not seem to see so clearly—that, if we carry out the maxim *de gustibus non disputandum*, we must apply it impartially all round the circle of knowledge and of action; and therefore that, if there is to be no disputing as to tastes, we must not question the beliefs that any particular country has inherited, or dispute the practices it has evolved; because no opinion exists which has not found its ingenious advocate, and no custom has arisen which has not had its shrewd apologist, while all may be explained as the outcome of forces that are organic, constitutional, and world-wide.

CHAPTER II

THE NATURE OF BEAUTY

1. Suppose now that it be conceded that there is a standard of Beauty, and a power or faculty—be it primarily intellectual or primarily emotive, we need not at present ask—by which we apprehend the Beautiful, it must be remembered that no power or faculty of human nature ever stands alone, or can at any time act alone. Each is but a manifestation of conscious life working along a particular channel of activity. Besides, in the psychological structure of the individual, no two faculties are precisely equal in strength or vigour. It follows that our judgments and feelings as to Beauty are necessarily disturbed by the action of our other powers; and as they are affected so variously, the resulting canons of taste must be different in each of us. Our individual unsophisticated powers are at the mercy of "the great sophist"—Society. Novelty moulds them, fashion deflects them, association twists them, imagination fires them, fancy gives them wing; while utility may at the same time cramp them, and conceit make them occasionally capricious, or even eccentric. How intellectually

preposterous it is to infer from this that there is no standard of the Beautiful has been already shown, and will appear more clearly as we proceed.

The main point in the discussion may perhaps be more obvious when it is stated thus. In the objective Beauty of the world there is both an intrinsic and an extrinsic element, and, in the subjective appreciation of Beauty, there is of necessity a mingling of the uniform with the variable, and of the essential with the accidental. In both there is something inherent, and something derived; and these two things do not only not contradict each other, but they co-exist of necessity, each being essential to the other. The *ex*trinsic element is wholly relative, and it appeals differently to each one of us. The *in*trinsic element, on the other hand, exists for each and for all absolutely. If all do not perceive it, it is because some are less highly trained than others, in the understanding and appreciation of the Beautiful.

2. An important corollary follows. The works of the great masters in Literature and Art, which have been consecrated by Time, and are perennial in virtue of qualities which do not reflect the passing features of any age, would—strange as it may seem—be less attractive if they had not also some local colour, or transient charm. Those casual and accidental elements, which reflect their *Zeitgeist*, are quite as essential to the influence of the great masters, as those which mirror to us what is universal and permanent. If they stood out quite alone in their grandeur, the works of these masters would want certain features which make the lesser productions in Literature and Art—works which more resemble the

everyday characters of men—attractive to us. In their very majesty and solitariness, above criticism and beyond cavil, they would fail to move us with the charm which belongs to those things which reflect the fashion of the hour. It is perhaps for the same reason that we read, and need to read, a certain amount of ephemeral literature, as well as the classical masterpieces. Shakespeare and Plato do not suffice for the whole year, without the daily press, the magazine, and the novel of the period.[1]

3. It has been already pointed out that Beauty is both objective and subjective, that is to say, both in Nature and in the mind of man. It is partly out of the harmony and correspondence between these two—we may adopt the phrase of Leibnitz, and call it "pre-established harmony"—that we are able to appreciate Beauty at all. The analogies and correspondences between the mental and the material worlds are infinite. They mirror each other incessantly. We can only understand the one through the other, and we almost invariably interpret each in terms of its opposite. It is thus through the reciprocal relationship of two worlds that Beauty is first of all discerned, and then still further disclosed. Every one knows how we describe mental states by material processes, and characterise material objects by their mental counterparts. When we say that the sea roars, that the wind sleeps or whispers, when we allude to the peace of sunset, or the strength of the hills,

[1] With the close of Mediævalism the benefit of confinement to the folios passed away. It ended when education ceased to be an affair of the monastery and the convent school.

we describe the physical world in terms of the human. When we speak of a singularly bright or radiant character, we describe the mental world in terms of the physical; and when we proceed to use such terms as "candid" or "sincere," we still further describe human character in language drawn from the physical realm; the former being derived from the custom of presenting candidates for office in white robes; and the latter from the purity of honey, without wax in its composition. All language is thus a mosaic, inlaid with figures, symbols, analogies, and correspondences. In our use of it we show the limit of our insight, and our ignorance of the essence of things; but at the same time, we practically recognise the affinity of the two realms, and that each is the complement of the other.

As the poets have taught us, every form in Nature is symbolic; and every force, if not every occurrence, is allegoric. They all express more than ever reaches us through the gateways of sense; although, without these gateways, their higher language could not be spoken, nor could its meaning be understood. Poetry is (as we shall see) the chief art which mediates between Man and Nature, by its use of symbol and analogy; and the noblest function it fulfils is that of mediator. It may be noted, meanwhile, that those things in Nature and Humanity are most beautiful which most of all suggest what transcends themselves.

4. It is to be further observed that, in all Beauty there is movement and change, whether we are conscious of it or not. The stationariness of beautiful things is only seeming; but, along with the

movement, there must also be repose. Here again we have contraries united in a higher harmony; because the repose must be for the sake of the movement, and the change for the sake of rest. Constant changefulness does not satisfy, while absolute repose always dissatisfies.

Again, if we find Beauty in movement, we find it still more in Life, in vital change. It is in the organic evolution and development of living things that we find their most perfect beauty. It is not when it is cut that a flower is loveliest; but when it is growing, and developing fresh loveliness as it grows. This might be still more apparent were we to suppose an inorganic body —itself intrinsically beautiful—to become vital. Suppose such a gem as an opal, for example, to be alive—not only flashing its colours when mechanically turned in the light, but giving forth light by the movements of its molecules as if it actually lived, its beauty would be trebled. It is difficult to realise the almost magical effect that would be produced by living gems. The phosphorescence of the sea suggests it remotely.

5. Having thus recognised the existence both of an objective and a subjective beauty, it is next to be observed that, while each is independent of the other, it is fostered and developed by means of its opposite. The beauty in Nature does not create the beauty in the Mind; far less is the former a sort of drapery, cast over objects by the latter, in acts of idealisation. The one of these alternatives is the position of the ultra-Realist, the other is the contention of the extreme-Idealist; but a wise philosophy of the Beautiful shuns

"the falsehood of extremes." It recognises both realms, and it denies that either of them is prior or posterior to the other. It affirms that they are correlatives, and that out of their correlation—by a discernment of their affinity and correspondence, and the working of the imagination in its transit between the two—the secret of Beauty is disclosed.

6. With these propositions merely outlined, we must go further into detail. There is beauty in Colour, but is colour in itself beautiful? There is beauty in Form, but is form in itself beautiful? There is beauty in Sound and Motion, but are they in themselves beautiful? Here—in opposition to a contemporary writer of eminence—the negative may be frankly conceded by those who maintain the existence of intrinsic Beauty in the outer world. None of these things are separately or independently beautiful; and yet Beauty is an intrinsic thing—not an extrinsic, associated, or manufactured quality. Let us see how this is.

These things—Colour, Form, Sound, Motion—are all combined in the outer world in an infinite variety of ways. If they are adjusted together harmoniously in any single object, Beauty results; but it is not the adjustment that makes the beauty. Adjustment only discloses it. Every colour is beautiful in certain combinations and relations, but in these only. The harmonies of colour are not more arbitrary than those of the musical scale are conventional. A single shade would be unrecognisable by the human eye. If the landscape were of a uniform green, it would be like the uniform azure of the sky. In other words, it is the

contrast of different shades that alone makes any one recognisable; and thus, the rose is not beautiful merely because of its redness, or the lily because of its whiteness. It is by the way in which the form and colour are adjusted—so that the form aids the colour, and the colour helps the form—that the beauty of each is brought out. Add to this the motion of objects possessing both form and colour, and a new element of beauty is contributed. So with sound. As Browning puts it in *Abt Vogler*, who is supposed to be extemporising on a musical instrument of his invention:

Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said.
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;
And, there! Ye have heard, and seen. Consider and bow the head.

7. Next, it must be observed, that all beautiful objects—possessing colour, form, and motion—affect the mind primarily through the senses. But the sensations they produce, or elicit, always lessen in intensity when they are blended; and a more delicate feeling or emotion of the Beautiful takes their place. The sense-impressions, each vivid in isolation, are modified and subdued in conjunction; and the result is a much calmer and mellower state of consciousness. It is a psychological fact of some importance that as the emotion of the Beautiful rises in ethereality and delicacy, the vividness of the sensation with which it is always accompanied lessens; and when sensation fades or sinks altogether into the background of consciousness, the emotional and intellectual elements prevail. It is for this reason, *e.g.*

that, when reading a poem descriptive of Nature, our feelings are often stirred more deeply, and our apprehension of Beauty is sometimes keener, than when we actually see or hear the things described.

Another psychological fact of importance is that the recognition of the Beautiful is not merely an act of sense, but also of the intellect. In the first instance sensation is aroused in us by the stimulus of objects beyond us. Many influences streaming in from the external world combine, and form a unity; but the conscious recognition of beauty in an object is always an act of the intellect, as well as of sense; and it is by intellectual discernment that we get behind the sensation, and recognise other features intrinsic to those objects that have awakened it.

8. The distinction already drawn between the Science and the Philosophy of the Beautiful must at this stage be reverted to once more, to bring out a fresh aspect of the difference. Were we to collect together all known facts with reference to beauty in Nature or in Mind, and examine them to see what inferences they could yield, our inquiry would be purely inductive. We would take up the facts *seriatim* in their diversity, raising no question as to their unity. Whether Beauty is objective, or subjective, or both, and whether we recognise it by intellect, or feeling, or imagination—these are strictly scientific questions. But Science raises no question as to the ultimate nature of the thing itself, and whether the multiform beauty which we have observed in the course of our scientific cataloguing is radically the same in all the objects which disclose it; or whether those

finite forms and types, with which we become so familiar, lead up to an infinite Archetype, about which we may surmise what we cannot prove. When we raise these questions we have left Science behind us, and have entered the domain of Philosophy.

Of course we will be told that the search is fruitless, that it is the pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*, or a will o' the wisp, that the nature of Beauty cannot be discovered, but can only be philosophised about in aimless rhetoric. This is the familiar charge against idealism in Philosophy which has been reiterated in many forms since the days of Protagoras. But those who are pursuing the search for unity beneath diversity, and for the whole beyond its fragments, are not deterred by the fact that their search is pronounced illusory, or because it must end, as it began, in mystery. They recognise the Beautiful as a vital principle in the cosmos, as the living spirit of the universe, as the inflowing of the Infinite within the finite, and the disclosure of the Absolute through the relative. The individual things in which it is mirrored may be summed up as the fragments of one great hierarchy of the Beautiful. Detached and separate, they may be classed as the natural sub-sections of a province known only in fragment, and variously named, but of which the animating principle is one. All the speculative questions thus raised lie, however, behind the scientific answers, and are unaffected by any conclusion we may reach as to the evolution of the æsthetic faculty itself.

CHAPTER III

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL

1. We now reach a further contrast, which is as important as is the distinction between the science and the philosophy of the Beautiful. It is the contrast between the actual and the ideal. Here, as in the former case, we may begin by defining the one by means of the other. We know the actual familiarly enough, and we can obtain at least a negative definition of the ideal, as its opposite. Provisionally — for we shall reach a fuller definition as we proceed—we may describe it as that which transcends the actual or phenomenal, both in space and in time; and, obvious as the distinction is, it will be found to lie very near the root of all Art. It is the contrast between the scientific and the poetic interpretation of Nature, between the way in which men of science and poets deal with it. The difference is this. In the analytic study of Nature we separate phenomena from one another. We isolate, and break them up; and further, in all scientific analysis, we try to get at those features of Nature which are as far removed as possible from any human characteristic.

For example, we lay aside the primitive way of interpreting the thunder as the voice of firmamental powers, the lightning as arrows shot from on high. That allegoric and half-human way of interpreting the world is discarded, and must be discarded, during the scientific quest, when we are seeking to find out what phenomena are in themselves, in sheer bare hard fact. But, in the poetic interpretation of Nature—on which we fall back after our scientific analysis is ended—we revert again to the human, or at least to a quasi-human mode of interpretation. In other words, if we pursue our investigation far enough, we find that we must transcend our analysis, and proceed to a higher synthesis. In this synthesis, Nature appears to us transfigured by

> The light that never was on sea or land.

We recognise in it something fundamentally akin to ourselves ; but, in so doing, we do not cast a veil over Nature, which is the product of our own mental fashioning. We do not project ourselves into the cosmos, and "see ourselves in all we see." We simply interpret Nature in the light of our own personality, because we have found a key to the actual beyond us, in the ideal within ourselves.

2. This distinction may be otherwise expressed, if indeed it may not be said to give rise to a further contrast. It is the contrast between idealism and realism in Art, between Art as the imitation of Nature, its photographic reproduction, and Art as the idealisation of Nature. The doctrine that the most successful Art is a successful imitation of Nature is the most sectarian

of all art-theories. *Merely* to copy the actual is to degrade, if not to falsify it. And why? Because what once existed is gone the moment we attempt to stereotype it. The actual world of form, colour, and *life* is always changing, and the supreme function of Art is to divine what underlies the kaleidoscopic change, and to incarnate it in a product, which combines several of its moods in a representative unity which transcends each one of them.

Every single work of Art, however perfect, so soon as it is stiffened into an actual product, falls back from the ideal towards the actual. It follows that the most perfect picture cannot be reproduced—any more than Nature can be photographed—and preserve its ideal features. It is for this reason that copies of the great Masters are, as a rule, so disappointing. A work of Art may be radiant with expression and suggestion (with idealism) as it issues from the artist's mind—whether it be a poem or a sonata, a cathedral or a picture; but, as soon as it is produced, it sinks to the level of the actual; and, because of its incarnation there, its very destiny is to be superseded by the new ideals that come straight from the fountain-head. The occult essence of visible things is thus from time to time mirrored to us, in new forms of Art; but each one of these becomes inadequate, and proclaims its inadequacy, as soon as it takes visible, audible, or tangible shape.

Leonardo da Vinci once said that the looking-glass was the master of painters, but never did artist more thoroughly contradict his own art-theory: not even Wordsworth in his doctrine and practice of Poetry. If

Art were reduced to the imitation of Nature, to mere copying, Nature would soon supersede it, for the simple reason that *the artist would be eliminated from his art.* His humanity and individuality, the interpretative glance that comes from within, the creation of the "inner eye," would be lost in the cold reflection or mirroring of external facts. Even if we could photograph colour (and science seems to be on the track of this discovery), it would not be artistic colour. In other words, the artist *must* depart from the literal, and the actual, if he is to succeed as an artist; not in order that he may please us by a pleasant fiction, but because the synthetic truth he presents to us is higher than the analytic truth unfolded by the literalist. Raphael saw this, and in his practice fulfilled it. Hence his perennial charm for posterity. As Goethe put it, in a happy aphorism, "Art is art, simply because it is not Nature"; and the artist is an artist, because he sees more than the most perfect camera can register. Having seen it, it is his aim to make that which floated before his "inward eye," but was invisible to the multitude, visible to them.

3. The realists, with Aristotle as their scientific spokesman, say, "Imitate Nature, keep close to her, and you cannot go wrong." "What *is* Nature?" ask the idealists, with Plato as their guide. Is it material substance, an aggregate of atoms reduced to transient shape? or is it the Essence which underlies these atoms. thus aggregated and arranged? or the Force which shapes and guides them? Whatever answer we give to this question, it must be obvious to every one that Nature is for ever changing; and therefore that, if we

only reproduce *one* of its aspects, our reproduction at the best will be but the fixture of a passing phase. It may be excellent so far as it goes, the very choicest of possible phases; but it will disclose only a single mood of that which is really infinite. No reproduction of a transient aspect of Nature can do more than shadow forth its essence vaguely.

Thus when summoned by the realist to be "true to Nature," the idealist replies, "to what kind of Nature? or what phase of it? to a surface transient aspect? or to one that is not visible, or audible, or tangible?" The idealist maintains that the latter may be more true—and that is to say more real—than any that is seen, or heard, or touched. It is not only that there is greater delight in the ideal; as Keats put it,

> Heard melodies are sweet,
> But those unheard are sweeter:

but what the idealist finds is *a higher reality*. When he has transcended his realistic experience he is able modestly to affirm, "Whereas I was blind, now I do see"; because he finds that he has got closer to reality, to the realm of substance, and he can thus vindicate the daring paradox that

> In our life alone doth Nature live.

Here again, however, we must guard the doctrine of idealism against possible misconception. The ceaseless change in the objects of our knowledge, the evanescence of all finite things, is brought forward as militating against a standard of the Beautiful, which, it is said, should be stable and uniform. The objection is pressed upon

us that, if all things are in constant change, Beauty cannot be a permanent reality. The reply to this is that, to a certain extent, the beauty lies *in* the change; but it must be remembered at the same time that "change" and "permanence" are correlatives, just as "being" and "becoming" involve each other. Beauty is discerned by us intuitively and directly—through the vision of the inward eye in its normal exercise—as a quality inherent in objects, and yet as a characteristic that is always changing. It is therefore equally true and untrue that

Things are not as they seem.

They are not phantoms or semblances of reality. They are real things, while they mirror or shadow forth to us what transcends themselves.

It has been said that, since our recognition of Beauty is partly due to the structure of the organism, had our organism been different from what it is, the objects we now call beautiful would no longer appear so, and might even seem to be precisely the reverse. The reply is obvious. The statement is so far true. The nature of our organism unquestionably conditions our perception of the nature of objects around us, but it does not create their Beauty; and, given the normal conditions of sense, its testimony as to the realm of reality—alike as regards the true, the beautiful, and the good—is uniform. It never varies. Through sense, and by the help of sense, that realm of reality is both disclosed to us, and interpreted by us. The same is true in reference to the laws of Nature. These laws are not the mere generalisations

standing the extrinsic, or the apparent without some knowledge of the real, or the extremes apart from the mean, or the illusory without some perception of the genuine—any more than we can know light without darkness, sound apart from silence, or bitter without sweet.

We may take every one of the partial definitions of the Beautiful, that have been given in the rival schools of Philosophy throughout the ages, and combining them, find truth and adequacy in each, but finality and completeness in none. What is equally obvious—if not more important—is that many of these definitions, starting from a root of truth, involve each other, and differ chiefly in expression, or in the way in which they severally represent a radical idea, common to all of them. That Beauty consists in symmetry, in order, in proportion, in harmony, in unity and variety, in the fitness of the whole to its parts, in the ideal within the real, in the correspondence of the idea with its sensuous embodiment, in the normal fulfilment of function, in the typical form of the object, in perfection, in expression, etc. All of these ways of stating the case really involve each other.

5. Beauty is one, underneath all its phases; but then its phases are not one. They are of necessity diverse, if not infinite; and there is a harmony of opposites amongst them. It used to be a familiar aphorism, "Truth is one, and error manifold." In the same sense it may be said that "Good is one, and evil manifold," or that "Beauty is one, while ugliness is manifold"; but we are apt to deceive ourselves with

such formulæ. We may unify error, evil, and ugliness, as well as truth, goodness, and beauty. We may sum up each of them in a category, and plausible things might even be said in behalf of the unity of error and manifoldness of Truth, the unity of evil and the manifoldness of the Good, the unity of ugliness and the manifoldness of Beauty. Admitting, however, that a unity underlies all beauty, the nature of this unity must be ascertained and defined.

One thing is clear, that its unity does not consist in the subjective fact that it gives us pleasure. It is an obvious psychological truth that there is no unity in pleasure. Pleasures reach us in the plural. They are diverse, as well as transient; and they never yield a universal of any kind. It would be more correct to say that the unity consists in the profounder fact of our admiration of objects—as intrinsically excellent and admirable—out of all relation to ourselves, or to the uses and ends which these objects subserve.

6. To return to a distinction already drawn, so long as the question raised by us is "What is it, in this or that particular object, *that now makes* it beautiful, or makes it ugly?" we are only dealing with a problem of science; just as in raising the question "What is it *that has made* the object beautiful or ugly?" we are dealing with a problem of history, or of historic evolution. The philosophical question of the nature of Beauty, however, lies behind the answers we return to either of these. As science should go before philosophy—and therefore psychology precede metaphysic—in the study of the Beautiful, it may be wisest to begin with individual

things, and to try to discover what it is that makes each of them separately beautiful; to proceed thence to the historical inquiry of how they have been evolved, or have become what they now are; and to end with the philosophical problem as to what the Beauty—thus discerned, and thus evolved—really is, in itself. This is the natural order of investigation, alike in the intellectual, the ethical, and the æsthetic field. And perhaps in the earliest inquiry of the three (the scientific one), our best plan may be not to ask what it is in any object that makes it beautiful, but rather what it is that prevents an object from being beautiful, or makes it ugly. The psychology of the ugly is a valuable aid to our understanding the science of the Beautiful, just as an apprehension of the nature of error is one of the best ways of ascertaining the characteristics of the true. If we can find out what it is that makes an object ugly, it may be concluded that at least a partial key to the Beautiful will be found in what remains in the object after the former is removed.

Whether we are dealing, however, with the science of the Beautiful, or with its philosophy—whether in the former we are trying to discover the phenomena that are beautiful, and those that are ugly; or in the latter are trying to perceive the substantial beneath the phenomenal, or the essential behind all semblance and allegory—it is important to note that the same Beauty may be discerned by different minds in a vast variety of ways. The beauty of a sunset, for example, appeals to the animal races underneath the human, to the uneducated savage, as well as to

The eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;

but then it appeals to them in a very different way. The bower-bird decorates its nest in a supremely artistic manner, and must rejoice in it when finished; the artist perceives at a glance, and delights in the beauty of that nest; but no one is at liberty to affirm that the perception of the Beautiful is the same in both instances, in the bird and in the man. In other words, the same object in Nature may be known and felt to be beautiful, in different ways, and for various reasons; while different things in it are, one after another, recognised by the same eye or mind as beautiful. The delicate gradations of colour, its harmonies which appeal to the artist, and its subtle symbolism which strikes the poet, may be quite hidden from the eye of the ordinary beholder; but it would be preposterous to say, on that account, that the latter has not perceived the beauty of the sunset.

Nay, no two perceptions of an object possessing beauty are the same to any single individual. If we gaze a second time on the object we admire, what we really see is a different beauty; and while we may not, on that account, become less interested in the first, or less charmed by it, we naturally turn to the new feature or characteristic that impresses us. Now it is the colour, again it is the form, again the rhythm, or the sound, the symbolism, or the harmony, that arrests us. It is thus that our judgments and feelings as to Beauty are always undergoing change. Looking back to our education in art, or our gradual appreciation of art, this is the most familiar of all experiences. *We change our point of view.*

What was once on the far horizon is visible close at hand; what was formerly in the foreground sinks gradually to the rear. Our appreciation of the Beautiful varies with our age. But that does not mean that we disown or reverse our former verdicts. If we once "think as a child," and "speak as a child" in reference to Beauty, and then "put childish things away," we afterwards come to see a meaning in the appreciations and enthusiasms of youth, which we missed in the intermediate stage of adult critical life.

CHAPTER IV

INADEQUATE OR PARTIAL THEORIES OF BEAUTY

All the inadequate or partial theories on the subject of the Beautiful will be found, like those relating to the True and the Good, to start from some root of truth, and their error will be found to spring mainly, if not solely, from an exclusive devotion to that truth.

1. The theory that is perhaps intellectually least reputable is that which affirms that our judgments and feelings as to Beauty are wholly due to custom or habit, that they are formed by education and inheritance. Even here there is a root of truth from which the error has doubtless sprung. That our judgments and feelings as to Beauty are *intensified* by education and custom, that they are often *twisted* by it, is obvious. But the fact that the uneducated eye prefers a glare of bright colour—with no gradation and no subtlety—to the most delicate and ethereal shades, will not reduce the latter to the same artistic level as the former. Why is it, *e.g.*, that in the majority of rural districts on the Continent the churches contain such terribly inartistic pictures—pictures of the Passion, that are

coarse in their realistic representation of physical suffering, or mere bodily torture—which are altogether repulsive to the educated eye? It is because the untrained peasants appreciate these things, and even prefer them to pictures more refined; but that will not place the peasant's judgment on the same level with that of an educated artist. It is true that custom makes what we experience so familiar, and our realisation of it so automatic, that our feelings become blunted, and we may even come to tolerate an ugly thing; but that will not prove that all æsthetic judgment and feeling is formed by custom. That tastes differ, and must do so, has become a proverb. They differ, as do changing fashions, and successive systems of opinion. But their differences are not so great as to negative the existence of a standard of taste, because the agreement is greater than the differences are; while the latter are not greater than those which relate to truth and goodness, and are all very easily explained. They may be traced back either, on the one hand, to peculiarities of race and of inheritance, to differences of organisation in the structure of the optic and the auditory nerve; or, on the other, to differences in education, and therefore in social usage. Owing to peculiarities in their physical organisation, different artists see different colours in the same object, and different shades of colour; and these differences are intensified by heredity. Further, the effect of climate in this matter is marvellous. If we compare the climate of Greece, for example, with that of Holland, or the skies of England with those of Italy or Egypt, we find that their differences explain much in the judg-

ments and feelings as to Beauty which exist in the respective countries. It may also be noted that where we find the extremes of climate—as in the torrid and the frigid zones—the products of Nature are either in excess or in defect; the result being that in form they are either monsters or dwarfs, and in colour either extremely rich or almost neutral. These things must of necessity modify both opinion and sentiment in reference to Beauty in the respective zones, as well as the kind of artistic work produced in them; and it is to be remembered, in connection with one of the chief theories on the Beautiful, that it is in the temperate zone—the zone in which most things preserve the mean between extremes—that not only the most powerful civilisations have sprung up, but that the art products of the world have been most perfect.

2. Another theory, which lies very near the lowest rung of the ladder on this subject, need only be mentioned, although it is held by many in our time, viz. that Beauty is that which pleases us. To all intents this is an abandonment of every attempt to theorise upon the subject. A theory—the product of the *θεωρός*—is an attempt to explain by some sort of intellectual construction the obvious phenomena of experience. This, on the contrary, is the *je ne sçai quoi*, or the agnostic doctrine. We have a right to call a thing beautiful only when we have got beyond the fact that it has happened to please us, and when we both judge and feel it to be really, if not intrinsically, beautiful The fragment of truth within this erroneous doctrine, however—the root from which it springs—is that

all things really beautiful do, as a matter of fact, give pleasure.

3. A much more respectable, although also a very partial theory, is that which finds the principle of Beauty in order and symmetry; in other words, in proportion, fitness, or the harmony of relations. Order is the relation in which the parts of a thing stand to the whole of it; and, as Aristotle says, "a whole is that which has a beginning, a middle, and an end."[1] But this solves nothing as to the nature of Beauty. Order is based upon variety, for without variety we would have monotony; and the beauty of a thing might be said to consist in its variety, quite as much as in its unity and order.[2] To place the essence of Beauty in harmony or symmetry alone, or in the fitness with which one thing is adjusted to another, is to raise a mere condition into the rank and dignity of a cause. Every beautiful thing must be so adjusted to its place in the system of Nature that there is no jar or dislocation of adjacent things. It does not follow, however, that the Beauty lies in the adjustment. It is one of the commonplaces of science that the form which every vital product takes has been shaped for it, by natural selection through a million ages, with a view to its use, advantage, or convenience, and *that Beauty has resulted from the evolution*; but it does not follow that the Beauty consists in the actual fitness that has been evolved. It is true that nothing fitly evolved could be *in*harmonious, but that is not the same thing as

[1] *Ὅλον δ' ἐστὶ τὸ ἔχον ἀρχὴν καὶ μέσον καὶ τελευτήν*, *Poetics* vii.

[2] Symmetry is beautiful, but so is the unsymmetrical relation of the parts to a whole in Nature.

saying that the beauty of what has been evolved is due to the fitness of its evolution.

4. Another theory reduces the Beautiful to the useful. It identifies the two things. But that Beauty consists in utility is as meaningless an assertion as that it consists in what is not useful. There is often far more beauty in objects that cannot be utilised by us, than in those than can be made subservient to human use. If Beauty consisted in utility, then the greater the utility the greater would be the beauty. The Forth Bridge, for example, would be more beautiful than the picturesque ferry-boats which it superseded, and our railway trains more beautiful than the old English stage-coach system. Doubtless the same thing is often at one and the same time beautiful and useful. Many things in Nature have both characteristics. Mr. Ruskin has pointed out[1] that

> The bending trunk, waving to and fro in the wind above the waterfall, is beautiful because it is happy, though it is perfectly useless to us. The same trunk, hewn down, and thrown across the stream, has lost its beauty. It serves as a bridge—it has become useful; and its beauty is gone, or what it retains is purely typical, dependent on its lines and colours, not on its functions. Saw it into planks, and though now adapted to become permanently useful, its beauty is lost for ever, or to be regained only when decay and ruin shall have withdrawn it again from use, and left it to receive from the hand of Nature the velvet moss and varied lichen, which may again suggest ideas of inherent happiness, and tint its mouldering sides with hues of life.

The adjustment of the phenomena of Nature each to each, in the vast network of her laws, is beautiful. The

[1] *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. chap. 12, sec. 5.

law of gravitation, the law of the correlation of forces and conservation of energy, the law of evolution, are all beautiful; they are also, in the highest degree, useful. Not only so, but in being beautiful Nature is useful. It is, however, an extremely puerile theory which affirms that the beauty lies in the use. It has been said that so soon as we discover the use of any natural object, hitherto supposed to be useless, a new beauty is added to it; and that therefore we have only to suppose this process to go on, and the whole of the beauty would come to consist in the use. But, if so, *per contra*, when an object was no longer useful, its beauty would cease. Every one knows that this is not the case; and that, when use ceases, the rarest kind of beauty may only begin to show itself. A useful thing may be doubly attractive because of its beauty, and a beautiful thing doubly valuable because of its utility. It is also true that very frequently the more beauty there is, there is less utility, and the more utility, the less beauty.

Illustrations of this may be given. Is it only when an opal is set in a ring, ready for use, that its beauty begins? Has it none when contemplated by itself, uncut? Is a rose only beautiful when plucked, to wear as an ornament? And does the use intensify the beauty? *Not one whit.* Is the apple-bloom of an orchard beautiful only because the fruit that will follow in autumn is an edible delicacy, or can be turned into cider? The doctrine which answers these questions in the affirmative is intellectually childish. A ruined bridge in a Highland glen—a bridge once useful for traffic, but now disused, broken down, injured by flood and storm and the

process of decay—becomes beautiful in ceasing to be useful. Surely in this case the beauty cannot have grown out of the use, nor the use given rise to the beauty.

5. Another of the inadequate theories on this subject is that which explains the Beauty of objects as wholly due to the working of the principle of association. It is said that things in themselves neutral, or devoid of beauty, become attractive by the associations with which we invest them, and that they are made beautiful by what we thus throw around them artificially.

The relation of this doctrine to the theory which explains Beauty by custom is obvious, and the truth within the error, or from which the error springs, is even more apparent. No one who believes in a standard of the Beautiful denies that association heightens it, but association must have something to work upon. Before it begins to act it must have a point of departure. In other words, there must be something on which to hang the chain of associated things. Idealists maintain that this is found in the chambers of imagery within the percipient subject. The charm of a piece of music is enhanced by its suggesting times and places in which it was formerly heard; and every musical composition has a meaning to those who know it, which it cannot have to others. But association could not heighten the charm of anything, if there was nothing originally attractive in it. Its function is not to create, but to superadd; and to give a new intensity to experience by bringing fresh elements into it. All the elements, however—the old ones round which the association gathers, and the new

ones which gather round them—must have a separate interest and attractiveness. It is not that the former—heretofore colourless—receive as it were for the first time the dye of beauty, when association begins to work; but that the beauty, which each possessed before, is deepened by its contact and conjunction with the rest.

Take, for example, the beauty of an early day in Spring, say

> The first mild day of March,
> Each minute sweeter than before,

or the crisp loveliness of October frost following hard upon the autumn gold; or take (as perhaps the very best illustration) the face of a young child, guileless, radiant, joyous, and free. Is there nothing *intrinsically* beautiful in these things? Do they derive all their interest from what we happen, or what the race has happened, to associate with them? The latter is one of the shallowest theories ever advanced. And why? Because all Beauty, as it comes before us, and appeals to us, is necessarily complex. It is always made up of a multitude of elements, or items, each of them intrinsically beautiful. Of course it follows that the more numerous the elements, the greater will be the resulting Beauty; but no association could ever make a thing intrinsically ugly become beautiful. The process of association adds feature after feature, all of which enhance the result, not only by making it complex, but by *fusing all the separate elements together* in the very subtlest synthesis, so that it sometimes becomes impossible to take them to pieces again by any subsequent analysis.

It has been said that, as the same object is beautiful to one person and not to another, its beauty depends upon what he associates with it, and not upon the thing itself. A snowy ridge of cumulus cloud suggests to one an Alpine height on which he formerly stood; therefore it is said that its beauty depends on the suggestion. But might not the ridge suggest a cloud, as well as the cloud suggest a ridge? And what the better are we for either of the two suggestions? It is somewhat curious that Alison[1] brought forward his association theory partly to subvert the one-sided doctrine that resolved Beauty into a single principle (such as order, relation, or utility); and partly to rehabilitate and support the Platonic view that the beauty of Nature springs from our recognition of *mind* in the cosmos. The logical consequence of the denial of intrinsic beauty was, however, carried out by Jeffrey, who boldly affirmed that Nature was not beautiful in itself, but that it was attractive to us simply because of what we illusively throw into or around it, by our artificial or even accidental associations. The simple and sufficient reason why this theory must be set aside as inadequate (though there are many supplemental reasons) is that the function of association is, as already stated, not to create but merely to bring together; and that all it brings together must have pre-existed—although the conjunction of separately existing things may result in a new *tertium quid*.

Association originates nothing, it only determines the way in which things appear and reappear in the field

[1] See the account of his theory in the previous volume, dealing with the History of Æsthetics, p. 187, etc.

of conscious experience. Before it can work, it must have materials to work upon, or things to associate; and, in the field before us, things originally and independently beautiful.

6. We cannot explain the rise of association, if we do not begin with something unassociated. To explain the working of association, in the sphere of the Beautiful, we must start with an independent Beauty which the association theory endeavours to explain away. If there be no Beauty immanent in Nature, we are left to the influence of chance in associating one thing with another. What we have to explain is how it has come to pass that association has gathered round certain objects rather than, or in preference to, others. If it has been entirely due to the accident of the first association, how did that first association begin its work, or start on its career? The very rise of the principle of association, its commencement, is a sign of the existence of something which governs association *ab extra*. In other words, association cannot begin to act, unless an associative principle be at work: and to explain its rise, and its mode of work, an objective element must be taken into account as well as a subjective one—an element which exists in the realm of Nature, as well as in man.

The associationalist theory therefore leaves the first step in the process of association unexplained. The rival theory explains the rise, both of the feeling and the judgment of the Beautiful, by the existence of an objective reality, and therefore of a standard independent of the individual, and by a pre-established harmony between

that reality and standard, and its subjective evolution in the individual.[1]

As the absence of unity in the judgments and feelings of mankind is constantly brought forward as an argument against the existence of a standard of Beauty independent of association, it should be noted (1) that the diversity is not greater in the æsthetic than in the intellectual and moral sphere; and (2) that there is a fundamental unity in the midst of the diversity. The difference, which confessedly exists, is rather as to what Beauty is —its essential character—than as to the reality of its existence. In other words, people differ more in their theoretical explanations of fact, than in their admissions or denials of fact.

The variety which exists in æsthetic judgment and feeling may be explained (1) by the number of objects in which Beauty resides; (2) by the numerous types it assumes; (3) by the constant change of fashion, its slow but inevitable differences; (4) by the inherited tendencies of the race; and (5) by the growth of casual association, and (6) by changes in the meaning of terms which are used to describe things that are beautiful. But as education extends, and culture widens, these differences lessen; and the more refined taste gradually

[1] The difficulties which beset the association theory are conspicuously seen in the way in which such writers as Jeffrey ignore or slide over them, by virtually assuming the truth of the opposite theory. Towards the close of his Essay, Jeffrey repeatedly refers to emotions "*naturally* connected with," or "*naturally* typical of," or "*by nature* associated with" external objects. But the whole difficulty of the problem is to see, and to explain, how they are thus "naturally connected with," "naturally typical of," "naturally associated with" the objects. Does not the very use of the terms "nature" and "natural" point to something beyond association?

converges to a centre. Individual peculiarities may remain, and even increase in certain directions—every one may have his "fad" or his "fach"—but in educated circles there is no return to the judgments or feelings of the savage.

The causes which have led to a departure from uniformity in reference to Beauty, and which are still at work, differentiating our theories of art, may be thus classified—

- A. *Native*, arising from
  - 1. Defect in . . .
    - 1. Physical organisation
    - 2. Intellect.
    - 3. Emotion.
  - 2. Excess, arising from . .
    - 1. Predominance of the normal.
      - 1. Intellect subduing emotion.
      - 2. Emotion subduing intellect.
      - 3. Sensation subduing both intellect and emotion.
    - 2. Presence of the abnormal.
- B. *Acquired.*
  - 1. By association gathering round the object, due to
    - 1. Resemblance.
    - 2. Utility.
    - 3. Fitness.
  - 2. By the circumstances in which the judgment is formed, or the feeling experienced, due to .
    - 1. Climate.
    - 2. National taste.
    - 3. Provincial taste.
    - 4. Professional bias.
    - 5. Current fashion, etc.

The only additional remark that need be made on the associationalist theory is one which has direct psychological evidence, viz. that the beauty of a natural object never in any case depends upon its suggesting or arousing an emotion. It is quite true that when a colour, a form, or a sound suggest things associated with them, we then *care more for them*, because of the suggestions which they evoke; but no sensible person ever calls them beautiful for that reason. Take, for example, the

suggestions called up by the favourite possessions, or ornaments, or any other memorial of an absent friend. We care for the memorial because of the friend, and may love it for his or her sake; but we do not call it beautiful for that reason, unless it happens to possess an independent beauty, or unless we are ourselves extremely foolish.[1]

6. Reference may be made, in a single sentence, to the position of Hirt, which Hegel endorses,[2] that beauty lies in the *characteristic* of a thing. With a surface air of plausibility this is quite vague and useless as a definition. What is a characteristic? Ugliness may be as characteristic as beauty is. If we superadd to Hirt's position—what Goethe added to it—viz. that Beauty lies in the significance of things, we make a considerable advance in theory, because this addition points to something either behind or beyond the form; the external being significant of the internal, matter of mind, and movement of life. The theory nevertheless is incomplete.

[1] An effective criticism of the associationalist theory, and a vindication of the originality and independence of Beauty, will be found in B. R. Haydon's *Lectures on Painting and Design* (1846). Haydon's own theory, contained in his fourteenth Lecture "On Beauty" (vol. ii.), is, however, one-sided. He defines Taste as "the power of selecting the Beautiful from the ugly in everything intellectual or physical" (p. 256), but he thinks that the emotion of the Beautiful "has its origin altogether in woman" (p. 258). Nevertheless, "the tree, the vase, the column, the woman, have principles common to each to excite this emotion" (p. 261). He considers that the basis of Beauty in Form is independent of all association. Although its beauty can be interfered with, a perfectly beautiful form can never be made ugly by expression. He quotes the Elgin marbles as a permanent historic proof that Beauty of Form is not created by association.

[2] See the seventh number of *Die Hören* (1797).

CHAPTER V

SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS A MORE COMPLETE THEORY OF BEAUTY

1. SUPPOSE now that we have set aside these partial and inadequate theories—which try to explain the Beautiful as the customary, or the pleasurable, or the useful, as the orderly or harmonious, as due to the associations and suggestions which objects yield us, or to their characteristic and significance—in what position do we find ourselves? If we are compelled to reject these theories, and to conclude that Beauty does not consist in this, that, or the other thing, are we therefore to infer that it is "without form, and void" of determinate feature, "like pure spring water," as Winckelmann said, "the purer the less taste it has"? No, certainly not. We may feel that there is truth—though only a partial and broken kind of truth—in every theory that has been advanced; so that the Beautiful is the orderly, though the principle of order does not exhaust it; that it is useful, though utility does not explain it; that it is the harmonious, the characteristic, the significant, and a principle of unity in variety, though these things are not

the whole of it. While we perceive that it does not consist in anything material—though it is shadowed forth to us through material form—but is rather (again to quote from Winckelmann) "like an essence extracted from matter by fire," we may combine all the partial theories, and after combining transcend them. We may affirm that the beauty of Nature consists in its being an expression of Mind, that the beauty of Mind lies in its being a reflection of Nature; and that it is in the reciprocal play of the forces of mind and matter upon each other—the one mirroring as well as suggesting its opposite—that the secret of their beauty lies. All structural beauty—that is to say, the beauty of form, or shape, or type—is cold and unattractive, unless some kind of *expression* radiates from it.

It is also evident that if we proceed merely to eliminate the special features of objects, and generalise until we reach a type which possesses none of the characteristics of individuals, we cannot succeed in our quest for ideal Beauty. This will give us only a colourless, characterless residuum, like Winckelmann's "abstract," with no qualities, and with neither life nor expression.

2. The next point to be noted is that the secret of beauty in Nature is not to be found by an analysis of its elements. The latter is the function of science. But the analytic faculty must slumber, and instead of an active scrutiny of separate elements there must be the exercise of what one of the poets calls "wise passiveness." The mood of mind to which Beauty discloses itself is not the critical, but the sympathetic. It is when

we thus look—both with the outward and the inward eye—into the heart of Nature that we discern the "open secret" of its beauty; and the intuitive perception of this carries the percipient closer to reality than those scientific analyses do, which break up, divide, and subdivide. The synthetic process which unifies is one of direct apprehension; and it apprehends Nature as a whole, on one of its many sides—in the present case the side on which Beauty is stamped. Beauty is thus seen to be a radiant vesture with which Nature is clothed; and the soul of Nature, its innermost secret, is disclosed in this way—so far as it can be disclosed—through a sort of transparency, and not amongst its atoms or ultimate physical elements one by one.

We get no clue to the beauty of Nature when we examine it analytically bit by bit. We must get behind its structural framework, and what is otherwise the impassable barrier of its laws. Its innermost life must be seen in the light of mind, and itself as a great storehouse of symbols, before we can understand its beauty at all. Thus regarded, *all* Nature is analogical. It teems with occult resemblances, as well as explicit correspondences, to our own humanity. The harmonies of colour, as well as of sound, reflect what lies within ourselves; and Nature is thus seen to be—what the poets of all ages have found it — a museum of types, similitudes, metaphors, and even parables of man.

3. But there is more than this. We not only see that Nature reflects, as in a mirror, our own humanity; we also see in the external world signs of effort on the part of Nature to realise itself in ways that are constantly

thwarted. Its intentions are met by hindrance, and are interrupted, if not actually marred. Beauty strives, as it were, to realise itself in matter, but it cannot always succeed, because of the medium through which it works; and therefore it is only in rare moments of apocalypse that the ideal is disclosed through the actual. Nature is seen, as it were, working up to, and yet falling short of its own ideal. The beauty, temporarily disclosed, can only now and then be described as approximating to the ideal; and here the supreme function of the landscape-artist comes in. It is his vocation to seize, and to reproduce for us, those supreme moments of apocalypse—those transient disclosures of the beautiful—in the outer world of sense.

We have already seen that sense is the channel through which Beauty makes its first appeal to us. It is through form and colour, through motion and sound, that it speaks to us; and on this first contact and appeal of sense to sense, pleasure ensues. But this is not all. When the Beautiful is discerned by the intellect, as well as felt by sense, when it is grasped by the understanding, *insight* immediately follows; and the result of the insight is that Beauty is recognised as intrinsically belonging to the object. The impressions made by a single object in Nature may awaken this feeling and judgment of the Beautiful; but, as already stated, we soon discover that no natural object possesses Beauty except in fragment; and in consequence of this the mind is sent onward in quest of the ideal. (In this connection it is worthy of remembrance that both Raphael and Beethoven tell us that, as they could not find perfect beauty in the realm

of the actual, they fell back upon the ideal world within themselves.)

4. We must now try to find our way through some of the difficulties of the problem that remain, without losing ourselves in the tangled forest of abstractions. The ideal exists, and it pre-exists the actual forms which mirror it in part. This was Plato's doctrine. But the only way in which we can know anything of the type is by the individual things which disclose it; in other words, we know the ideal through the actual. This was Aristotle's critical supplement. And both were right. The two doctrines are not opposed to one another.

But we must further ask, how is it that the ideal reveals itself through the actual? and here we come to the main difficulty of the problem. We see species succeeding each other by natural generation. They enter on a struggle for existence as soon as they appear, and they are modified in a thousand ways by that struggle. The type of each seems to be working itself forward, and by dint of conflict it is gradually made more perfect. But how do variations from it occur? what causes them? and can we validly say that every variation from the type—as a departure from the *via media* of Nature—is ugly, and as it were an alien element. A rose, for example, is injured by blight, or the promise of a whole orchard is destroyed by sudden frost; are we at liberty to say that a disturbing force has come in, and interfered with the order, the symmetry, and the beauty of Nature? or must the disturbing force—or what seems for the time being to disturb—be taken up by us into a wider

inventory of forces and agencies that are not only beneficent, but are in themselves beautiful?

Suppose we say that the types, or typical forms of Nature, evolved in the course of a million struggles for existence, are the most perfect development of which Nature has been capable, and therefore the most beautiful and expressive, it will not follow that the great mass of organic forms, which have erred from these types—by excess or by defect—are to be thrust aside as failures, or as casual intruders into a sphere, which without them would have been a cosmos. We may even recognise the existence of these partial failures as necessary to bring out the full meaning of the type to which they belong. It is in the type that the beauty lies; but, just as the mean is unintelligible without the extremes, departures from the type are necessary, both to explain it, and to give it character.

The relation of the individual to the class to which it belongs is much closer, however, than the relation of the unit to the whole which embraces it. The individual represents and mirrors its own type, not while its individuality diminishes, but while it increases, and precisely in the ratio of its increase. Thus—as perhaps the best illustration—the great kings of men are the most individual representatives of the race to which they belong; and because they are so, they reflect the type of humanity in the most consummate way. Shakespeare is the best instance in point. Let a single individual exhibit features that are usually found broadcast in the world, let him show a harmony of opposites within himself, he will touch the rest of mankind all round the

circle; but, in this very feature, the distinctiveness of his own personality will come out.

5. Advancing to a new proposition, every natural form, through which Beauty is disclosed to us, is at once a mirror in which a reflection is seen, and a temporary form within which an essence is confined, and by which it is limited. That which is most distinctive of each individual, however, is not its form, but the life which underlies the form. It is not, *e.g.*, the shape or colour, in plant or animal, by which it is marked off from other things around it that is its special characteristic. It is rather the underworking energy by which it proclaims that its relation to the particular shape and colour it has assumed is a transient relation. In other words, it is in the *vital* part of every organism that its expression, and therefore that its beauty lies. A face devoid of expression—and expression ever changing—might be even faultless in form; but it would be totally devoid of charm—

> Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.

This may explain why many types of Beauty which have fascinated not only artists, but men and women in general, have been far from perfect in form. Some witchery of expression, a grace behind the form, has been the source of the charm.

It comes to this, that Nature—the *natura naturans*, to adopt Spinoza's phrase—has evolved certain definite types, which are, on the last analysis, thoughts or ideas—mind-forms, disclosing mind's essence. These are not merely phenomenal facts, now existing in the world

they are things that have been slowly developed out of antecedent forms through a thousand ages, and have now a certain fitness of relation each to each. They possess harmony amongst themselves, and definite proportions in detail. They are diverse, and yet one; what is most characteristic of each being also found in others. They thus form a homogeneous whole, or scientific unity.

6. A unity, however, might be lifeless; and it is only when life animates the harmonious forms of the phenomenal world that they become expressive, and that their beauty is disclosed. It was the principle of life that, in the first instance, shaped the forms; life, that is to say, in the large sense of the cosmic force—the *natura naturans*—which evolved individual vital things; but then, these phenomenal forms, in which beauty was for a time disclosed, were not the life itself. The universal life of the world always moves on, and leaves each phenomenal form behind it, that it may animate others, and disclose itself successively by means of them. *It is in this Life that the ultimate Beauty of the Universe resides, and reveals itself.* The beauty and the life are not, however, identical. The former is only one phase or characteristic of the latter, perhaps its most radiant expression; because the material world, as we have seen, is invariably a mirror of mind, while mind both reflects and interprets material things.

The function of Beauty is thus an intermediatory one. To say that it lies between the realm of pure thought and that of sense, and is the connecting link between these realms, is perhaps too vague a statement; and Kant's theory of it, as unfolded in the third of his

three *Kritiken*, is very incomplete. This much, however, is clear, that Beauty does not lie in the realm of sense alone, nor does it consist in that of thought alone. A law of Nature, *e.g.*, may be beautiful, but the Beauty does not consist in the intellectual form of the law—which is a pure relation of correlated things; and scientific knowledge of the meaning of relation—or correlation—is not the same thing as æsthetic insight into its beauty. All beauty requires an area or sphere for manifestation; and this may be either material or mental. We may perhaps best say that it must have a phenomenal area—*das Schöne in dem Scheine*—and in that sphere, the features which are most central and characteristic are, first, unity in variety; and second, the expression or radiance which shows us, by hint or suggestion, a side of things usually hidden. As life mysteriously circles—coming, going, and "returning according to its circuits"—it meets with hindrance. These it tries to surmount, while it evolves and discloses itself through contraries. It continually fails; but when baffled, it only presses forward toward a more perfect manifestation. It exhibits all the signs of human effort, defeat, and achievement. Its successes must of course be few. Its attainments—whether in a perfect flower, or in a relatively perfect deed—must be only occasional; and therefore such an apocalypse of the Beautiful as we have in a still and radiant autumn sunset is of necessity rare.

7. This, then, is the secret of Nature's charm, its disclosure of certain phases of our own humanity, that are usually hidden from us in the pressure, and the multitudinousness of our ordinary life. The correspond-

ence lies deep; but we find that, when Nature unburdens itself to us, it speaks a familiar language, the language of the human mind and heart. It reflects ourselves; and, conversely, we find that we have the key to Nature in our own personality. The little world within us is a mirror of the vast world beyond us; the microcosm reflects the macrocosm; and the kindredness of the forces that consciously work within, to those that work unconsciously without, gives rise to sympathy or fellowship. This is one explanation of the charm which Nature exerts over the majority of poets. It is not that the outer world is a sort of storehouse of imagery on which they may draw *ad libitum*, or with which they may work, or manipulate at pleasure; but that they find Nature to be really human at heart. And so we have Thoreau in his hut at Walden finding the lower animals become companionable; and even the plants and the silent forces of the world speaking to him in the friendly tones of a home-language. We find Wordsworth and Coleridge, in the great literary renaissance of our modern era, telling us the same truth. The former complained, in his sonnet to Haydon,

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers:
> *Little we see in Nature that is ours.*

And Coleridge writes in his *Dejection, an Ode*,

> O lady! we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does Nature live:
> Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
>
> . . . . . .

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

But this seeing what is our own in Nature, or, as Tennyson put it, "seeing ourselves in all we see," is just the discernment of that kindredness between man and Nature, or that essential unity between the two, which is the key-note of what he happily calls "the Higher Pantheism," and is the occult essence of the teaching of the chief poets of the world from the Rig-Veda to our own day.

CHAPTER VI

ART, ITS NATURE AND FUNCTIONS

1. THE discussion of Beauty leads necessarily to that of Art, which records, develops, and differentiates it. Art is primarily the result of the perception and love of the Beautiful. It is also, in another sense, its chronicle; and men have loved Art, because by means of it they have been able to record their insight into Beauty. It may perhaps be said that its highest function is to mediate between Man and Nature, by its seizure of the spirit of each, its grasp of their latent meaning, and by an idealised reproduction of it.

And first it must be noted that, in so far as it deals with the actual world, all Art must spring from existing fact. It must rise from a basis of natural reality, and it must be *true to fact even when it transcends it.* But the artist's eye sees very much more in Nature than other men see, viz. her phenomenal forms of shape and colour; and in reproducing what he sees, he is often unintelligible to the masses, because their vision is so much more obscure than his. With rapid intuition he discerns phases of reality, which he is

at once impelled to record, so far as he possibly can. What he perceives, however, is incessantly changing. All the more, because of these changes, it is the varying manifestation of Nature's essence; and the apprehension of this by the artist begets in him a desire to reproduce it. He is urged on by his very perception of the Beautiful to embody, in some sort of way, what he has seen floating before his inward eye, or uttering itself to his inward ear. In so doing he first of all reaches for himself, and afterwards discloses to others, a higher kind of truth than a realistic perception of fact, or a study of science can yield.

Thus it is that Art becomes a sort of bridge between the spheres of the actual and the ideal. It links together the realm of sense and the realm of thought; and, just as Science needs Philosophy for its background, and Philosophy Science for its foreground, they both require Art in the middle distance (as it were), mediating between them, and holding out a friendly hand on either side.

The imitation theory of Art has a slight truth to begin with, but it presents us with a great error to end with. All creative work must start from the actual; but if the artist turns himself into a mere reproducer, or copyist of what is before him, he not only becomes a slave to the actual, but he fails even to reproduce the latter adequately. And why? It is from the fact already mentioned, that what he tries to imitate is incessantly changing. It is never stationary for an instant; and, on looking back upon his work, he finds that at the best he has only succeeded in registering—as the

photographer does with his camera—one passing mood or phase of Nature. But a photograph is not a picture, any more than a cast taken from the dead is a statue of the living. While therefore all idealists hold that we must start from the actual, and be invariably true to Nature, the point of the difference between them and the realists is this. The former say that Art takes us closer to reality, when we desert individual forms, and leaving them behind us, blend our separate impressions into a complex whole ; that the result is then truer to each of them, than each one is true to itself, because it carries us—so far as Art can—to the essential beneath the accidental, and to the permanent within the changing. Thus the imitative theory of Art starts from a truth, but it is a truth which becomes a falsehood, if it is not transcended. "Art is Art," said Goethe, "*precisely because it is not Nature.*" Were it so true to reality that it deceived the spectator, who took it *for* Nature, it would not be real Art at all, but mere artifice, mimicry, and deceit.

Art in general is *the work of man upon Nature*, his manipulation of the phenomena with which Nature supplies him. It is *his creation* from first to last—plan, foresight, and purpose entering into it. It is equally clear that imitation—or the copying of what is—is the most elementary of the roots whence the Art of the world has sprung. As the child in the nursery now mimics its seniors, the savage formerly copied Nature: but as in both cases it is *human* copying, it is evident that a second element—in addition to mere transcript or μίμησις — has been at work from the first, differ-

entiating the Art of man from the most exquisite products of Nature.

By degrees certain members of the tribe made it their special business to become workers in Art. They aimed not so much at being useful, as at beautifying and giving pleasure by the Beauty they created ; and one characteristic of all the Arts that are called "fine," as distinguished from those that are "useful," is that they are not monopolised by their producers. The personal element is absent. They are created for the use, the enjoyment, and the good of others.

2. Being thus primarily and pre-eminently the creation of man, all the art of the world is for ever changing and developing. There is a progressive element in it, which continuously evolves new ideals. All high art to a certain extent reflects the artist's personality. It is the embodiment—in form, sound, colour, or rhythm—of the thoughts and feelings of its author. When these are genuine, they are, we have already seen, always one with Nature, and are Nature's choicest expression. But, in order to impress, to delight, and still more to teach contemporaries, the artist's work must be in harmony with their thoughts and feelings. It may be new to them, but it must not be alien in its novelty. It must, to a certain extent, mirror the insight of the age to which it belongs, although it is not a mere reflection of the thoughts and feelings of the multitude. The verdict of the masses is usually against originality in Art, and even against such an interpretation of contemporary thought as most subtly brings out its dominant features. But no great artist—

advice in Æsthetics, as it is in Religion. The constant appeal to precedents, however excellent, always arrests production; and it is one of the most obvious facts of history that it is only bad or decadent Art that contents itself with copying models, or even imitating Nature in a realistic fashion.

4. Another point to be noted at this stage is that as no Art can dominate over or give law to the rest, none can be validly taken as the type towards which the others ought to tend, so far as they become perfect. The position taken up by Mr. Walter Pater, in his essay on the "School of Giorgione,"[1] that feeling rather than thought, sensuousness rather than intellectuality, is the essence of Art, is quite as extreme as the opposite theory would be. Granting that each Art has its special area to traverse, as well as its own medium of expression, we may also affirm that every one of them may reach out into the domain that is special to the others, and may borrow certain things from it; but it is a very different thing to take one of the Arts as that towards which all the rest should approximate. Mr. Pater selects Music as the "typical or ideally consummate Art." "All Art," he says, "constantly aspires towards the condition of Music." The artistic ideal is "the perfect identification of form and matter, this strange chemistry uniting in the integrity of pure light contrasted elements. In its ideal consummate moments the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression: they inhere in, and completely saturate each other."

[1] *Fortnightly Review*, October 1877.

This state of the equilibration of form and substance, or the perfect identification of the two, is, he thinks, only reached in Music; and, to this goal, all the other Arts tend. They become relatively perfect according as the matter and the form in each of them are one. But Mr. Pater has not explained this interpenetration of the matter with its form in a work of Art. In the harmonious blending of the subject of a painting with its colour, so that we have a pure idyllic picture, both the matter and the form remain distinct from the accessory and interpreting colour. The result may be described, in a figurative fashion, as a poem, or as a symphony, as a piece of musical colour, radiant with suggestion; so that, in looking on it, we may imagine that we are listening to a strain of music. But there is no obliteration of the lines which differentiate the several Arts in the most perfect development of any one of them. It may even be said that the differentiation increases, while they severally work towards a common end. To select one as the type of all the rest is to lift it out of its normal place in the hierarchy of the Arts.

Besides, Mr. Pater's doctrine is a glorification of the vague. It follows from his teaching that the salient feature or the main characteristic of good Art is that it becomes nebulous. It loses form as it approaches perfection. It becomes devoid of outline, and falls back from the precise to the undefined, to the state of *στέρησις*, similar to that of the as yet undifferentiated *ὕλη*, according to the metaphysical theory of Aristotle.

If this plea is not maintainable as regards the philosophy of knowledge or of morals, it cannot be the true basis of a philosophy of Art. Art may be relatively perfect, according as the form which it takes does not arrest the spectator, or detain the listener, but is so adequate that itself is forgotten, while we are carried straight to that which it expresses and embodies. The music which awakens the deepest thought, and rouses the subtlest and richest emotion, does not detain us by its technique. The medium by which its effects are wrought is forgotten in the result which ensues. But surely in Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, the *form* of the art is an all-important element. It is the necessary basis of all expression, and to ignore it is to start on a downward grade in Art, to glorify ecstasy at the expense of intelligence, and to substitute the mystic and the vague for a clear-eyed perception of the truth of things. It would be a more warrantable position to take up that the essential thing in all Art is the form which it gives alike to thought and feeling, to character and to life.

5. The summary of one or two points already reached will prepare the way for a further step. "Art is Art precisely because it is not Nature." A work of Art must therefore be distinguished from anything and everything that exists in Nature. Working upon Nature, Art changes it, according to law; transferring the heterogeneous into the homogeneous, reducing its variety to unity, its chaos to order. It is something formed or constructed by man, which gives him both pleasure and insight; and it does this by a quality inherent in itself, not

in virtue of any associations connected with it. It is produced for his delight, and not for his use. Again, it is a whole. It gathers up details into unity, but it is a whole which is more than the mere sum of its parts. It embraces and includes the parts within it. These parts, which severally go to the formation of the whole, are not only co-existent items, they are also vital or integral elements, which are all subsumed and transfused into a new product. Art lives and grows by the changes it develops, and it is not destroyed by these changes.

Now this changing element is an essential one in all Art. It never exactly reproduces itself, although its types survive, and they all reappear. It is by the free-born energy of genius, working not on old materials, but on the hitherto unembodied and unexhausted Beauty of the universe, that fresh artistic products arise. Whenever Art becomes imitative, it becomes stationary; and, as soon as it is stationary, it dies. It is a perennial want of the race, but it is only kept alive by its continual advance in new directions. It never really retraces its steps. It is quite consistent with this that the creative originality of Art is a product of Nature itself, and that its finest outcome is invariably natural in its issues and results. As Shakespeare puts it—

> Over that art
> Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
> That Nature makes. . . .
> . . . This is an art
> Which does mend Nature, change it rather, but
> The art itself is Nature.[1]

[1] *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Scene iv.

The following works, on Art in general, and on the several Arts taken together, may be profitably read or consulted by the student :—

Practical Essays on the various Branches of the Fine Arts, by John Burnet (1848). *Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts*, by Sir Charles Eastlake, (1848-70). *History of Ancient Art*, by J. J. Winckelmann, translated by G. H. Lodge (1850). *Essays on Art*, by Francis T. Palgrave (1866). *Fine Art, chiefly contemporary*, by W. M. Rossetti (1867). *History of Art*, by Wilhelm Lübke, translated by F. E. Burnett (1868). *Essays on the Fine Arts*, by William Hazlitt (1873). *Thoughts about Art*, by Philip G. Hamerton (1873). *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry*, by W. H. Pater (1873). "Art" in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by Sydney Colvin (1876). *The Renaissance in Italy*, by J. A. Symonds, vol. iii. (1877-80). *Civilisation of the Period of the Renaissance in Italy*, by Jacob Burckhardt, translated by G. C. Middlemore (1878). *Hopes and Fears for Art*, by William Morris (1878-81). *Essays on Art*, by J. Comyns Carr (1879). *The Fine Arts: History, Theory, Practice, and Application*, by Sir M. Digby Wyatt (1881). *The Nature and Function of Art*, by L. Eidlitz (1881). *Lectures on Art, delivered in Support of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings*, by R. S. Poole, W. B. Richmond, E. J. Poynter, J. T. Micklethwaite, and William Morris (1882). *Talks on Art*, by William M. Hunt (1883). *History of Art in Ancient Egypt*, by G. Perrot and C. Chipiez (1883). *What is Art?* by J. S. Little (1884). *History of Art in Chaldea and Assyria*, by G. Perrot and C. Chipiez (1884). *Nature*

of the Fine Arts, by H. Parker (1885). *History of Art in Phœnicia, Cyprus, and Asia Minor*, by G. Perrot and C. Chipiez (1885). *The Place of Art in Education*, by Thomas Davidson (1885). *Sententiæ Artis: First Principles of Art*, by H. Quilter (1886). *Thoughts on Art*, by G. Duprè (1886). *Ten Lectures on Art*, by E. J. Poynter (1887). *The Principles of Art*, by J. C. Van Dyke (1887). *The Signification and Principles of Art*, by C. H. Waterhouse (1887). *Lectures on Art*, by John Ruskin (1887). *The Ministry of Fine Art*, by T. G. Parry (1887). *Principle in Art*, by C. Patmore (1889). *History of Ancient Art in Judea, Sardinia, and Syria*, by G. Perrot and C. Chipiez (1890).

CHAPTER VII

THE CORRELATION OF THE ARTS

THE Arts are connected together in a singularly intimate manner. They are not only correlated in a single organism, making up one hierarchy of the Beautiful, but none of them is fully intelligible apart from the rest. As stated in the previous chapter, each has its own sphere — a sphere that is special, distinctive, and inalienable — while at the same time it borrows from the rest, and is enriched by its alliances. Each has a sort of fringe or borderland around it, which is property common to it and to its neighbours, much in the same way as some of the sciences have a margin of neutral territory around them. It is not more true that zoology and botany, that physiology and psychology, that chemistry and physics intersect each other, than that poetry and music, that sculpture and architecture and painting have the deepest and closest affinities. A statement of their differences will at the same time disclose what is common to them all. Leaving out of account the lesser arts, those we must discuss in detail are Poetry, Music, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting.

1. We may first compare them with reference to *the media they employ.* Poetry makes use of the medium of language; Music that of sound; Architecture that of stone, wood, etc.; Sculpture that of marble, metal, or clay; and Painting, pigments of all sorts. Language, as the medium of poetry, has been described as "the logos, whose father is spiritual, and whose mother is corporeal."[1] It is a suggestive definition, because of what follows from the fact of Poetry having such a medium. The results arising from the use of language are, as a rule, more intellectual than those which arise in any of the other arts. None of them are on the same high level, so far as intellectuality is concerned. Poetry deals with articulate thoughts, even with definite problems, and in the sphere of emotion it is more explicit than any other art in what it unfolds.

A further result is that, as compared with Music at least, Poetry tends not to vagueness but to precision. Even when it expresses the most shadowy emotions, it always gives an intellectual setting to them. It attempts an intellectual interpretation of feeling. With this element absent, it is obvious that the result must, of necessity, be vague. It is because it dispenses with intellectual form, in using the medium of sound alone, that Music is the most indefinite of the arts. Though governed strictly by law, it is far more subjective than Poetry is, and it might almost be called a vagrant art. In Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, on the contrary, the objects dealt with, and the results reached, are stable ones. They remain, for our inspection and

[1] *Studies New and Old*, by F. P. Cobbe, p. 296.

scrutiny; whereas, in the case of Music, the results disappear.

Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, require for their expression visible, stable, and lasting media. Music, on the contrary, makes use of the invisible, changing, and perishable medium of sound; whereas Poetry—in respect of its instrument—lies between the sister arts. It requires no other medium than language and rhythmic utterance; but its records and achievements do not pass away as those of Music do. It is true that when spoken or rehearsed, its effects, like those of Music, are transient; but they are at the same time recoverable, because the words in which it is embodied can be preserved on the printed page. Music, of course, is also recorded in the score; but its effects are much more perishable, because their reproduction depends upon the competence of the performer; while Poetry remains the possession of the reader, who is his own performer.

It is a mistake to represent these two arts—as they have sometimes been described (see p. 129)—as respectively the channels of thought and of emotion, because thought, as well as feeling, enters so largely into both. It is at the same time true that in the finest products belonging to the two realms respectively, the one element is at a maximum, and the other at a minimum; while each gains from the absence of elements which the other possesses. Thus, in much Music—perhaps in all its higher creations—if words are introduced as an accompaniment, they detract from the effect produced. They limit the disclosure of the Beautiful, and some-

times even harass the listener by a sense of hindrance, or of poverty. No oral commentary is needed to bring out the meaning of a great symphony or sonata ; because of themselves they directly record, embody, and express the very subtlest thoughts and most ethereal feelings. So too, though less obviously, with some paintings and sculptures. With reference even to the masterpieces of these latter arts, we are at times the better of oral commentary, if it be wise and brief; but, in the case of Music, we cannot translate into speech, we cannot record in words, what has been addressed to us through the ear. Having heard it, we know it ; but we are unable to put into language all that we thus authentically know. By this it is not meant that the use of words is never an aid to music, as, *e.g.*, in the choruses of an oratorio. Sometimes the effect of the words used—the Poetry allied to the Music—is very much what the dash of the breaker on the rock is to the dumb wave that moved in silence from the deep. It makes that visible, which was present before as an invisible, latent, or half-conscious possession. It is further to be observed, as a historical fact, that when Music is altogether dissociated from Poetry—or metrical expression in language—it is apt to degenerate, at least after a time. There is no doubt that its union with the sister art has braced and strengthened it. Its alliance has made its power greater, and its charm more intense, even when it has again forsaken its ally, and soared independently into its own domain.[1] So much for the *media* employed.

[1] It may perhaps be said that the intellectual element is stronger in Poetry than in any of the other arts ; that in the possession of this

2. The several Arts may also be compared with reference to their *range or scope*; and here again Poetry has the pre-eminence. It is not tied down, as Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture are. It is the universal art, because the themes with which it deals, if not infinite, are as wide as human nature, and as broad as are the facts and problems of the world. In respect to its range or scope, Music also stands second in the list of the arts; but to compare it, in this respect, with the others, is unnecessary. It may be added that Painting has a wider range than Sculpture; and that, on the same ground, the latter has the precedence of Architecture.

3. As regards *duration*, Poetry and Music have also the pre-eminence. This is owing to the fact that they can be constantly reproduced. The duration of a Temple—although the date of the building of some which still exist goes back almost to the dawn of authentic history—is limited by the durability of the material of which it is made. It is the same with Sculpture, and still more with the works of plastic art. No marble can defy the subtle chemistry of the weather, and we cannot get pigments that will last for ever. All at length disintegrate, or succumb to the wear and tear of time. The best of the statues of Phidias are lost, and all the Greek paintings of renown have vanished. Sculpture and Paintings may of course be copied, but the originals perish. The literature of the world, how-

element Architecture perhaps follows it, that Painting comes next, then Sculpture, and that Music closes the list: while in the emotional effect produced by the several arts, the order is very different, Music being certainly first, Poetry second, Painting third, Architecture following, and Sculpture ending the series.

ever—the great poems of the past—can be reproduced perpetually. They are practically immortal, at least the masterpieces are so.

It is not by translation, however, that their immortality is secured, but by reproductions of the original. The individuality of a great poem is such that it cannot be adequately translated. It may be recast, after a fashion; but, essentially, every poem is untranslatable; partly because there are no exact synonyms, either in its own or in any other language; and partly because the form, in which half the charm of a poem consists—and which is due to combinations and shades of meaning, to the subtlest *nuances*, and delicacies of rhythm—cannot be reproduced in another way. The best translation of a poem is not a realistic reproduction of it (it is much better than that), but the limits of the best translation are impassable, and are very obvious.

4. The next point to be noted as regards the correlation of the Arts is that *we can express each one of them in terms of the others*, and can often bring out its distinctive features, if not its special excellence, by so doing. For example, we speak of the architecture of a poem or of a piece of music, of musical poetry, of pictorial music, of the poetry of landscape art, of the sculpture, the music, or the colour of a poem, and so on. Noble architecture has even been described as "frozen music."[1] These correlations of visible, audible, and structural Beauty bring out its underlying unity, and explain it. The whole universe of light may be regarded as visible music,

[1] This phrase is ascribed to Madame de Staël, but Simonides described Painting as "silent Poetry," and Poetry as "speaking Painting."

the entire realm of sound as audible form. We have "songs without words," symphonies in colour, melodies in deed, poems unwritten but embodied in living act, and so forth. This power of expressing one art in terms of the rest is a conclusive proof of the unity of the realm of the Beautiful. It is not merely that such expression is within the limit of possibility, but that there is no other method of interpretation half so effective for the purpose. It is familiar to every artist that, when he wishes to say the utmost he can of his own art or craft, he almost invariably has recourse to the language of a sister art or craft, for the terms in which to express it.

Nay, the arts themselves are interchangeable, as the physical forces are correlative, and as energy is transferable. They run into one another. The vibrations of musical sound can throw into forms of exquisite beauty the molecules of dust that have been spread upon a prepared surface for the purpose. The one art records itself through the other. We thus have "voice figures"; but why may we not also have permanently "figured sounds," invisible, unsubstantial, yet projected so to speak on the canvas of reality within, and thence recoverable? We may be unconscious of their survival, but why should they not survive? as real as those vast sierras of rock that underlie the ocean-surface, of which the mariner is unconscious as he sails upon it.

The power of interpreting one art by means of another, and thus finding its secret, does not however imply that the artist should himself try to find it thus. If an artist tries deliberately to make his work disclose something other than itself—*e.g.* if a poet tries first of all to be

musical, or a musician to be poetic, or an architect to express by stone and lime what is properly a pictorial effect, or a painter to teach a lesson on canvas, they invariably fail. To succeed, every artist must keep to his own sphere, and let his work evolve itself spontaneously along the line of his particular craft; even although the highest results he reaches are afterwards understood, and best of all interpreted, through a different, though kindred art.

5. Another fact of some significance — apparently opposed to, but really in harmony with the foregoing—is that the supreme artist, or "seer," gets so completely to the centre of the realm of Beauty, that it seems almost a matter of indifference to him in what particular channel he works. Some have been so gifted with the creative temperament, so pre-eminently dowered with the sense of Beauty—which always demands expression and realisation—that the selection of one sphere rather than another has seemed almost a matter of chance. Apparently they were equally fitted to excel in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, or Poetry. Michael Angelo was conspicuous in all of these, so was Da Vinci, and Raphael [1] in at least two of them.

But while all are correlated, the Arts of the world—which express and record the insight of the race on the subject of Beauty—have had different periods both of flowering and fruitage; while two of them have had many eras and successive types. In Poetry, we have the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, the French,

[1] All who know Browning must appreciate his wish to see Raphael's "century of sonnets," rather than the finest of his madonnas.

the German, the English—not to speak of others. Architecture triumphed first in Egypt and the East, then pre-eminently in Greece, and still more significantly in the Gothic structures of mediæval and modern Europe. But in the other arts—Sculpture, Painting, and Music—we have had one pre-eminent era for each of them: in Sculpture the age of Pericles in Greece; in Painting that of the Italian renaissance in its two great schools, at Florence and Venice; in Music the modern German era of the oratorio, sonata, and symphony. Of course there have been many minor schools of great value and significance; but these are the outstanding and monumental ones.

The Greeks excelled in Sculpture, because its rounded fulness satisfied the Hellenic passion for "Beauty all compact," a Beauty that could be summed up and rested in, as complete and self-sufficing. Adequacy of form rather than expression satisfied the Greek genius. It rejoiced in attainment more than in aspiration; hence its sculptures were "moulded in colossal calm." The race knew little or nothing of the

> infinite passion, and the pain
> Of finite hearts that yearn.

The clear air, and the bright sky of their country, very naturally led the nation to a preference for definite outlines, and hence the more precise forms of Greek art.

A fact already mentioned may here be noted more carefully, viz. that Music differs from all the other arts in the extent to which it is dependent on those who reproduce it. The painter, the sculptor, and the

architect leave behind them memorials of their art that are relatively permanent. Their work is embodied, and its outward and visible sign remains. A poem too is preserved in the book in which it is printed; and, corresponding to this, there is the musical *score*: but then the music, if it is to live, has to be performed over again, and its performance may make or mar it as a fine art.

6. As to the way in which the several Arts coalesce, or group themselves together, it is to be noted first of all that it is impossible for genuine Art, in any of its provinces, to be incongruous with good Art in another of them. Noble work in one fits in naturally with true work in all the rest. But the alliances of the Arts are naturally developed along two lines; Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting forming one group, Poetry and Music another.[1] Since sculptures are placed within halls, temples, churches, and private houses, and since the walls of these buildings are often decorated, the three arts visibly unite; and they may unite in the production of one effect, appealing to a single sense, that of sight. The other arts, Poetry and Music, may similarly combine (since poems may be recited or sung); and they may thus together produce a single effect, through the medium of sound.

It was impossible, however, for the several arts to unite, until each had been developed to some extent. In the earliest Temples, for example, mural decoration was

[1] Literature (or Rhetoric) might be added to Poetry as a subordinate ally; and Dancing superadded to Music, as a partner, in this second triad of the Arts.

impossible, because they were not built to admit sufficient light for any wall-picture to be seen. Thus mosaic decoration naturally preceded fresco and tempera painting. Nevertheless all the Arts showed an early tendency to unite. In the youthful efforts of the renaissance, architect, sculptor, and painter were one. It is true that very few men were equally great in more than a single art; but the most instructive fact in reference to the Italian renaissance period is that, if the artist did not himself work in all the three departments, he was quite familiar with all of them, and as good a judge of the results achieved in lines other than his own as the specialist-worker was. In very many cases, however—from Giotto to Michael Angelo—the great arts of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting were combined in the work of one man.

The correlation of these three primary arts is perhaps best seen in this, that when the severer element supplied by Architecture (with its strength) received the finer one supplied by Sculpture with its grace of ornament, and the still richer element which the painter added—none of the three encroaching on the province of another, but each helping each, and yet keeping it from excess—a nobler harmony resulted, like that larger unity of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good; and the three arts realised Tennyson's description of the

> Three sisters
> That doat upon each other, friends to man,
> Living together under the same roof,
> And never can be sundered without tears.

Historically, all these arts have had their period of

rise, culmination, decline, and fall. But it is noteworthy that they have all been seen at their best, in their earlier essays, before the middle period of their history was reached. The effort to overcome hindrance, to overleap barriers, and to reach perfection through antagonism, has revealed what lay deepest within each art: whereas the moment of triumph has also been a moment of unconscious exhaustion, whence decline has set in. It is in the earlier stage of struggle with difficulty, rather than in the later one of conquest and success, that the characteristic spirit of each art comes out. It is in aspiration, rather than in attainment, that its dominant note is struck. The rise of each has doubtless been determined by something in the Age in which it first appeared, something which struggled for expression, in a channel not supplied by the earlier arts. It has been due, in other words, to an underlying and underworking activity of the human spirit, which always craves embodiment in a new concrete form.

The correlation of the Arts may be further seen by observing how each of them prepares the way for the others. When the architect and the builder have done their part, and reared a structure that is massive, symmetrical, and strong, the sculptor finds his work made ready, whether he comes with his chisel to carve the stonework into ornament, or brings a finished statue to place it in its niche. The mural painter follows, to decorate the interspaces with pictorial design and with colour. But in order to succeed in supplementing the earlier work, the ornament of the sculptor must be nowhere in excess. It must never be introduced where it

does not add a new feature to the symmetry of the whole. Similarly the painting, if it does not bring out the meaning of the architectural ideas more fully, must hide none of them, and must be the natural clothing of the whole structure. (We have already seen that the terms used to describe the arts thus correlated may be taken from each other. Thus painting may be spoken of as architectonic, sculpturesque, or monumental, and so on.)

In addition, it should be noted that the subject-matter of the paintings that decorate the walls of a great edifice should be such that they reflect both the permanent interests of the race, and the passing fashion (or fashions) of the age. They should be the chronicle of great thoughts, of stirring events, of noble feelings — mirroring our human life in its loftiest moments—but they should also reflect the elements which go to constitute the transient charm of an age. It would be a mistake to say that, in a great edifice, the Painting should be quite subordinate to the Architecture or the Sculpture; but it should certainly, in all cases, be its natural complement or corollary, and yet it should never *obtrude* itself. Just as in such separate painting, the idea must have precedence—the structural design—and the colour be one of its methods of expression; so every picture, brought in to decorate an edifice, should be subordinate to the architectural or structural idea. A painting that is to decorate a building must, for its own sake, have an architectural element in it; but, at the same time, it must be taken up into the larger architectural unity of the structure itself. On the other hand,

if a building is to possess unity, that unity must be filled up, not only by a variety of architectural detail, but by the help of the sculptures and the mural decorations that adorn it.

7. There are many ways of classifying the Arts and arranging them in symmetrical form. If they are grouped (1) in connection with utterance and movement, Poetry, Music, and Dancing will be included; and (2) in connection with form and colour, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting will be taken together.

Again, if they are divided according to the several senses to which they appeal, and through which they find expression, those appealing to the sense of sight are also Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting; while the Art that appeals pre-eminently to hearing is Music, and Poetry in a sense lies between, appealing to both.

They have been classified, both by Mr. Spencer and Mr. Gurney, as respectively presentative and representative. Mr. Gurney proposed that the former should include both Architecture and Music; while the latter included Poetry, Sculpture, and Painting.

There is another way, however, of presenting their correlation, which, though slightly artificial, may have the merit of bringing out both their harmony and their interdependence. It exhibits them as *each one within the other.* First of all, in Architecture the materials which Nature supplies—the stone, wood, etc.—are arranged symmetrically, the whole being constructed on a principle of unity, and after a definite type. Into this structural whole—this home of symmetry—Sculpture is introduced, as a subordinate element. By its contribution a spiritual

element is embodied in the material, and the latter is so far transfigured by the former. The solid substantial element, the marble, is irradiated by the expression which the sculptor conveys, and by the suggestions of life underlying facial expression. Then after Architecture and Sculpture have done their work, so to speak, arts that are more ethereal come in. Colour is allied to form through mural decoration, in fresco or in oil. Painting may cover the walls with figures symbolical of ideas, or descriptive of events, epitomising old legends, recording national incidents, and thus condensing history. Then sound, and words allied to sound—expressing new ideas—may be introduced; and Music, with verse as its accompaniment, may give fresh intensity to the ideas of the Beautiful. In the Painting, the Music, and the Poetry, which follow the Architecture and the Sculpture—the former not only added to, but placed within the latter—the material elements with which we began are gradually dominated by thought; and ideas which are spiritual and romantic have the ascendency.

If we may thus arrange the Arts, not only as superadditions to each other, but as distinctly new creations, embraced the one within the other, we may also arrange them in an ascending scale of ethereality, representing the ascendency of thought and feeling, or the conquest of mind over matter. In Architecture, the materials of stone, wood, metal, etc., are so dealt with that, in the complex result, mind is seen. In the orderly arrangement that ensues the material yields to the spiritual. In Sculpture there is a further victory along the same line: and although it excels the sister art

of Painting, in its making use of the three dimensions of length, breadth, and depth (while the latter makes use only of two); that sister art, using the new elements of colour and of light and shade, can do much more to etherealise the result—

> To bring the invisible full into play,

while, by its backgrounds and perspectives, it can give a very effective semblance of the third dimension formed by Sculpture. As the arts advance, it hardly needs explicit statement that Music and Poetry excel all others in the elements of ideality.

The essayist already mentioned, F. P. Cobbe, has arranged the Arts in three classes, which are made applicable to all of them, viz. primary, secondary, and tertiary.[1] Primary art creates, secondary art reproduces, tertiary art enjoys. Thus in Poetry, the primary art is the poet's own creative work, the poem itself; the secondary is its translation, or its recitation; and the tertiary is its appreciation. In Music, the primary artist composes, the secondary performs, the tertiary understands and enjoys, and so on. This classification has the merit of suggestiveness, but it must be remembered that the artist who is primary, according to the definition, may be also a secondary and a tertiary one; because the creative poet may recite his own poems, and may have a keener enjoyment in them than the mere reader or hearer; and, further, that the secondary and tertiary artist may be conjoined because the performer (the

[1] See "The Hierarchy of Art," in *Studies New and Old*, p. 289.

reproducer) may have the same, or a much greater appreciation, than the listener has.

The following chapters will deal with the different arts *seriatim.* It is not necessary to show how they have all grown from a common root, or as branches of one tree. Their unity will sufficiently appear, as we examine them in succession; and their affinities and structural harmonies will be seen, quite as clearly as their differences, while we discuss them one by one.

CHAPTER VIII

POETRY

A. *Definitions and Distinctions*

1. By general consent Poetry occupies the place of honour amongst the arts that deal with and disclose the Beautiful; but the definitions of Poetry, offered by critics and by the poets themselves, have been numerous and somewhat distracting in their variety. Every definition may have started from a truth, but most of them—like the majority of theories—have been partial and inadequate in their development. To be adequate a theory must contain the intellectual essence of the phenomena with which it deals. A true theory of Poetry will therefore be a scientific interpretation of the very miscellaneous features which poetic literature presents. It will show us the universal underneath the particular. It will not be a theory of the lyric, of the epic, or of the drama, but of that common element out of which they arise, and of which they are the manifestation.

This, however, is one of the difficulties in the way of the scientific theorist. Another of them is the widely

different senses in which the term Poetry is used, not only in common speech, but also in philosophical discourse. At one time it denotes the mere art of versification, again it is used to describe the faculty in the soul of the poet whence his imaginative creations arise. Now the product, and again the process of production is referred to. At other times the spirit of Nature, or of the various arts, is vaguely described as their "poetry." We must endeavour to get beneath this confusion to the essential nature of the thing itself.

2. At the outset some obvious contrasts present themselves. We must distinguish the poetic insight, which may or may not have an articulate form—that is to say, which may or may not express itself in language—from the result of its operation in the poetic product. The former may be described as the root, whence the latter grows; but the root is underground, in the soul of the poet; the branch alone becomes visible in the creation of poems. The poetic faculty, however, is no special endowment of men of genius. The poet's soul is not radically different in structure from that of other men. His temperament, and the balance of his powers, may be different; but[1] the peculiar talent which makes a man a poet—in addition to the imaginative faculty, which we all possess in a greater or less degree—is the capacity for representing, in the language of rhythmic form, the insight which he has, and the feeling with which he is inspired. It is the power of translating both

[1] He must be in touch with the whole world, if he is to interpret human nature aright. Isolation from his fellows—even although that isolation carried him to a pinnacle far above them—would cut him off from the very source of his inspiration and influence.

thought and emotion from their latent inarticulate state into articulate form and expression.

3. We must further distinguish between scientific and poetic imagination. It is not mere insight into the secrets of Nature, or of Humanity, that makes a man a poet—although all poets are seers—for the aim of science is also to explore the secrets of Nature, and to register the discovered result. As contrasted with the scientific discoverer, the poet is distinctively a creator; but the etymology of the word Poet—the "maker," or creative artist—will not explain what distinguishes him from others in the artist-roll. The constructor of a steam-engine is also a "maker," although what he produces is usually—it may be erroneously—regarded as most prosaic. The man who originates a philosophy, or consolidates a nationality, is as truly a "maker," as is the writer of a tragedy, or the composer of a song. The Poet is thus manifestly a creator of a particular order. His sphere is not a limited one; for he deals with the whole area of Nature, and the key-board of Humanity. But he traverses his area, and uses his key-board, in a special mood of mind. He records and reproduces what he hears, in a manner peculiar to himself. The realm surveyed by him is the same as that in which the truth-seeker in science, the moralist, the politician, and the economist move; but he sees it under a different guise. The characteristic to which he primarily looks, and the apprehension of which moves him to utterance, is that of *Beauty*, in one or other of its manifold forms. Beauty, however, never presents itself to his eye in absolute perfection. It is always recognised

against a foil of imperfection, if not of ugliness; and it is the presence of its opposite, alongside of it, or intermingled with it, which gives rise to the poetic impulse. The perception of the latter element, interfering with the former and marring it, creates uneasiness. This leads to an idealisation of the real, as it is met with in concrete forms—whether in nature, or in character, in historic incident, or in individual life.

B. *Theories of Poetry*

1. The history of poetic theory must be distinguished from the history of the art of Poetry. To trace the latter —which would require a volume to itself — is quite foreign to the aim of this book; and it is only an outline of one or two of the more important theories as to the nature of poetry that can be given. We need not go farther back than to Greek speculation on the subject.

The earliest idea in Greece was that the poet was a sort of ethical teacher, that his function was to educate, and philosophically to guide. Then followed the idea that his function was mainly to please, to charm, or to delight. After they arose, these two ideas—of conveying instruction, and of giving pleasure—ran on together for a time. They subsequently exchanged places, so to speak; and while the tragedian felt that he must please his audience, the comedian saw that his function was to educate by his comedy.

A distinctive theory of the function of the poet was first put into philosophical form by Aristotle. That

function, as defined by him, was to give pleasure of a high order. Aristotle abandoned the idea of Poetry as a moral discipline; and it may be said that in his teaching the old ethical view of its nature gave place to a purely æsthetic one. He separated the two spheres by a chasm of considerable width.

It is a curious fact that, although the philosophy of Idealism is more poetic than that of Experience, and although the Platonic Dialogues are lit up throughout with a beauty that is absent from the scientific treatises of Aristotle, it was Plato who was unjust to the poets of antiquity, and it was Aristotle who first assigned to them their rightful place in the hierarchy of literature.

2. There is no doubt that Aristotle inaugurated the reaction in Greece against Idealism; but although his whole philosophy was a recoil from that of Plato, the phrase used by him—which became classic—that Art imitates Nature—ἡ τέχνη μιμεῖται τὴν φύσιν—was not meant to support an exclusively realistic view of Art. The μίμησις was not a slavish or photographic copying of Nature. In reference to Art generally Aristotle did not originate the notion of μίμησις. He found it in current use, and he adopted it so far, particularly in the case of Poetry and Music (the latter especially); but the main point was that, while the artist produced a likeness, it was the likeness of something *other than itself*.

He sought the origin of Poetry in the love of rhythm, yet he held that it was not its metre that made a poem poetic. He seems, indeed, to undervalue, rather than overvalue, the music of verse; attaching more importance to the ideas it conveys, than to the form in

which it is set forth. In the drama there is an obvious imitation, or imitative reproduction, of the facts of real life; but then Art is not an exact copy of reality, it reproduces only some of its features, through a sense-medium. Hence the introduction of an element of ideality, *nolens volens*, is admitted by Aristotle. The producer, the creative artist, ὁ ποιητής, is an idealist. The very μίμησις becomes creative, and therefore ideal. Art's copy of Nature is a departure from the actual, because it is a seizure of the end after which Nature strives—that universal τέλος, which has no realisation in the realm of the concrete.

It is part of the function of Poetry to free us from the slavery of the actual. "The historian and the poet differ in this, that the one relates what has occurred, the other what may occur."[1] Poetry deals not with the actual, but with the possible, and therefore it has a wider area to traverse than history has; and because the poet transcends Nature in his creations, his work is "more philosophic, and more valuable than that of the historian."[2] It is also more universal, and its aim is to reflect the universal in the individual. The freaks of fancy, and the ecstasy of imagination, both transcend the actual; as in all his inspired moods the poet must surpass it.

It is undoubted that Aristotle's theory of Poetry was not a purely mimetic one. At the same time his name is associated with Realism as opposed to Idealism in philosophy, as no other great name in the ancient world is; and he certainly created a school which

[1] *Poetics*, ix. 1, 2. [2] *Ibid.* ix. 3

had the realistic tendency as its distinctive note. In the *Poetics* he speaks of Epic, Tragic, and Comic Poetry as well as Instrumental Music as all different forms of imitative Art; their difference being due to the particular things they imitate, and to the way in which they imitate them. This imitative theory of Art remained the dominant one in Europe almost till the rise of modern philosophy.

3. The earliest discussion of the subject in English Literature that need be noted occurs in William Webbe's *Discourse of English Poetrie*, published in 1586. He somewhat slavishly followed Horace, in the idea that "the perfection of poetry is this, to mingle delight with profit, in such wise that a reader might by his reading be a partaker of both." "Whether the argument which the poet handleth be of things done, or feigned inventions, yet they should bear such an image of truth that as they delight they should also profit. Let things that are feigned for pleasure's sake have a near resemblance of the truth."

In 1589 appeared an anonymous book, *The Arte of English Poesie*,—doubtless written by George Puttenham—the first chapter of which discusses "What a Poet and Poesie is." He falls back on the derivation of the work. "The poet makes and contrives out of his own brain, both the verse and matter of his poems, and not by any foreign copy or example, as doth the translator, who therefore may well be said [called] a versifier, but not a poet." Neither in his first book "Of Poets and Poesie," nor in his second "Of Proportion poetical," nor in his third "Of Ornament," did Puttenham contribute anything of importance to the theory of Poetry.

In his *Apologie for Poetrie*—published posthumously in 1595—Sir Philip Sidney, while recognising the truth of Aristotle's theory, broke away from it in a significant manner. He finds that Poetry is the earliest form of composition, and that philosophy was at first taught in verse. "There is no Art delivered to mankind that hath not the works of Nature for his principal object"—so that to "follow Nature" is the rule in all of them. "Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow in effect another nature, in making things either better than Nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, forms such as never were in Nature; . . . so as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging only within the zodiack of his own wit." The poet transcends Nature. By his creative faculty, "with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth far surpassing her doings." Sidney champions Poetry as superior to Philosophy, Law, or History, as the teacher of mankind.

4. Bacon in his definition of Poetry says that it has reference to the Imagination, as History has reference to the Memory, and Philosophy to the Reason of man—a very unfortunate classification; but when he goes on to define the function of Imagination, in its relation to Poetry, he is much happier in his analysis of it than Aristotle was in his. He speaks of Poetry as "feigned history," and says "the use of this feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man, in the points wherein the nature of things doth deny it." He finds that there is in "the spirit

of man a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things." It is "because the events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, that poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical." Further, Poesy has "some participation of divineness because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things."[1]

These two views of the nature of Poetry are antithetic, though they may be combined in a more comprehensive theory. It is one thing to imitate the actual, to keep close to it, and to derive inspiration from it. It is another thing to transcend the actual, to create the ideal, and to pursue it everywhere. The Baconian view does not exclude the Aristotelian, although the latter ignores the former.

In his insight into the essential nature of Poetry Shakespeare has anticipated almost every later theorist, while he gathered to a focus the wisdom of the past; and the sentences in which he refers to the Art, of which he was the world's great master, will remain when those of a thousand lesser writers are forgotten.

5. In 1668 John Dryden wrote *An Essay of Dramatic Poesie*, and followed it in the same year by "A Defense" of the essay, which he prefixed to the second edition of his *Indian Emperor*. In the "Defense" he championed the imitation theory of Art. "Delight is the chief, if not the only, end of poesie; instruction can

[1] *Advancement of Learning*, book ii. chap. xiii.

be admitted but in the second place; for poesie only instructs as it delights." "Moral truth is the mistress of the poet as much as of the philosopher. Poesie must resemble natural truth, but it must *be* ethical. Indeed the poet dresses truth, and adorns Nature, but does not alter them:

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.

Therefore that is not the best poesie which resembles notions of things that are not to things that are; though the fancy may be great, and the words flowing, yet the soul is but half satisfied when there is not truth in the foundation. . . . I never heard of any other foundation for Dramatic Poesie than the imitation of Nature . . . a just and lively image of Human Nature."

6. The two "prevailing poets" of Germany—Goethe and Schiller—have each written of their own Art in passages which, like those of Shakespeare, are better than most theories.

The parallel between Man and Nature, the way in which the one interprets the other, and their deep radical affinity, has been expressed by Goethe in "noble numbers." In the prologue to *Faust* he thus writes of the poet:

Wherewith bestirs he human spirits?
Wherewith makes he the elements obey?
Is't not the stream of song that out his bosom springs,
And to his heart the world back coiling brings?[1]

In *Wallenstein* Schiller represents Max Piccolomini as saying:

This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import

[1] For another version of this passage, see p. 123.

Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished
They live no longer in the faith of reason!
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down: and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that's fair![1]

7. Wordsworth's theory of Poetry—formulated by him in his preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* (1800)—was opposed to his own best practice of the Art; but it arose out of the subjects which he originally selected for poetic treatment, viz. the situations and incidents of common life, over which he threw "a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect." His aim is best stated in his own words. It was "above all to make those incidents and situations interesting, by tracing in them truly, though not ostentatiously, the

[1] Act II. Scene iv., translated by S. T. Coleridge.

primary laws of our nature." He selected humble and rustic life, because he thought that there

> The essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended and are more durable; and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. The language, too, of these men is adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust), because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted for it by Poets.[1]

Wordsworth thought that there was no *essential* difference between the language of Poetry and that of Prose—that the radical antithesis was not between Poetry and Prose, but between Poetry and Science. The poet has "more sensibility, enthusiasm, and tenderness" than other men, "a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul." Rejoicing "in the spirit of life that is in him," he is impelled to "create, reproduce,

[1] Pp. xi. xii.

and express what he thinks and feels." In creating, however, he must "give pleasure." He looks on "Man and Nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of Nature." And so

> Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, "that he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love.

Poetry is

> The spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity. The emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion, kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation, is gradually produced. In this mood successful composition begins, and in a mood similar to this it is carried on.[1]

Wordsworth's earlier practice was to a certain limited extent an illustration of his theory, but he very soon broke through the self-imposed trammels of that theory; and all the nobler creations of his "poetic prime" were an explicit contradiction of the limits he laid down in the year 1800. How could the "Ode on Immortality," or the "Ode to Duty," how could even the "Matthew" poems or the "Leech-gatherer," or "Michael," be said to find their sole origin in emotion recollected in tranquillity? Perhaps the finest thing that Wordsworth ever wrote in reference to the Art to which his life was devoted is

[1] Pp. xxxiii. xxxiv

contained in a letter to Lady Beaumont in the year 1807.

> To be incapable of a feeling for Poetry is to be without love of human nature. Trouble not yourself about the present reception of my poems; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and to feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous, this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we—that is, all that is mortal of us—are mouldered in our graves.

8. Wordsworth's fellow-worker, and twin-brother in the poetical revival of the nineteenth century—S. T. Coleridge—has nowhere written of the nature of Poetry so fully or happily as he himself practised the Art: but in the second volume of his *Literary Remains*, edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge in 1836, the notes of Lectures on Shakespeare, delivered at the Royal Institution, are prefaced by a chapter entitled "Definition of Poetry." "Poetry," he said, "is not the proper antithesis to prose, but to Science. Poetry is opposed to science, and prose to metre." A higher sensibility than those of other men, and a more than ordinary activity, both of fancy and imagination, distinguish the poet. He is thus able to give a more vivid reflection of the truths of Nature and of the human heart, to produce "a pleasurable whole, of which each part also communicates distinct and conscious pleasure." Coleridge thus reaches the definition that "Poetry, or rather a poem, is a species of composition opposed to Science, as having intellectual pleasure for its object, and as attaining its end by the

use of language natural to us in a state of excitement, but distinguished from other species of composition by permitting a pleasure from the whole, consistent with a consciousness of pleasure from the component parts; and the perfection is to communicate from each part the greatest immediate pleasure compatible with the largest sum of pleasure on the whole" (pp. 8, 9). He quotes Milton's aphoristic remark that Poetry is "simple, sensuous, and passionate," and expounds it thus: "It is essential to Poetry that it be simple, and appeals to the elements and primary laws of our nature; that it be sensuous, and by its imagery elicit truth at a flash; that it be impassioned, and be able to move our feelings, and awaken our affections" (p. 70). He falls back, however, on the poetic genius itself as the fountain-head of poetry, "the spontaneous activity of the imagination and fancy, and whatever else with them reveals itself in the balancing and reconciling of opposite or discordant qualities, sameness with difference, a sense of novelty and freshness with old or customary objects, a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order, self-possession and judgment with enthusiasm and vehement feeling —which while it blends and harmonises the natural and the artificial, still subordinates Art and Nature, the manner to the matter," etc. (p. 11). Coleridge also wrote, "No man was ever yet a great poet without being at the same time a profound philosopher; for Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, thought, passion, emotion, language."

In his *Lectures on the English Poets* (1818), William Hazlitt wrote: "Poetry is the natural impression of any

object or event, by its vividness exciting an involuntary movement of imagination and passion, and producing by sympathy a certain modulation of the voice, or sounds expressing it." "Poetry is the language of the imagination and the passions." It is "the universal language which the heart holds with Nature and itself." Hazlitt treats of Poetry first as to its subject matter, and its root in the human soul, next as to its outcome in poems. He defines Poetry as "that fine particle within us that expands, rarefies, refines, raises our whole being;" and wisely vindicates its rank as equal to that of History or Science; but we get no scientific definition of its nature from him.

9. Shelley's essay *A Defence of Poetry*—written in 1821, and published in 1840—is full of insight felicitously expressed. He says, "In the infancy of society every author is necessarily a poet, because language itself is Poetry; and to be a poet is to apprehend the true, and the beautiful, in a word the good, which exists in the relation subsisting first between existence and perception, and secondly between perception and expression. Every original language near to its source is in itself the chaos of a cyclic poem; the copiousness of lexicography, and the distinctions of grammar, are the works of a later age, and are merely the catalogue and the form of the creations of Poetry." Again, "A poet participates in the eternal, the infinite, and the One; as far as relates to his conceptions, time and place and number are not." "But Poetry, in a more restricted sense, expresses those arrangements of language, and especially metrical language, which are created by that imperial faculty whose throne

is curtained within the invisible nature of man." There is, however, a further restriction of the sphere of Poetry. The popular distinction between prose and verse is a vulgar error. We have to distinguish between measured and unmeasured language. "The language of poets has ever affected a certain uniform and harmonious recurrence of sound, without which it were not Poetry, and which is scarcely less indispensable to the communication of its influence than the words themselves, without reference to that peculiar order. Hence the vanity of translation; it were as wise to cast a violet into a crucible that you might discover the formal principle of its colour and odour, as seek to transfuse from one language into another the creations of a poet. The plant must spring again from its seed, or it will bear no flower—and this is the burthen of the curse of Babel."

Shelley finds that Plato and Bacon were poets, while Dante and Shakespeare were philosophers of the very loftiest order. "Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects to be as if they were not familiar." "Poetry is a sword of lightning, ever unsheathed, which consumes the scabbard that would contain it." "Poetry is, indeed, something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred." "It transmutes all that it touches," "it makes us the inhabitants of a world to which the familiar world is a chaos." "It reproduces the common universe of which we are portions and percipients, and it purges from our inward sight the film of familiarity which obscures from us the wonder of our

being." Suggestive as these thoughts are, they do not afford an adequate basis for a philosophical theory of the nature of Poetry.

Scarcely more adequate is the definition offered by Leigh Hunt. Poetry, he wrote, is "the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conceptions by imagination and fancy, and modulating its language, on the principle of variety in uniformity."[1]

E. S. Dallas in his *Poetics* (1852) distinguished the poetical feeling which all possess, from the art of poetical expression with which only some are endowed, and proposed to call the former Poetry, and the latter Poesy. He defined Poetry as "imaginative pleasure." "It is built on, and of, and in, and for happiness" (p. 10). "It is the record of pleasure, intended to produce pleasure" (p. 12). Pleasure he defines as "the harmonious and unconscious activity of the soul" (p. 17). He then deals with the nature of Poetry under the law of Imagination, the law of Harmony, and the law of Unconsciousness, which are the "three laws of Poetry" (p. 76), and so adopting the Aristotelian view of pleasure (though not Aristotle's view of Poetry and Art) he reaches a fuller, though not a more luminous, definition than that of the Stagirite, viz. that Poetry is "the imaginative, harmonious, and unconscious activity of the soul."

C. *A Suggestion*

1. In seeking a solution of the problem from a fresh point of view, we find two laws governing all our

[1] *Imagination and Fancy*, 1844.

intellectual processes, which may perhaps help us in finding a key to the nature of Poetry. The first is that all knowledge is a knowledge of differences and contrasts. We neither know nor can know anything except in its contrast with something unlike it. We are conscious of self only as distinguished from what is not-self, of matter in opposition to mind, of good as opposed to evil, of Beauty as contrasted with ugliness, of the Infinite in its antithesis to the finite, and so on. The element of opposition, difference, or contrariety, conditions all our knowledge. The second law is that in the free and unimpeded energy of our faculties, apprehending the objects to which they stand related, there is always an attendant joy.

Taking these two simple laws with us, let us realise our position in the surrounding universe. With both the outward and the inward eye, with the senses and the intellect (the passive and the active elements combined), we apprehend a multitude of objects, which at once engross and stimulate the action of our faculties. There are lights, colours, forms, motions, sounds, etc.; and objects in Nature external to us are seen clothed with the raiment of the Beautiful. In the apprehension of this, if the energy of our faculties is free and unimpeded, there is pleasure. But associated with the Beautiful we discern the presence of a counter element, that, viz. of the ugly or deformed. The presence of this alien element arrests the freedom of the imaginative faculty; and in proportion to the pleasure which arises from unimpeded action is the pain which springs from the arrest. The spirit of man tends instinctively towards the Beauti-

ful. It has a natural affinity with it, and its perception awakens a joyous activity of the powers; but the deformed or the inharmonious also surrounds it, hindering the freedom and repressing the action of the faculties. Our yearning for the Beautiful is keen in proportion to our experience of its opposite. The presence of the inharmonious and the artificial quickens the perception of natural harmony, but the enjoyment of the latter is never unalloyed. We always feel that the beauty we behold in Nature, or in our own Humanity, might be more perfect than it is. We invariably detect some discord in the midst of harmony, which betrays the presence of its opposite.

> The type of perfect in the mind
> In Nature we can nowhere find.

The uneasiness which this creates originates both a desire and an effort to escape from the presence of the inharmonious, and to get into the presence and under the influence of the Beautiful. We desire to subdue deformity by Beauty. Instinctively—without ever thinking of the rationale of our act—we strive to rid ourselves of the uneasiness, produced by those elements with which the human spirit is in natural conflict, and which arrests its freedom; and in this effort to reach the Beautiful, through all conscious or unconscious hindrance, Poetry has its birth. In the mingled phenomena of the universe we perceive Beauty marred by deformity. Instinctively we rise towards the Beautiful, urged on by the stimulus of its opposite, with its uncongeniality, and hindrance to the free action of our nature; and the

effort thus to rise is the very spring of the poetic impulse.

2. Suppose that we inhabited a world of "beauty all compact," a world from which every discordant element was absent, we might rest in the passive contemplation of its loveliness, but we would be without Poetry. There is truth in the extreme position taken up by Vinet that Poetry is due to our present imperfection. "When innocence," he says, "retreated tearfully from our earth, she met Poetry on the threshold. They passed close by, looked at each other, and each went her way—the one to heaven, and the other to the dwellings of men." Translated from the language of allegory into that of fact, this sentence means that Poetry—being the outcome and expression of our yearning for perfection—would not exist in a perfect world. If every object in Nature, every fact, occurrence, or element in life, presented us with an absolute harmony, the Poet's vocation would cease. The human faculties would no longer aspire towards the ideal, for the ideal and the real would be identical. The office of imagination would sink to the level of that of the recorder; the Poet would be merely the historian, and all the interest, enthusiasm, and spell which now allures him in his quest for the ideal, would vanish in the prosaic chronicle of facts. But, with deformity very subtly intermingled with Beauty in the existing universe—surrounded as we are with discords in the midst of harmony—the imagination feels a constant spur to effect, in the interest of the Beautiful, a reconciliation of the things opposed.

3. Thus, Poetry may be roughly said *to pursue*

Beauty as marred as deformity; and the intensity of the pursuit marks the intensity of the poetic character. The highest poet, as thus understood, is he who aims most earnestly after the perfection of the Beautiful in the poetic reconciliation of the discords of the universe.[1] It is towards the all-embracing Universal that his energy from first to last is directed. In what he produces in this high quest there must always be a blending of the real with the ideal, and a leavening of the former by the latter. He deals with the real as he finds it—Beauty blent with ugliness, discord in the midst of harmony, good co-mingled with evil, sorrow in the heart of joy—and he strives to idealise it, to transfigure the reality, and to harmonise the discord, by means of poetic idealisation. Standing on the level and prosaic earth of the actual, he breathes—through imagination—the higher air of the ideal. Etherealised by it, and carried thence into the region of a higher harmony, he discerns the remote reconciliation, which men who only breathe the air of the actual never know, and cannot comprehend. Thence inspired, he descends to the sphere of the actual, and proclaims the "open secret" to his fellows. In this disclosure to others the poet makes use of an instrument which distinguishes him from all others in the artist fraternity. That medium is language, shaped into metrical or

[1] I quote these sentences from an article I contributed to the *British Quarterly Review* in January 1873. In a volume of *Essays on Art* by J. Comyns Carr (1879) the following suggestive definition of Poetry occurs: "The true mission of Poetry" is "to snatch Beauty from out of the tumult of existence, controlled by the laws of good and evil, and to crown her queen of a quiet land."

musical form. Language is thus the branch which springs from the root of Poetry in the soul of the poet, while its metrical or rhythmic forms may be said to correspond to the foliage which clothes the branches.

There might be the most delicate appreciation of the Beautiful in the mind of the seer, without any embodiment of its results in Art; that is to say, without the creation of poems. Sympathy with every phase of Beauty might exist without its taking shape and clothing itself in a communicable form. It might remain personal to the seer himself, and not being recorded for others, would never become an inheritance of the race. As all men possess it, however, this sympathy, which is the very seed-bed of Poetry, is liable to decay. It must rise from the ground, as it were, and display itself, as well as take root, if it is to become an abiding property even of the poet himself; and imaginative genius usually proclaims its presence by the facility with which its possessor—who is otherwise the mute contemplator of the Beautiful—reveals his insight to others, through his mastery of language.

Written language is to the poet what the notes of the gamut are to the musician, his pigments to the painter, his marble to the sculptor, his stone, wood, metal, etc., to the architect. The latter are expressive media of thought and feeling; but language transcends them all in its power of rendering the minutest shades of intellectual meaning. It is the garment by which mind is most fitly clothed, and through which it is made most intelligible.

4. The instrument which the poet wields is in one

sense the most curious of existing things. Being the vocal expression of thought uttered by corporeal organs, or its written expression appealing to the sense of sight, it is half material; being the symbol of ideas, and the index of feeling, it is half spiritual. It is the vehicle of emotion, and the record of intelligence; and by means of it the poet records, in permanent form, what his inward eye alone has seen, making it glow with the life of the imagination. Much of the charm of his work is due to the way in which metrical language invests the bare conceptions of the intellect with a luminous veil, so as at once to transfigure and to glorify them. Poetry defines the vague aspiration which tends towards the Infinite, and at the same time brings it down to the earth. Condensing it into clear expression, it gives a voice to that dumb wonder which the mystery of the universe evokes. It is thus that a single line of poetry often contains more concentrated thought than a dozen pages of prose; while the thought is at the same time etherealised by the symbols it makes use of, and ascends again, till it loses itself in the Infinite.

5. The nature of Poetry may be further seen if we compare the tendency which gives rise to it with the impulse which originates the sciences. One whose spirit is in touch with Nature, and open to its teachings, finds a twofold impulse arising within him. The first leads him to examine phenomena, to investigate processes, to analyse in order that he may discover laws, and thus know more and more accurately *what is.* The other leads him to combine the fragments of what he has already seen, to reproduce what he has beheld, and

at the same time to idealise it. In the former case, he finds himself under the dominion of law; but he comes upon innumerable *arcana*, the mysteries of which stir his wonder. The secrets of Nature baffle him, and arrest his power of analysis; but, giving up the analytic search for a time, and allowing the other—the synthetic—impulse to assert itself, he sees the raiment of the Beautiful around the phenomena into the heart of which he cannot pierce. The perception of this Beauty is as soothing as the analytic process was baffling; and the more he knows of it, the glory of Nature changes his wonder into admiration. The admiration at length becomes vocal, and breaks into song. The rhythm of Nature's laws and forces moves his spirit to rhythmic utterance. His previous perception of mystery, baffling his faculties of knowledge, brought with it a certain amount of pain; now the discernment of Beauty surrounding and even covering this very mystery, awakens pleasure, and in consequence the colder contemplation of Science — with its dry light — is exchanged for a movement more or less impassioned, which leads to song. While the poet "muses, the fire burns; and he speaks with his tongue." Emotion is stirred as well as thought; and, becoming rhythmic, it demands rhythmic or musical expression; while the rhythm of the language at the same time deepens the emotion.

Poetry thus mediates between Man and Nature. It is a bridge connecting the two spheres; the physical universe being a storehouse of analogies which mirror human nature, while in humanity we see a reflection of

Nature's processes. In an earlier chapter of this book, attention was called to the fact that the most luminous descriptions of the inner world of personality are invariably expressed in terms gathered from the outer realm of Nature, and that we always borrow from humanity in interpreting Nature. All languages contain evidence of this embedded as fossil remains in their structure and their history, proving it to be universal.

In all its types—whether lyric, epic, dramatic, comic, elegiac, satiric, or descriptive — Poetry begins with a representation either of what once was, or of what now is; but, being a new embodiment of reality, it invariably tends towards what is as yet unembodied, while it pursues the ideal through the maze, the imperfection, and the discords of the actual. As imagination is the supreme factor in all poetic work, it cannot be a mere representation of reality. Under every form in which he works the poet is a creator, not a reproducer. If the portrait-painter is not a mere photographer, much less can the poet's work be classed in the category of realistic literalism; and the new things which he creates are not so much illustrations of the actual as fresh aspects of a reality that transcends it — a reality that is for ever changing and evolving new products *ad infinitum.*

6. As reproducer and interpreter, the range of the poet's Art is almost boundless. He can create imaginative pictures, which can have no real embodiment in the realm of the concrete; not because they fall beneath the actual, but because they immeasurably transcend it. Even when he does not create what is absolutely new, he can make a new use of what exists,

while he refashions, and idealises. Here again we find the difference between scientific and poetic work. In science the power of analysis is the main requisite, but the poet is always synthetic. He is at once discoverer and inventor, architect and builder. He finds throughout the vast expanse of Nature a magnificent storehouse of imagery, which expresses the subtlest gradations of human thought and feeling. Through these halls of imagery his spirit freely wanders, and amongst them it ponders and broods till it becomes vocal. He perceives that every phenomenon around him is a symbol of something else belonging to a different sphere, that every object appealing to his senses contains a parable of what is invisible to them, that the whole realm of Nature is organically knit together by analogies with what lies beneath it, and that each separate existence, in all its departments, is interrelated to the rest by a subtle symbolism. To discern this, however, there must be high imaginative insight, and it is the possession of intellectual second-sight, more than anything else, that is distinctive of the poet. He has invariably a clearer, finer, and more delicate vision than that of other men.

In his power of imaginative creation the poet's art is more intellectual than that of any other in the artist fraternity. In ethereality Music may compete with it, but in intellectuality it cannot do so. The synthetic grasp which the poet takes of the themes he deals with implies a vividness of insight, which goes to the very root of things, which sees and seizes reality, *clare et distincte.*

Recalling two points already noted, we may advance from them to a further stage. The first is that the entire area of the world, and of human nature, furnishes material to the poet; but that he deals with his materials not analytically—as science does—but imaginatively, and that is to say, synthetically, reproducing scattered elements, and idealising them as a whole. The second is that the poet must feel, as well as know; and that, having seized the meaning of the facts or events which he is to handle, he must embody that meaning imaginatively; and that he must express the result of his insight in musical or rhythmical forms of language. Now, in doing this the poet must, *nolens volens*, throw his own individuality into his work; and this personal element in Poetry is one source of its charm. The element referred to is not egoistic. If the poet is an egoist, he fails even more signally than a writer of prose; but in all the highest imaginative work Nature—as Matthew Arnold said of Wordsworth—seems to take the pen out of the poet's hand, and herself to write down the things he says with "bare sheer penetrating power." And yet the poet's individuality remains, and is of necessity as various as the poets are themselves. The personal element comes out, both in the selection of themes, and in their treatment. In selecting a theme, one element—an event, a character, a phase of existence, a historic incident—is taken; and it may for a moment be dealt with in analytic fashion, just as the student of science would deal with it; but as soon as imagination begins to work with it, or upon it, it is treated synthetically, that is to say, as a whole.

Then, but not till then, does the resulting product become artistic. It is of necessity artificial, though not unnatural; in other words, it is "a work of art and man's device."

7. The theory outlined in previous paragraphs may be again presented, from a different yet kindred point of view.

Whenever an occurrence or event is seized by the mind imaginatively, or is grasped as a thing that has a meaning for man as man, as well as a link in the chain of things, it becomes a subject for Poetry. Whenever we get face to face with reality, or so near to it that, out of the touch of the two realms of Man and Nature, and the perception of Beauty underlying deformity or transcending it, emotion arises, the possibility of Poetry exists; and, whenever out of the felt correspondence and interaction of these realms, with Beauty conquering ugliness, vivid feeling springs up, then Poetry is born. By the mere contact of the two realms, the faculties are stirred to action, and imagination begins its work. As it proceeds, a keen and a clear outline is given to the feelings which arise out of the correspondence and the conquest referred to. Poetry thus cuts straight down to the very root of things, and re-embodies their essential truth in a new and a harmonious whole. The poet gets hold of aspects of Truth and Beauty which are not visible to the ordinary eye. Underneath the symbols of which he makes use he perceives a finer reality lying hid; and he enters into his realm, not by an analysis of the facts presented to him, but by a richer synthesis than others attain to.

If a great event seizes the mind, or a stirring incident takes the heart by storm, and monopolises it, it may at first be merely recorded—that is to say, it may be dealt with as the historian deals with facts, or the student of science analyses them; but if it is brooded over, if it detains or magnetises the spirit that apprehends it, it is certain sooner or later to be dealt with poetically. Feelings will be aroused which can only be uttered adequately if they are expressed through the medium of verse.

It is only in special moods of the poet's mind, however, that he acts imaginatively, and is stirred to poetic production. The same event may to the same mind be at one time a subject for historical record, and at another time a theme for poetic treatment.

In all Poetry there must be a fresh vision of things intuitively seen. The poet is, primarily and pre-eminently, a seer. He is thus able to give a fuller expression to what others feel than they can do. By his insight he is not only in closest touch with his age, but he is also in advance of it, and is therefore its best interpreter. But the insight to which he attains is the insight of the *vates*, and leads to song. It demands expression, and must therefore unfold itself in the language of harmonious form. In other words, the seer who is on the mountain tops of vision, and is there in rapture, sings because he must. He is in such close contact with reality, has got so near to the core of things, that poetic production becomes not only spontaneous, but irresistible and inevitable.

While the primary charm of all Poetry of the first

magnitude is the way in which it takes us to the core of things—the way in which it hits reality (so to say), idealising it in the very ictus itself, a secondary charm lies in its form, which is rhythmic, in the melody of words, phrases, and sentences—those subtle cadences of sound which blend with the many associated ideas which the words convey. Certain words are more musical than others are, from the relation in which the vowels stand to the consonants; and certain groups of words become more rhythmic from the syllables on which the accent falls, and from the way in which the alliteration or rhyme is introduced. The effect of this is to intensify the emotion aroused, and to heighten the pleasure that is given.

Nevertheless this beauty of the sound of verse is the smallest part of its charm. It is because it embodies in the very subtlest manner—and in a way in which no other Art can do it—the thoughts and feelings of the human spirit, and because it is a channel for the highest intellectual and emotional expression, that its influence is so great. It can give voice and form to what lies deepest within us, the most elemental and essential things of the human spirit, to the life and character that lie beneath expression, the joy, the hope, the fear, the loss, the sorrow, the aspiration, and the triumph of man, as nothing else can. It kindles whatsoever it touches, and it can revivify all that it embodies. It thus perpetuates more of man than anything else that he creates.

8. Another thing to be noted is that the special features of an age are more accurately reflected in its

Poetry than in any of the other Arts, for the twofold reason (1) that the area it traverses is so wide, and (2) that the materials it gathers and makes use of are so complex. It is owing to this that the characteristics of any particular period can be more faithfully transmitted to posterity in its Poetry, than in its History, its Philosophy, or its Politics. While the subjects which seek expression through the medium of verse are the permanent elements of human nature, they at the same time change with the changes of the times. They concern historic tradition and national sentiment. They are ever old, yet ever new; and, while they demand expression in Poetry, it is much easier to represent them thus than in any other way. In short, the *Zeitgeist* finds a more spontaneous embodiment in verse, than through Architecture, Sculpture, or Painting. The most distinctive features of an age, and its special problems, as well as its way of dealing with them—its doubt, unsettlement, and perplexity, as well as its aspiration and its triumph—can be dealt with at once in its Poetry. The other Arts (notably Architecture and Sculpture) rather express the thought and feeling of an age that has passed, or of a generation that is passing; and although, in every poetic embodiment of the "spirit of the age," transient elements—and even the trivial and the evanescent — must enter and intermingle, they very often bring out the special meaning of those that are permanent; while the latter are more easily and faithfully chronicled through the medium of verse than by any of the allied arts.

D. *The Origin of Poetry*

1. It is extremely difficult to come to a definite conclusion as to the state of any of the Arts in the palæolithic age (*e.g.* amongst the flint-workers in the Dordogne); and the origin of Poetry, as of Music and the Dance, is lost in the haze of prehuman development. We are probably on safest ground when we study the phenomena of contemporary savage life, and thence infer the possible state of the race in prehistoric times.

The songs of contemporary savage races—of the Kaffirs, the Tasmanian bushrangers, or the hill tribes of India, are only bald repetitions of the simplest ideas—mere jingling sound. Nevertheless they give pleasure; and it may be that, out of unpromising beginnings such as these, all the poetry of the world has been evolved. In the lowest savages now existing we see a possible picture of the primitive human state; and, as the parallel between the growth of the individual and the race is a close and a curiously instructive one, we may get a further clue to the origin of Poetry, by a study of child-life in the nursery.

What is the charm of those rhymes that were the delight of our childhood? It is not the tune, still less is it the words. It is the mere *repetition of particular sounds, with some sort of cadence.* There may be scarcely anything else than monotone, but there must be at least two notes; and hence a repetition of the note, which is the beginning of rhyme. There must be *sonorous movement*, and a change that leads back to the note that first

was struck. But the words used may be nonsense, or nearly nonsense. Take "Dickory, dickory dock." There are no distinct ideas conveyed by these words, but their repetition and recitation give pleasure to the child; and we may infer that it would be so with the savage.

2. Another thing to be noted is that, in the childhood both of the individual and of the race, Poetry, Music, and the Dance were combined, and had all one root.[1] In the rhythmic repetition of words we have one origin of Poetry; in the measured movement, or change of note, when words are repeated—whether sung or spoken—we have at least one of the origins of Music; in the movements of the frame, while repeating or singing them—the movements of hand, voice, eye, and finally of the whole frame—we have the origin of the Dance. It is probable that the three were originally one, and they may have arisen simultaneously, being all combined in a rude primitive fashion, although they were gradually differentiated. The differentiation would of course increase as the culture of the race developed.

But while Poetry, Music, and the Dance may have been contemporaneous in their origin, it is possible that all the three were earlier than the rise of human speech. Confining ourselves to Poetry meanwhile, if we take into account the prehistoric root of all the Arts, it may certainly be said to be earlier than speech. There

[1] Compare Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*. "In the youth of the world, men dance and sing and imitate natural objects, observing in these actions, as in all others, a certain rhythm or order. And, although all men observe a similar they observe not the same order, in the motions of the dance, in the melody of the song, in the combinations of language, in their imitations of natural objects."

are contemporary Andaman savages who are lower in intelligence than the dogs that have been trained by man; and yet, they have the rudiments of the poetic sense, and appreciate the song and the dance. Their language is one of signs, rather than of articulate utterance; nevertheless, the germ of poetry seems to exist amongst them. The more intelligent dog has none of it. The less intelligent savage, in his appreciation of cadence and rhythm, has the germ of what, when fully evolved, becomes genuine poetic enthusiasm. Let us suppose, then, that in this delight in the rhythmic repetition of words, we find a starting-point in the evolution of Poetry.

3. After the repetitive stage—when the mere recurrence of sounds gave pleasure—we reach the rhythmic stage, in which may be discovered the beginnings of regular metre, or of verse as distinguished from prose. The recurrence of the same word would, after a time, become monotonous. It would weary rather than delight, and some change would be sought for. A slight departure would at first be made, with a speedy return to the original; and the departure with the return would together give more pleasure than keeping to the original would. Varied repetition would follow a monotonous one, and the variety would by degrees increase. As the primitive uniform dance developed itself in the evolution of varied figures, the primitive poem would evolve itself in a variety of stanzas.

Delight in recurrent rhyme, however, or the jingle of verse, is very different from delight in the words which give insight into the meaning of Nature or of life. The interval between the earlier and the later stages of poetic

appreciation is as wide as is the interval between the dawn and the meridian of any of the other Arts. The intervening stages are too numerous to trace in detail. The early habit of repetition would soon give rise to alliterative double-words, such as coo-coo, bul-bul, sing-song, clap-trap, etc.; while the repetition in the next line of the vowel sound, at the end of an equal number of syllables composing a line of verse, would very naturally give rise to a repetition in the alternate line; and so on, with further developments. In many early poems, however, rhyme was departed from, and alliterative device took its place. It is even probable that rhyme was not the earliest form of poetic ornament, but that alliteration was earlier; and that when rhyme began to be used, it was at first made use of only occasionally. After a considerable lapse of time it became the normal or recognised element in lyric Poetry.

As Poetry has developed, all the elaborate yet simple devices of rhyming couplets, triplets, strophes, and antistrophes, etc., have been due to an æsthetic impulse, as distinct from the scientific; in other words, to the effort not to chronicle events, or to give information, but to touch the springs of emotion; and, by so doing, to give new insight and delight.

4. It may be that the æsthetic pleasure we receive from the most ideal poetry had a sensuous beginning, in so far as it was preceded by, and may even have grown out of, a delight in sensuous elements. But the thing itself is distinct from "the rock out of which it was hewn"; and what we have reached, or attained to, is more important than the point from which we started

Of course to despise the senses is as foolish as to ignore them is suicidal. If, as the Hebrews put it, we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," there is nothing in us more wonderful than those sense-channels by which impressions are received, and afterwards manipulated by the intellect. We may even admit that, in the rhythm of the breath, in the circulation of the blood, in the muscular movements of speech, in the movements of the dance, in mere physical contact, in the play-impulse, and in imitative pleasures generally, we find the elements which preceded, and by help of which have been evolved, the higher insight of imagination and ideality, as well as the knowledge which comes to us through the several arts. But we may not confuse the question of origin with that of evolution, or fancy that in admitting the latter we have obtained a clue to the former. The doctrine of evolution, taken by itself, tries to explain products by processes; but there may be an

> Eternal process moving on,

which takes up every product within itself, as a transient element in an apocalypse that never ends. The essential nature of that which evolves itself is not determined by the admission of what is after all a truism, viz. the fact of evolution itself.

The following books treat of the nature or characteristics of Poetry:—

Aristotle, *Poetics*. Horace, *Ars Poetica*. W. Webbe's *Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586). George Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie* (1589). Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie* (1595). Bacon's *Advancement of*

Learning (1605). *An Apologie of Poetry*, by Sir John Harington (1634). Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesie* (1668). Wordsworth's "Preface" to the second volume of *Lyrical Ballads* (1800); his "Appendix" to that Preface (1802); his "Dedication," to Sir George Beaumont (1815); his "Preface" to the edition of his Poems (1815); and his "Essay, supplementary to the Preface" (1815). *Lectures on the English Poets*, by W. Hazlitt (1818). Shelley's *Defence of Poetry* (1821). "Poetry, with reference to Aristotle's Poetics," by John Henry Newman, in *The London Review* (1828); republished in the Cardinal's *Essays, Critical and Historical* (1872). *Imagination and Fancy*, by Leigh Hunt (1844). *Poetics: an Essay on Poetry*, by E. S. Dallas (1852). *Essays*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1852). "Theories of Poetry" in *Essays, Biographical and Critical*, by David Masson (1856). "Poetry and Criticism," in *Essays*, by George Brimley (1858). "Thoughts on Poetry, and its Varieties," in *Dissertations and Discussions*, by John Stuart Mill (1867). *Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford*, by Sir Francis Doyle (1869). *Essays*, by Richard Holt Hutton, vol. ii. (1871). *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, by John Campbell Shairp (1872). *Theology in the English Poets*, by Stopford A. Brooke (1874). *The Poetic Interpretation of Nature*, by John Campbell Shairp (1877). Essay on "Poetry" in *Physiological Æsthetics*, by Grant Allen (1877). Preface to *Poems of Wordsworth*, chosen and edited by Matthew Arnold (1879). *Aspects of Poetry*, by John Campbell Shairp (1881). *The Liberal Movement in English Literature*, by W. J. Courthope

(1882). *Poetry as a Fine Art*, by C. C. Moyse (1883). *Poetry, its Origin, Nature, and History*, by Frederick A. Hoffmann (1884). *What is Poetry?* by E. W. Moon (1887). *Enquiry into the Definition of Poetry*, by A. Bain (1887). *Essays in Criticism*, by Matthew Arnold (1888). *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*, by S. H. Butcher (1891). *Poets, the Interpreters of their Age*, by Anna Swanwick (1892). Miss Swanwick, the translator of *Aeschylus*, *Faust*, etc., has sent me the following translation of the passage in the "Vorspiel auf dem Theater" prefixed to *Faust*, which I have given at p. 94.

> Whence comes his mastery o'er the human breast,
> Whence o'er the elements his sway,
> But from the Harmony that, gushing from his soul,
> Draws back into his heart the wondrous whole?

CHAPTER IX

MUSIC

A. *Its Nature and Essence*

1. As a channel through which the Beautiful finds expression, Music is second only to Poetry; while, in some respects, it has the pre-eminence. If the latter art has a wider range, it is not nearly so delicate or ethereal as the former is. By the help of the notes of the scale, the musician can build for us a nobler "palace of art" than the painter can construct out of his colours; and can express both thoughts and feelings that are expressible in no other way.

It is the medium of which he makes use that gives to the musician the artistic advantage he possesses. Poetry employs the medium of articulate speech; but all language has, more or less, a local colour. It assumes, and must assume, a national or a provincial form. Sound, on the other hand—the medium employed by the musician—has less of a local or dialectical colour, due to the characteristics of the people who use it. Music is thus more universal than language is; and for its

highest achievements it is less dependent upon race or nationality than either poetry or painting is. It follows that the great musical compositions of the world are less provincial than its poems or its paintings are. Sophocles, for example, is Greek, Virgil is Roman, Dante Italian, Chaucer English, and Molière French, in a way in which neither Bach, Beethoven, nor Wagner is specifically German. In another, and a very important sense—as we shall see—these men were Teutonic artists; but, in dealing with the Beautiful, and as workers in Art, they were more cosmopolitan than they were national.[1]

2. To a certain extent, though in a much smaller degree, Architecture resembles Music in this peculiarity. The Parthenon, for example, is distinctively Greek, while the Gothic cathedrals are the fruit of the genius of another race; and yet the types of the Parthenon and the Gothic cathedrals can bear transplantation. They can fit into and find a home in almost any country. The Parthenon is more cosmopolitan than the *Antigone*, and the Duomo of Brunelleschi more universal than the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. But the great musical creations of the world are more cosmopolitan still. The *Pastoral Symphony*, for example, has no special nationality. There are, of course, national schools of music. Beethoven is quite as German as Goethe is, but he is at the same time even more universal; and all his great associates—predecessors and successors in the same

[1] It is true that the Scandinavian and the Magyar music are very different from the German, and from one another; while all the Eastern scales are unlike ours, and Europeans can hardly understand the music of Siam.

realm of Art—speak to us less in a dialect of their own than the German poets do. Great as he is—second only in the roll of Teutonic poets—Schiller is more provincial than Mozart, and Heine than Schumann.

3. A feature common to all the Arts may be noted at this stage, since it is more characteristic of music than any of the rest. It is that we receive back, in the artistic product, what the musician originally put into the structure which he arranged in forms of melody and harmony. The same is true of all the other Arts, so far as they are not imitative; but musical Art is more creative than that of the painter, sculptor, or architect in this, that with a minimum of suggestion from without the musician evolves from within a complex series of results, which he builds up into structures of his own. In this respect Poetry comes nearest to Music; because the poet, in his use of language, creates. He is the maker—ὁ ποιητής—*par excellence.* In the case of the sculptor and the painter, however, to a much greater extent than in the case of the musician and poet, the subject-matter lies already to hand. In all plastic art the materials are given. There are figures and forms in external Nature to be copied, landscapes to be reproduced, however much they may be idealised in the reproduction, and invested with

> The light that never was on sea or land.

The musician, on the contrary, has no existing antecedent material to deal with, or on which to operate. In a real sense, man invented music, as he has not

invented any other Art, because the musician creates his material as well as shapes it.[1] No doubt the rudest primitive musical note may have resembled some sound of primitive speech, although it does not follow that speech preceded music, and gave rise to it, as Mr. Spencer maintains. Whether the reed or the bow-string suggested the earliest musical instrument will probably never be known; but certain it is that, from the time when sounds of different pitch were first heard and noted, we have the germ of all the musical scales and intervals, and of all possible melody and harmony, up to the loftiest creations of Beethoven or Wagner.

4. Music, as we now have it, is pre-eminently the creation of man. He, and he alone, has fixed the scale; and determined which intervals shall be called consonances, and which dissonances. He has made the laws as to the progression of harmonies. Thorough-bass, counterpoint, and fugue are his sole work.[2] But it does not follow that these things are arbitrary. Although all great musical compositions, no less than the great paintings and poems of the world, are "works of art and man's device"—imaginative creations, in the strictest sense of the term—man has been unconsciously following the canons of art throughout. He has been guided by an underworking principle of proportion, even when legitimately striking out a new path. When innovating, departing from precedent, and taking a fresh line of his own, he has really been conforming to a law of fitness.

[1] In a modified sense this may also be affirmed of the invention of language.

[2] See Hanslick, *Vom musikalischen Schönen*, p. 115.

Many things result from this characteristic. Owing to the freedom with which he works, the musician's is the most artificial of the arts. He, much more than the architect, sculptor, or painter, may break away from precedent, and boldly originate; and it is in this manipulative freedom, or creative originality—in his power of evolving new results out of materials as old as the universe—that the musician brings us nearer the Infinite than any other artist can.

The above statement, however, requires both explanation and development. Music appeals to us more *directly* than either Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture does; because it dispenses with everything except the one medium of sound. In so doing, it takes us closer to reality than any of the other arts can; and the paradox is strictly true that it does this by means of its very ideality. It carries us towards the underlying essence of things—the *Ding an sich*—not by intellectual discernment, but by simple intuition; not by circuitous scientific analysis, but by a synthetic process of what may be called divination or second sight. In other words, we can get beyond the separateness or detachment of individual things as objects of consciousness, to the underlying unity of the universe, more easily, swiftly, and directly through this channel, than through that of any other sense. The sense of sight discloses to us a multitude of individual things, and they remain separate after we cease to contemplate them. All the forms and colours reproduced by plastic art—whether through pictures, statues, or buildings—keep us amongst details. They therefore of necessity limit us, but in Music we rise

above the detachment of particular things, we transcend details. The sequences of a great musical composition—in which there is no break, or hiatus—carry us straight away from separation to unity, from the manifold to the one; and, after the music ceases, *nothing audible remains to remind us of the experiences we have passed through.* Nothing survives, as a symbol of separateness; whereas, in the case of all the other arts, these signs of detachment remain, and are a permanent record of the limit of our vision.

5. We may connect this with a point already noted. The plastic artist has always an object before him, which becomes a point of departure in his idealisation. The musician has the object within himself. To him, in a real sense, object and subject are one.[1] He works not analytically, but by a perpetual unconscious synthesis; and, as soon as he begins to create, the ideas with which he formerly struggled in inartistic moments, and which he now tries to express, flow along a subterranean channel. The "fountains of the great deep" are broken up, and in his creative art he

Sees into the life of things.

The musician's insight cannot be described as either wholly intellectual, or altogether emotional. It is both; but it is more. All consciousness is many-sided, and it is double-sided in the sense that intellect always lies at the root of emotion, while feeling invariably mingles with

[1] Beethoven used to say, however, that "in composing he had always a picture in his mind to which he worked."

reason; although, as the one element diminishes, the other increases. Every one knows how the whole gamut of the emotions is struck by Music—how joy, sorrow, fear, hope, longing, triumph, love, admiration, ecstasy, are all in turn called forth by it; but it is not through these alone that Music works. Intellectual elements always lie latent in the background; and it is through both combined that—in the higher musical creations—we pass through the gateway of the actual into the realm of ideality. It was in this sense, and in this alone, that Goethe said to Bettina von Arnim, "Music is a higher revelation than either Science or Philosophy."

This is a loftier function than the mere mirroring of our subjective moods, which is also one of the functions of Music. Helmholtz has called attention to the marvellous accuracy with which music represents the changes of our mental condition, expressing as it does "graceful rapidity, grave procession, quiet advance, wild leaping, and a thousand other aspects of motion."[1] We may thus express our thoughts—whether they are restless, or aimless; whether vagrant and unsettled, or determinate and fixed—more subtly through Music, than by any other means.

6. A still higher function than this, however, is performed by Music when it conducts us from the sphere of the actual to that of the ideal; and this is true also of the music of the natural world, and of the human voice. They disclose to us what no mere perception of an object by the eye could possibly disclose. It comes to this,

[1] *Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen*, part ii. chap. xiv.

that so soon as Music in any of its forms opens the door of Beauty to us, the entire world of appearance—of mere phenomenal change, with its shadowiness and glamour—vanishes from consciousness; so as to justify Wagner's remark when he calls it "the great pathfinder in the wilderness." Certain it is that when these doors, of which music only holds the key, are opened, we find ourselves suddenly freed from limitation. We have the consciousness not only of liberty, of joy, and of insight, but also of the Illimitable opening up before and around us. In contrast with this, the noblest masterpieces of plastic art arrest and detain us. They may at times, it is true, *suggest* the Illimitable; but it is music that reveals it.[1]

In this connection it may be noted, that while Religion opens another doorway to the Infinite, the musical elements which accompany it have often helped to preserve Religion from falling down to a sectarian level. The music of Christendom is one of the most catholic elements in its catholicity. There is nothing sectarian in a Gregorian chant, in the music of Palestrina, or in any *missa solennis*; although much that is sectarian may at times have been associated with their performance. If it be the high function of Music to disclose the Infinite through the finite, it follows that the greater musicians have got behind phenomena to the realm of substance. They have outstepped the limits

[1] It is in no sense opposed to what has been said in the chapter on "The Correlation of the Arts," that Music is at its greatest height when it cannot be interpreted in terms of any of the sister Arts, *i.e.* when we are unable to translate its meaning into words, or to express it through an allegoric picture.

of space, overleapt the barriers of time, and have created for us *a transparent medium*; by the help of which we may do the same, passing, with comparative ease, from the real world to the ideal. They have taught us how we may simultaneously live in both, and how, if

> Man is one world
> And hath another to attend him,

he may realise himself at one and the same time as a denizen of each.

It is a significant fact in the history of Art that it was when Beethoven — the Shakespeare of Music — was deaf,[1] that he composed some of his greatest symphonies; those works of supremest genius, which disclose to us, more than any others do, the secrets of the Beautiful in Sound. By him—at least in that period of his life—it might have been said—

> Heard melodies are sweet,
> But those unheard are sweeter.

He had got behind phenomena long before he became deaf; and in the greatest of his subsequent works, coming straight from the realm of ideal reality, he interpreted the reports of our ordinary consciousness, with more consummate art, as well as set it more entirely free. It is probably truer of the musician than of any other artist that, after reaching this realm of substance, when he comes back to the world of appearance, he returns to it with interpretations manifold.

7. It is a further sign of the correlation of the Arts

[1] He was not *wholly* deaf till after the eighth Symphony had been written (1811).

that when the poets have spoken to us of Music, and its effects, they have sometimes done so more happily than when speaking of their own Art. It is in virtue of his almost unerring intuition that Shakespeare is so happy in his allusions to it.[1] Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*[2] Lorenzo says:

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
> Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.
> Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

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[1] Notwithstanding of this, it is questionable if Shakespeare would have cared much for Beethoven or Mozart, or relished Wagner at all. But this is no more surprising than it would have been to find that he could not appreciate Turner, supposing them to have been contemporaries. And this, not because great minds have what may be called the privilege of prejudice, as an adjunct to their genius,—without which prejudice they could not leave to the world the great things they achieve in their own distinctive line—but rather because the profoundest appreciation in one direction seems, for a time at least, to necessitate, if not to imply, a lack of sympathy in others. It is noteworthy that few of our great poets have cared for Music as an Art. Milton, Goethe, and Browning were exceptions; but, while they understood and appreciated the melody of verse, neither Dante, Chaucer, Pope, Wordsworth, nor Byron appreciated Music as a technical art of expression. It is equally noteworthy that, until comparatively recent years, many of those gifted with original musical genius have been otherwise comparatively illiterate—Handel, Mozart, and Haydn, for example. Gluck was an exception; and in the case of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Weber, and Wagner, we find their genius guided to a large extent by their general intellectual culture.

[2] Act V. Scene i.

Again, in the same play,[1]

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted.

And in *Twelfth Night*,[2] the Duke says:

> If music be the food of love, play on;
> Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
> The appetite may sicken, and so die.
> That strain again! it had a dying fall:
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour!

Our recent Laureate, hearing what his predecessor described as "Beauty born of murmuring sound," says:

> The glory of the sum of things
> Will flash along the chords, and go.

Coleridge—listening to an Æolian harp in the window of his cottage at Clevedon, caressed by the breeze,—exclaims:

> O the one life within us and abroad,
> Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
> A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
> Rhythm in all thought and joyance everywhere—
> Methinks, it should have been impossible
> Not to love all things in a world so filled;
> Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
> Is Music slumbering on her instrument.
> . . . . . .

[1] Act V. Scene i. [2] Act I. Scene i.

And what if all of animated Nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?

Instead, therefore, of its being a valid charge against Music, in contrast with the sister Arts, that it is more indefinite than precise, this is one of its highest merits; inasmuch as it is the indefinite, rather than the precise, that suggests and discloses the Infinite. Music touches many problems, and drops them again. It skirts the margins of others. It takes up some questions, and, without answering them, shows us that they are quite unnecessary. It throws a plank across the chasm which all ontology discloses, by which we may cross securely to the opposite side. Above all other things, it helps us to ascend; and, in the course of the ascent, it gives us wing.

When Music carries us, however, beyond the shadow-land of finite phenomena to the Infinite and the Ideal, it does not carry us at the same time to a sphere in which we know *clare et distincte*, to adopt the Cartesian phrase. It leads us rather to the sphere of the One, which is also the realm of the infinitely vague; a realm where Truth, Goodness, and Beauty reside in their elements, and which we are only able to interpret by analogy, while we see it "through a glass darkly." Thus, in its very *want* of definiteness—as compared with the sister Arts—we find the source of its charm, and the secret of its power. Sound is of necessity much vaguer than speech, even though it be sculptured into forms of melody and harmony. Words of necessity convey ideas

that are more precise than any conveyed by the notes of the scale; but precision may impoverish, as well as define.[1] It is the glory of Music that we cannot afterwards put into the framework of language what it has signified or disclosed to us; and just in proportion as we are carried by any Art from the actual to the ideal, the translation of its message into a form of articulate speech becomes impossible.

It is perhaps from the elements of ideality that enter into all great musical work, that less of bad Art survives in this department than in that of painting. Degenerate musical Art may live for a time, but not for very long. While commonplace paintings, and even repulsive ones, may last for centuries, and continue to find purchasers, inferior music quickly dies out, and there is no resurrection of it.

One of the results that follow the performance of really great Music in the case of all who are in sympathy with it may be best described as absolute self-effacement. Some are swayed by Music just as reeds bend to the breeze, and only come back to consciousness on the cessation of the sound; and Music is the only power in the world that can move them thus, *i.e.* to the extent of absolute self-forgetfulness. Other things may call us "out of ourselves," as Nature subdues the individual in many ways; but by no Art is the effacement absolute, except in the case of Music, and only then, perhaps, in the case of orchestral harmony of the highest order unaccompanied by words. Whenever Music is of a secondary class, or when associated with

[1] See, however, Mendelssohn's letter to Souchay, Oct. 15, 1842.

articulate speech, our passive receptivity ceases—the fine unconscious spell is gone; very much as, when following the sentences of an inferior book, we read on and yet think of something else.

8. It has been already remarked that Music is, in no true sense, an imitative Art. The imitation of the sounds of Nature is sometimes only noise; and Music is distinguished from noise, not only by its being a work of Art, but by its conformity to law, and by embodying thoughts and emotions which can only be expressed by Art. Of course there are musical noises, and we speak—not incorrectly—of the music of Nature; but, in so doing, we use the language of metaphor and not that of science. Musical art is Art, precisely because it is *not* the imitation of Nature; and, as a matter of historical fact, whenever it has become imitative, it has shown signs of decay. If our modern Music tends in this direction, we may conclude that it is past its prime, and that the creative genius of the race will work for a period to more purpose along some other channel. Every great Art has gone through the stages of birth, rise, culmination, decline, and fall; and it is the opinion of some that, as the Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting of the world have all thus risen, effloresced and decayed, its Music has also passed the zenith and begun to wane. On this, however, it is unnecessary to express an opinion.

9. It has been said that we cannot express emotion objectively, save in vocal sounds or gestures, and that, therefore, Music, as emotional expression, is ultimately vocal sound and its imitation. According to this

view, Music is an elaboration of inarticulate vocal sound, a "windy suspiration of forced breath," a sort of organic Æolian harp, which expresses emotion more effectively, by what grammarians call "interjections," than words can do. This, however, ignores the creative element in Music.

It is not denied by those who reject the mimetic theory of the origin of Art in general, that the imitation of the sounds of Nature may have given rise to *some kinds* of Music. The rattle of the savage, who tried by means of it to conjure the rain to fall, may have been an imitation of the reality; the use of the drum may have been an imitation of thunder; but imitation of Nature is less seldom resorted to by man than many theorists imagine. He invents rather than imitates. Primitive man listened to Nature, heard its manifold voices, and transcended them; and Art, in the infancy of all nations, was due less to the copying of things presented than to the free working of fancy and imagination with reference to them. Savages do not imitate the most musical notes of birds or animals. It is when man begins to satirise and to caricature that he tries to imitate.

And if Music was not primarily an imitation of Nature, neither was it produced by an evolution of what was non-musical through the principle of association. The failure of this subjective principle of association to explain the objective beauty of the world has been pointed out in a previous chapter. It may now be added that, theoretically it is perhaps even less relevant in the sphere of Music than in that of the other Arts. Even if the enjoyment we experience in Music were primarily due to the stimulus of the auditory nerve by a

succession or combination of sounds, this would not support the associationalist theory, or disprove the counter assertion that certain successions of sound, or harmonious concords, are in themselves intrinsically beautiful.

10. But now what is it in Music that is the source of its beauty, and its charm? Can we find this out, by getting down to its masonry beneath its architecture?

It is manifestly not in any single separate sound that the beauty lies, but in the sequence of particular sounds, and in their harmony. Again to quote *Abt Vogler*:

Consider it well; each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said;
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;
And, there! ye have heard and seen; consider and bow the head.

A single note or tone may please us; but if it spreads itself out, and finds allies in neighbouring sounds—so that a tune of some kind results—greater pleasure is experienced. The extension of tones into chords, and of chords into harmonic phrases, gives an additional charm, if not a new element of beauty. A song is a succession of single notes, in which we find both unity and variety. But in musical chords the notes are both simultaneous and successive; and when these are prolonged and varied, and we have a succession of chords and harmonics—while the whole structure is built into symmetry—the area of beauty is widened.

It is the same, in the case of hearing, as in that of the other senses. The units in the sense-perception of colour—whether in a flower, or a landscape, or a face —are in themselves mere zero-points, so far as beauty

is concerned. But arranged in form or order they become beautiful. So the mere repetition of a single sound does not make it musical or beautiful, any more than the repetition of a feeling makes it enjoyable; unless there is, along with its recurrence, some new element in the movement, a rhythm of some kind. Mere vocal utterance—a cry, a shriek, a laugh, a holloa—is not musical, although all these may express feeling. It is a peculiar kind of utterance that alone is musical. Melody, or a rhythmic succession of notes, dependent on each other, as the letters in a word, or as the words in a sentence are dependent, forming such a unity that the removal of a note is like the dropping of a letter from the word, or a word from the sentence—such melody is the very root of Music.

There is a real parallel between the words in a sentence and the notes in a melody, but it must not be pushed too far. If we drop a word from a sentence it becomes incomplete, but we may often substitute another word—a synonym—without destroying the meaning of the sentence. In a melody also, a note may be changed without destroying its unity or integrity; but the structure is more delicate, and more easily deranged, than verbal composition, whether it be prose or verse.

11. What has been already said of Music as less imitative than the other Arts—because there is less for the musician to copy—leads to the further remark that its fundamental theme is *Human Nature in its Elements.* That is the musician's basis, and the notes of the scale are his material. It is not with mere sounds, but with

those thoughts and emotions of which they are the symbol, that he has really to do; not with material elements—though the medium he employs is half physical—but with the joys and sorrows, the aspirations, the struggles, the losses, and the triumphs of the race. The truth of this is evidenced more especially in the fact that musical Art has achieved its greatest triumphs within the last two centuries. It has expressed and interpreted the doubt and the unrest, as well as the hope, the aspiration, and the achievement of these centuries. They have been centuries during which human life has moved rapidly forward; and many elements unknown, because unevolved before, have entered into it. It has been much richer than the life of the previous centuries was, but at the same time fuller of elements that are mystic and undefined, and that have been struggling towards realisation and completion. For the expression of these Music has been a far better medium than any of the sister Arts, with the possible exception of Poetry; and it is thus that we may explain its historic evolution in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. No modern building, and but few modern paintings, express the complex life of modern times. Some of our poems doubtless mirror it with great precision, and some of our novels express it, as well, perhaps, as our philosophies do; but it has been the high prerogative of Music to unfold it, in a manner that is distinctive and unique.

But why is it that in the expression of emotion Music is superior to the other Arts? May it not be because all emotion is movement, that is to say, because it rises and falls, as melody does in the musical scale;

and because it not only goes up and down in the scale, but increases and diminishes in intensity, as the notes do in the forte and piano passages? Thus, as a medium for the embodiment of that which changes so swiftly and subtly as emotion does, Music has no rival. The products of Art in Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting are stationary. Music, on the contrary, is the transient embodiment of the onward movement of human feeling: it records the growth and development of emotion. In this it is superior even to Poetry; for, although the latter can *describe* movement, Poetry is not —unless when recited—itself movement. The opening notes of a great orchestral symphony convey at once a sense of motion without change of place—intensive not extensive movement. They rouse in us the play of waxing and waning energy, of ὄρεξις. The rise and fall of pitch may be connected both with the movement of gravitation, and with the motion of the muscles of the throat in vocal utterance; but when we are carried, by a musical artist like Beethoven, or Brahms, or Wagner, into the empyrean,

> Und setz' ich meine *Leiter* an von Tönen
> Ich trage dich hinauf zum höchsten Schönen,

"where the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em!"[1] we find the very poetry of energy revealed, as by no other art it can ever be disclosed.

But it is not only in *giving rise* to feelings, that are as varied and complex as sound itself, that its power is seen. That power is also felt in the *restraint* of feeling.

[1] Jud Browning's account of Rubinstein's playing. See *Musical Record* (July 1878).

The highest musical Art invariably regulates emotion. It is a mental and a moral tonic. With the whole area of human feeling and passion for its keyboard—in all its finer products—it disciplines emotion as well as rouses it; and in this connection it is perhaps worthy of more note than it has received, that Music does not lend itself to the base, or the evil, in the same way that other arts have sometimes done. It may occupy itself with the trivial—a very great deal of ephemeral Music does so—but it cannot give voice to the corrupt, as Poetry and Painting can. None of the evil passions of humanity are capable of *direct* expression by music. Cruelty, for example, could not be pourtrayed by it, nor the malign; although terror, and extreme agony, can be expressed by it. In contrast with this, Poetry can become a medium not only for the record of evil, but for its advocacy, while Painting has depicted it in realistic colours. The characterisation or record of evil, in such magnificent creations as the *Divina Commedia*, *Paradise Lost*, or *Faust*, has familiarised us with those alien elements which many a lyric has even tried to glorify; but this is impossible in Music. While some poems seem almost to be the inspiration of Ahriman in conflict with Ormuzd, Music—at least in its greatest compositions—is invariably on the side of Ormuzd. It cannot be enlisted in the service of Ahriman.[1]

[1] See, however, an opposite opinion expressed in Thibaut's *Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst.* I am also aware that many think that Wagner has proved the very reverse of the thesis I maintain; his *Tristan* being said to be distinctly immoral in its effect, and Berlioz's *Faust* no less so. It is the opinion of many musicians and critics that Music is not monopolised by Ormuzd, that morality is brought into it by association—itself being a vehicle of non-moral dynamics—and that blas-

The use of the word "composition" leads to the further remark that great composers seldom "put together" the elements, which we subsequently analyse. By immediate and intuitive synthesis they reach the one within the many. Thus Mozart wrote: "I do not hear in my imagination the parts successively. I hear them, as it were, all at once" (*gleich alles zusammen*);[1] and he tells us that the subsequent committing of his thoughts to paper—or the writing out of the notes in score—was simple enough. It is said that he could pursue the latter almost mechanically, while he was at the same time carrying on a conversation on any of the ordinary topics of the hour.

On this subject Goethe remarked to Eckermann: "Composition is a thoroughly contemptible word, for which we have to thank the French. How can any one say that Mozart 'composed' *Don Juan*? as if it were a piece of cake or biscuit that had to be stirred together, out of eggs, flour, and sugar! It is a spiritual creation, in which the details as well as the whole are pervaded by one spirit, and by the breath of one life; so that the producer did not make experiments, and patch together, and follow his own caprice, but was altogether in the power of the demonic spirit of his genius, and acted according to its orders."[2]

12. In trying to reach a true theory of Music, it is impossible to ignore the science of acoustics; but it is

phemy, cruelty, treachery, etc., as well as their opposites, have all been conveyed by it—especially by Wagner. The question has not been fully discussed.

[1] Beethoven's method, however, was very different.

[2] *Gespräche mit Goethe.* English translation, *Conversations with Goethe*, vol. ii. p. 403.

possible at the same time to make the laws which regulate that science of too much importance, in dealing with the practice of the Art. While the phenomena of sound have a vital relation to Music as a scientific structure, they do not concern it as one of the arts of expression, and still less as a source of pleasure, or a means of eliciting emotion. It is even possible that a specially minute knowledge of these phenomena would hinder, rather than help, the musician in his distinctive work; and it may be said in general that the æsthetic of Music begins where its physical science ends. It is notorious that the power of musical composition, or the deft arrangement of melody and harmony, has often existed in inverse ratio to a knowledge of the physical properties of sound.

In fact, the æsthetic side of music is quite distinct from the scientific. A knowledge of the laws of acoustics, such as Helmholtz has given us, is, as we have just seen, not necessary to the musician, whether he be composer or performer, or mere appreciative listener. To expect a genius like Beethoven or Wagner to understand the intricacies of science in reference to the phenomena of sound, is as absurd as it would be to expect these men to be acquainted with the philosophy of the Vedas, or with mediæval alchemy. Nevertheless it must be remembered that every musical composition must conform both to the laws of acoustics and to the laws of the scale;[1] while, that conformity granted, the musician may freely create, as his genius leads him.

13. A quotation from the late Cardinal Newman—

[1] Even in the year 1857, in a lecture delivered at Bonn, Helmholtz had to complain that "Music, more than any other Art, had withdrawn itself from scientific treatment."

who was a musician, as well as a scholar and a poet—will illustrate some things in the previous paragraphs.

> The seven notes of the scale . . . what science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master of it create his new world? Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is the mere ingenuity and trick of art? . . . To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. . . . Yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes and begins and ends itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No. They have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound.

An interesting analysis of the nature and effects of Music will be found in George Sand's *Consuelo.* It was Consuelo's life-work to glorify Art—especially musical Art—as the medium through which the human spirit might unburden itself unreservedly, disclosing the secrets of the inner life, without either egotism or excess.

14. It may now, perhaps, be seen that it is easier to detect the fundamental characteristics of Beauty in Sound, than it is to determine the radical features of the Beauty that appeals to the sense of Sight. They are much the same in the two cases, but they are more easily recognised in the former than in the latter. In the simplest music that delights the listener, and more especially in all that permanently charms—and becomes

for the race a κτῆμα εἰς ἀεί—there must be first *Symmetry* of structure, a balance of parts which are combined together organically; and secondly—and arising out of this very symmetry—*Expression*, so that the result is an organic whole, "compacted by that which every joint supplieth." In other words, structure and meaning, individuality of type and ideality of character, must combine—the one to heighten and enlarge the other. These seem to be the two fundamental requisites, alike in the simplest vocal melody, and the most elaborate orchestral work. Structural beauty, or beauty of form, must precede; but beauty of character, of expression, must succeed. Without the latter the former may be absolutely accurate, but it is necessarily cold, and destitute of the charm that fascinates the listener.

Another thing to be noted—and in reference to which we also find a parallel in the plastic Arts—is that the intentional introduction of discord may lead to greater harmony, when the discord is resolved. The "concord of sweet sounds" delights us, just as symmetry of form or a harmonious arrangement of colour does; but, as seemingly incongruous shadows often combine in a picture to give the richest unity of effect, so the introduction of discords in Music may be in pursuance of a plan which intentionally leads to a climax of harmony, in the final conquest of the discord; and out of discord the most perfect harmony—the harmony of opposites—may be evolved.

15. The existence of an objective standard of Beauty in Music—while its actual products are wholly the creation of man—may be more clearly seen from a consideration

of the various keys. "The key is in Music what colour is in Painting," says Mr. Ernest Pauer.[1] Different musicians have had a preference for different keys, just as painters have shown a liking for different colours. The difference between the major and minor keys—the joy, the brightness, and the strength of the major; and the tenderness, the softness, and the melancholy of the minor — is known to every one. This difference is fundamental. It is an objective reality in the nature of things, not created by the musician, but existing independently of him. That each of the keys corresponds to a special mood of the human spirit—or has an emotion to itself, as it were—may be an extravagance; but there is no doubt that there are particular moods of mind, aspects of feeling or of life, that can only be adequately expressed by particular kinds of Music.[2] If they are to be expressed at all, they demand embodiment in a special rhythmic form or key. So also, to a certain extent, with the varieties of time, from slow movements to quick ones, with manifold intermediate stages. Gradations of feeling may be expressed by these changes of time, as well as by a change of key; and by means of both, all the varieties of emotion, from calm repose to violent passion—from troubled doubt, unrest, suspense, and pain on the one hand, to rest, joy, triumph, or even ecstasy on the other—may be embodied and expressed.

[1] *The Elements of the Beautiful in Music*, p. 20.

[2] Association may have something to do with the emotional atmosphere of the different keys; but a transposed song loses much, while "pitch" is different in different countries. The F♯, which Mendelssohn loved so much, may, in German pianofortes, be equal to the English F.

Here we may also note the effect of the *pause* in Music, due to the expectation it awakens. Mozart was once asked what produced most effect in Music, and he replied "no music"; meaning that the stop, the cessation after a powerful passage, was often more effective than any sequence could be.

16. From what has been said it will be apparent that Music is a less realistic Art than Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture are. In its very essence it is less material. Because of the medium employed, it lifts the veil *from* the actual. To the musician the real world of sound becomes a point of departure for an ideal realm which transcends it. But the ideal, toward which he carries us, is not the realm of the curious or the extravagant. It is often the unexpected; but, as soon as it is entered, it is seen to be the sphere of a higher reality than that which was left behind. And so the idealist in Music, when he begins to work, does not proceed to "break the unities"—though he may ignore precedent—with the conscious purpose of the innovator. He is urged by the overmastering necessity of an impulse to get close to reality, to the very core of things.[1]

To this it may be added that, Music is not only a channel for the expression of emotion, but may very easily become a means of exalting and refining it. The training it gives, in the expression of the most delicate shades of feeling, may certainly react on their appreciation; and may therefore open up a new pathway to the highest happiness of the human race.

[1] By this it is not meant that the creative artist is consciously a metaphysician. None the less, by his unconscious art, he helps the common mind to transcend phenomena.

B. *The Alliance of Music with Poetry and the other Arts*

1. In the infancy of all nations the musician and the poet have been in closest alliance. They were often the same person. The voice of the singer was the most musical of instruments, while the words of the verse-maker gave expression to the emotions of the multitude, and so far interpreted them.

When we leave the prehistoric period, and reach that of the Greek drama, we find that the two

> Sphere-born harmonious sisters,
> Voice and Verse,

were closely allied, and that they—more than any other of the Arts—their "mixed powers employed."[1] The choruses in the dramas were not recited, but sung. They corresponded, to a certain extent, with our modern orchestra; and the wonderful effect of the drama on the Greek people was partly due to the union of the two arts of Music and of Poetry. The poetry was, however, the most important element of the two. The clearer and more definite art—the articulate one—was, on the whole, more esteemed than the vaguer and the less definite; and it was not till the entrance of those ideas,—which began to influence the world in the first century of our era—had leavened it in various ways, that Music

[1] It is extremely difficult now to know anything with accuracy as to the Music of the Ancients, because all their instruments have perished. Even if they had survived, they could not have been of much use, in giving the modern world an idea of the results obtained by means of them; because all instruments decay with the wear and tear of time, and their tones change with every change of weather or of climate. With the Greeks, however, Poetry, Music, and Dancing were a group of allied Arts.

attained its highest triumphs, both as a separate art, and in alliance with Poetry. New aspirations—the expression of which transcended the framework of written speech—had to be evolved; and, for the expression of them, Music was found to be the natural and fittest medium. The Music of the ancient world was chiefly song, an accompaniment to the voice, *i.e.* melody. *Harmony* dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century, though it was not till the sixteenth that it was fully evolved by Palestrina; and the two arts of Music and Poetry, may be said to have joined hands in all their higher efforts and results, from that century onwards. The story of their union is a very instructive one. Poetry—the spoken or recited word—at first had the pre-eminence; Music came in, only as a prelude, or an interlude. By and by, the musician dominated over the poet; and instead of the music accompanying the words, the words were an accompaniment to the music.

The result of this domination was hurtful to Music itself. It became artificial, a means of exhibiting technical executive skill, rather than of expressing emotion in a natural manner; and when the musician, or the singer, thus conquered the poet, the music declined. From the rise of Harmony in the sixteenth century—and throughout the development of the Opera till the middle of the nineteenth—Music, on the whole, had the upper hand. Even in the vocal fugues of Bach the musical theme seems to have been first realised, and expressed, before any words were selected as its accompaniment. The greatest of musicians, however—Beethoven—seems to have felt the need of the union of the two arts; a

union which, in the region of Opera, has been carried out by Wagner. Even in the delightful naturalism of Beethoven, when he introduced the voices of Nature—although almost never giving us a reproduction of external sounds, but rather their idealisation—he showed the master-force of genius, in breaking through the very trammels of his art, and winning for himself, and for the world, a fuller expression of what he felt.[1] Music was not to Beethoven a mere technical art, but the expression and embodiment of what was deepest in man. For the music of modern Europe he accomplished what Anaxagoras did for anterior Greek philosophy; and he made it for ever impossible—for those who understand his work, and imbibe his spirit—that Music should again degenerate to its old sophistic level, to the mere art ot manipulating sound with dexterous and brilliant effect—mere *Musik-macherei*.

It is not the smallest sign of the greatness of Beethoven that he saw the impossibility of giving full expression to emotion by musical utterance alone, and the need of conjoining poetry with it in order to reach its highest expression—marvellous as that expression in his sonatas and symphonies is.

2. Since Beethoven's time, perhaps no one has seen the same truth so clearly as his chief successor and interpreter, Richard Wagner, who has carried the union of the two arts still farther. Wagner was pre-eminently a dramatic

[1] In this connection, the sub-title of the *Pastoral Symphony* is noteworthy, "Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei." It must be remembered, however, that the notes of two of the three birds introduced at the close of the slow movement of this Symphony—viz. the quail and the cuckoo—are imitated with great exactness.

genius, and therefore the substructure of his greatest creations — *Lohengrin* and *Tristan*, *e.g.* — is poetic. This does not mean that he has availed himself either of rhyme or of blank verse; but the words to which he allied the music in all his operas were rhythmic. He needed more than a libretto, he required a poetical accompaniment for his music, in order that the result —the artistic whole—should be complete. More than any other artist in Music he made it his aim that *all* the arts should contribute their share towards the production of Drama; not Music and Poetry only, but Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture as well; so that perfect unity, or full artistic harmony, may be reached. The ideal realisation of this would of course be the performance of the Drama *on a national scale*, all the arts being at once tributary to each other, and co-operating to the entire result. But in order to realise this adequately, it may perhaps be necessary to have some part of the national epos—a fragment of the story of the people's past—for the poetic substructure, round which the accessory arts may spontaneously group themselves.

In reference to Beethoven—as metropolitan primate in the musical schools of Europe—it may be said that the three first movements of his Ninth Symphony mark the close of a period of Art, which is perhaps the highest achievement of human genius along that line, viz. the expression of the emotions, or their embodiment, in definite harmonic form. A further stage, however, has now been reached—many still higher may be in store—viz. the *interpretation* of the emotions, and it is this that Wagner has attempted.

Adequately to appreciate what Wagner has done for Music, it is necessary to understand the theory of the art which Schopenhauer advanced, to which the former gave his adherence. Wagner had no wide knowledge of Philosophy, and no special interest in it; but he was arrested and attracted by the teaching of Schopenhauer. The naïve and childlike theory of Schopenhauer—I do not call it childish—by which the Will is supposed to be the sole faculty through which we have self-knowledge, and to be at once the substratum of self—the *Ding an sich* within—and also the substratum of the world without; so that the unity of the two realms of mind and matter (and therefore of the world) is disclosed in the Will—this theory was adopted by Wagner. According to it the Will is not force, but the substratum of force. Volition is a phenomenal manifestation of will—will itself being a noumenal sentence. This noumenal will, objective in the world, struggles for realisation, and usually fails. In all the lower types of life, it for the most part fails; in man it occasionally succeeds. In Nature there is a brute struggle for existence, and defeat is inevitable to thousands; in man there is success, because of his self-consciousness, and also because, in contemplating the failure and misery of existence, due to the efforts of desire, he can cease from it. By self-renunciation, or the abandonment of desire, he attains to a state similar to the Buddhist nirvana.

To rise superior to the struggle of finite desire is possible only in two ways. The first is by the cessation of desire itself, the second is by art. All true art

transcends the actual, and reaches the ideal, which is beyond both space and time, and is the true essence lying evermore behind phenomena.

3. An account of Schopenhauer's theory of Art will be found in the former volume in this series, which deals with the History of Æsthetic (pp. 78, 79). His special theory of Music—adopted by Wagner—comes out in the comparison he draws between it and the arts of Painting, Sculpture, and even Poetry. The latter he regards as realistic arts, inasmuch as they employ the medium of visible phenomena, and have a point of departure in the apparent or phenomenal. Music lacks this realistic basis, since there is nothing in Nature which can be its groundwork, or which yields it a point of departure; but it is just for this reason, that the musician gets into more immediate *rapport* with the all-pervasive underlying spirit of the universe. He "muses, and the fire burns." He falls into a trance, and he is borne into a region "where time and space are not," and where he finds a universal language, immeasurably transcending the provincial dialects of human speech. Thus the creative musical artist gets closer to existence, and nearer to the core of things, than any other artist does. The ideal is within him, from the first; a subjective stream of ideality urging him on, in the work of making it objective, or incarnating it in structures of melody and harmony. It is only in a trance of consciousness, however—when not disturbed by the intrusions of sense—that this creative activity is possible.

Professor Eduard Hanslick of Vienna is of opinion

that the forms with which Beauty clothes itself in Music "wear out sooner and more completely," and become more rapidly obsolete, than in any other art.[1] The creative spirit, ever asserting itself against hindrance, demands a new form in which to embody or realise its energy; and so the old products are left behind. This, however, is only true for the primary artist—the composer—and for him it is only partially true. The secondary musical artist—the performer—may repeat *ad infinitum* what the former supplies him with; and there will be no satiety on his part, in thus continually entering into the heritage of the composers, or—on the part of a listening and sympathetic public—in appreciating their creations, as often as they are reproduced. In fact, the guarantee of immortality in this matter is with the musician, more than with any other in the artist roll, because the most exact reproduction of past artistic work is possible to him. Nay, not only a more perfect rehabilitation of it, but also a fuller and richer presentment of it, than in the case of the original composer. The poet is perpetuated by new editions of his works, and, to a certain extent, by translations, which reflect the original only in part; whereas the thoughts of the musician can be *more adequately* rendered, as musical instruments improve, and as orchestras are better trained. What, for example, would Beethoven have thought, could he have heard his Waldstein sonata reproduced by Lizst on a Bechstein pianoforte, or his Ninth Symphony performed by such an orchestra as that of Hans Richter?

[1] See *Vom musikalischen Schönen*, p. 57. Beethoven's *Eroica*, however, is ninety years old, and does not contain one obsolete bar.

C.—*The Origin of Music*

1. In tracing the origin of any Art we must remember that what seems to us its historic infancy may be really an advanced stage, as compared with the prehistoric efforts out of which it arose. The pleasure which certain sounds give, not when they are listened to as natural melody, but when they are made by man —either in imitation of Nature, or in trying to transcend it—may be the origin of our delight in Music. But the first reproducer of sound was a creative artist; and, before he tried to reproduce, he must have got beyond a mere succession of notes to something in them which had a character of its own—something possessed of intrinsic charm, a *μέλος* or tune that pleased—although there would always be a feeling of mystery in the background of the pleasure.

The difference between the melody of Nature, and Music as an "art of man's device," is that the former is a mere occurrence or event, the latter is a creation, a thing made by man. In both, however, a sense of mystery has from the first lain behind the pleasure experienced—a feeling of the mysterious, the occult, and the unaccountable. The gourd-rattle or maraca of the Brazilian tribes—a sort of primitive drum which was worshipped throughout the larger part of South America—was honoured as a fetish from the rude music it gave forth. Something similar existed in Lapland in the prehistoric age, where the drum was not only worshipped, but was also resorted to as an instrument of cure.

2. The origin of vocal Music must be sought much

farther back than the origin of instrumentation. The appreciation of sound, in the form of notes, as distinguished from mere noise, might arise in various ways. Listening to the sound of the wind, or to the song of birds, would of itself give pleasure to the primitive races; but the savage who first struck two pieces of wood or of stone together, and produced a musical note, made an immense stride beyond his contemporaries, who merely listened to the voices of Nature. It is true that the first idea of an instrument may have been suggested by the wind, as it whistled in the broken reed-beds; or by the breeze sweeping over threads of sea-weed stretched on a rock, or the dried tendons of a turtle extended on its shell.[1] But, most probably, the earliest instruments of music were percussion-instruments; bits of wood, or stone, or metal, which were struck—as later on drums were struck—either to excite feeling, or to express it. In the beating of two sticks together, or in the striking of two stones, we may thus find the primitive musical instrument. Next, suppose a hollow gourd, or a cocoanut shell, into which stones were put and rattled; and we advance a stage farther. Again, suppose a shell, or a bow, on which strings were stretched and struck. It would soon be found that, according as the string was lengthened or shortened, the note varied; and the savage would thus have a sort of primitive banjo. Add to this the clapping of hands, and shouting with the voice, as an expression of emotion; and in these things,

[1] It is to be remembered that there were pipes or flutes in the Stone Age, like those made of reindeer's horn, found by M. Lartet. See *Histoire Générale de la Musique*, by M. Fétis.

either successive or combined, we may perhaps discover the earliest form of music, as distinguished from mere noise. Noise must have very slowly developed into music, or rather music developed out of noise.

If we may find, in these elementary sources, the origin of that Art, which has at length yielded the noble and complex creations of musical genius, it must be noted that from the first there was more than mere imitation at work. There was an effort to get at the secret of Nature, and then to create something at once like it, and different from it. The pleasure produced by certain sequences and combinations of sound developed the desire to get behind them, so as to discover their source and their meaning. It is possible that in listening to the existing sounds—sounds always heard in the same way, or with little variation—the impulse of the savage would be simply to imitate; but when anything unusual was heard, the novelty and the mystery would beget the desire for an explanation; and when that was not forthcoming, and the mystery remained, the idea might arise that the novel sound was the speech of Nature herself, her more immediate voice; and thus a primitive religious idea would spring up, and be fostered by every unwonted sound in Nature. But the savage proceeded to fashion an object which could yield him back a sound, like the unusual ones he heard. He created an object which could afterwards, by himself or his comrades, be worshipped. It is one of the most curious things in the natural history of man that the savage, after thus creating his own divinity, believed in it, and rendered homage to it. In the drum that he

made, and struck, he imagined that the voice of another was heard from within, and so the drum became a fetish to be worshipped.

It is for the archæologist, the student of custom and myth, to tell us to what extent drum-worship prevailed in primitive times, and what its place is in the evolution of the human mind. There is no doubt that it did exist over a wide area in Lapland, and a still vaster one on the American continent.

The use of the bell arose subsequently to that of the drum, and the one was probably a sublimation of the other. It is undoubted that, in the Middle Ages, the bell became a sort of fetish; and from its having the semblance of life it was made an object of worship. As the savage thought that a spirit was within his maraca, or drum, which returned an answering signal to the drummer who struck it; so the bell was supposed to be alive, and even to have some vital power of influencing the seasons. It was rung for conjuring purposes, just as the primitive rattle was sounded as a charm.

The vast majority of the steps in the evolution of musical Art amongst the primitive savages of the world are probably lost to us for ever—although we may form sundry inferences on the subject, by a study of contemporary savage life; but the theories as to the origin of Music are of comparatively recent date.

3. Passing over the remarks—they hardly rise to the dignity of a discussion—by the Abbé du Bos,[1] and J.

[1] The Abbé du Bos held the Aristotelian doctrine in a degraded form, viz. that Music was an imitative Art, and that, as the Painter copied Nature's forms and colours, the Musician imitated her sounds.

P. Rousseau,[1] and Joseph Mazzini,[2] it is perhaps unnecessary to begin farther back than with the theory advanced in the year 1857 by a philosopher still happily living. I refer to Mr. Herbert Spencer. In that year Mr. Spencer wrote a paper in which he maintained that the origin of Music was simply *vocal sound*, that emotion originally expressed itself through the voice, and that this gave rise to Music. He tried to prove his point by a consideration of the way in which the feelings express themselves in song (as distinguished from speech) as regards "loudness, quality (or timbre), pitch, intervals, and rate of variation"; his theory being that speech was prior to Music, and must have originated it. He supported his position in a very ingenious manner, and contended that loud sounds were the result of strong feelings, and that such sounds have much more resonance. They acquire a metallic ring. Both the pitch of the voice, and the intervals in vocal utterance, are due to the presence of emotion, which has first showed itself in speech. He finds a physiological basis for all vocal phenomena; and thinks that vocal Music first, and instrumental Music afterwards, were originally a simple "divergence from emotional speech in a gradual unobtrusive manner."

[1] Rousseau was to a certain extent a slave to the same view; but, though he was inconsistent in detail, a distinctive theory as to the origin of Music may be said to have originated with him.

[2] In 1833 Mazzini published the *Philosophy of Music*, a rhetorical performance, with meagre thought interspersed. He considered Music as the voice of the invisible world, having a place beside religion and the laws; that German Music tended to mysticism, Italian Music to materialism, and that the two should be united—the Music of the North and of the South—in a European Music which would express both and be spiritual.

Looking to the evidence of history, he thinks that the primitive chant was recitative, and that it grew out of the cadences of strong feeling, as intoning does. Recitative "arose by degrees out of emotional speech," and "by a continuance of the same process song has arisen out of recitative." Poetry he thinks preceded song, and he considers that this theory, of the priority of speech to music, can alone account for the expressiveness of the latter. He discards the idea that certain combinations of notes have an intrinsic meaning, and also the idea that they are wholly conventional; and he falls back on the theory that Music is the consequence of "modifications of voice, which are the physiological results of excited feelings," "which produce an idealised language of emotion." Mr. Spencer thinks that the genesis of Music can be explained in no other way. It must have had a sense-origin, and as strong feeling produces muscular action, and muscular action produces vocal sound, from this Music proceeds.

This much may be said in favour of Mr. Spencer's theory, that in all speech we have more than the words spoken, we have the tone in which they are uttered; and Mr. Spencer has a significant sentence in which he says that "Cadence is the commentary of the emotions on the propositions of the intellect"; while he calls attention to the fact that words often express much less than the tone in which the words are used. It is quite as rational a theory, however, that Music was prior to speech, and originated *it*. Mr. Spencer thinks that song arose from the intensification or emphasis thrown on those vocal features which are the signs of emotional

excitement; but none of the five things which he points to—loudness, resonance, pitch, intervals, or variability—are essential either to Music, or to emotional utterance. We have no evidence that the earliest modes of speech were musical, or more musical than the later developed languages; and both the intellectual language of words, and the emotional language of tones, may be a growth out of anterior elements, that were neither vocal nor musical.

The theory that Music has its origin in the cadences of speech, when speech was touched with emotion, is inadequate. Neither loudness, nor resonance, nor variations of pitch, nor width of interval are necessary elements, either of song or of emotional utterance. All these characteristics are absent from many of the most perfect melodies. And instead of being a step forward from speech to song, the recitative is, in its monotone, a step backwards. Besides, some songs that are full of pathos are almost monotonous, while in many of the most vivid outbursts of emotion the change of note in the words made use of is immense.

4. In 1871 Darwin published his *Descent of Man.* In it he called attention to the relation in which the use of musical notes stands to the most radical, if not the strongest, passion of human nature. His theory of its origin was that "musical notes and rhythm were first acquired by the male and female progenitors of mankind for the sake of charming the opposite sex."[1] Darwin accounted in the same way for the origin both of vocal and instrumental music; and he traced back the use of

[1] *Descent of Man*, vol. ii. p. 336.

oratory, as well as of Music, to the habit of singing, acquired by our half-human ancestors, for the same purpose of fascinating the opposite sex.

He has not, however, proved his theory. In the love-call of the birds, the note of the male is sweeter and more musical than that of the female. It is not so with the voice of male and female in the human race; and, if we are to adopt his theory, we would require to suppose that the love-call of the male bird, originally made use of to attract the female, was afterwards disused by the male; and that, finding its effectiveness, the female learned the practice in order to attract the male, and that her voice became gradually the sweeter of the two. But the songs of savages do not turn to the theme of love. They are chiefly war-songs, songs of exploit and victory, or songs of lamentation. If the passion of love had given rise to song, there would surely have been some record of the dominant passion—some allusion to it—in the earliest surviving songs. There does not seem to be any prehistoric evidence for the truth of Darwin's theory, or anything in the customs of contemporary savage life, to warrant it. The doctrine that the human voice was "primarily used and perfected in the practice of this love-call" is a *hysteron proteron*. The voice would surely be itself pretty well perfected before it could be used—or before the idea would occur of using it—for this particular purpose.[1]

5. In two articles in *The Atlantic Monthly*, October

[1] Even supposing that the origin of the primitive fife or flute is to be sought in the love-call, this will not explain the primitive *drum*; and the drum preceded the flute, as certainly as the Silurian rocks preceded the coal-measures.

and December 1878—the former on the meaning of Music, the latter on its nature—Mr. R. Grant White tried to defend the thesis that Music has neither a natural meaning, nor a moral function. Although it lifts its devotee out of the material world for the time being, and stirs emotions which no other art arouses, it "has no point of contact with the moral nature," and "has no nourishment for the intellect" (p. 491). There is no more a connection between the love of music and excellence of character, or the dislike to music and baseness of character, than there is between a love of music and height of stature, or dislike to music and the amount of fortune one is heir to. He maintains that in Music it is the movement—whether in melody or harmony—that is the source of all the beauty.

Mr. White traces musical sympathy and appreciation back to a purely physical origin, to mere sensation. It is "the result of physical organisation," like the height of one's body, or the nature of one's complexion. He enlarges on the utter incomprehensibility of the charm that lies within the highest musical creation, and affirms that there is no "meaning, or suggestion, or revelation, or expression of any feeling, or of any mood of mind," in any of them (p. 758). He traces all the differences of musical interpretation to differences of organisation.

The most valuable work in reference to Music published in England is the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (1450-1889), edited by Sir George Grove, and published from 1879 to 1890. It is a mine of information as to all matters directly or indirectly connected

with Music, and was designed both for the professional musician and the amateur. It is impossible to speak too highly of such articles as the editor's "Beethoven," "Mendelssohn," and "Schubert," or of Dr. C. H. H. Parry's on "Form," "Harmony," "Sonata," and "Symphony," or of "Song," by Mrs. Wodehouse.

In the *Contemporary Review* for October 1880 Mr. John Frederick Rowbotham contributed an article on "The Origin of Music." This he afterwards included in an elaborate work entitled *A History of Music*, in three vols., published in the year 1885. It deals first with Prehistoric Music; next with the Music of the Elder Civilisations, including that of the Greeks; and then with the Music of the Middle Ages, of the Arabians, and the Troubadours.

Perhaps the most interesting and valuable section in Mr. Rowbotham's treatise is that which treats of the three successive periods, viz. the Drum stage, the Pipe stage, and the Lyre stage. Under these he classes all the various developments of musical instruments:—

Under the first head fall drums, rattles, gongs, triangles, tam-tams, castinets, tambourines, cymbals—in a word, all the instruments of Percussion. Under the second head fall flutes, hautboys, clarionets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, bugles—all Wind Instruments. And under the third head fall all Stringed Instruments, comprising the harp, lyre, lute, guitar, the violin (with all its varieties), the mandolin, dulcimers, pianos, etc. etc. Now these three types are representative of three distinct stages of development through which Prehistoric Instrumental Music has passed —and the stages occur in the order named. That is to say, the first stage in the development of Instrumental

Music was the Drum Stage, in which Drums and Drums alone were used by man; the second stage was the Pipe Stage, in which Pipes as well as Drums were used; the third stage was the Lyre Stage, in which Lyres were added to the stock. And as in the geological history of the globe the Chalk is never found below the Oolite, nor the Oolite below the Coal; so in the Musical History of mankind is the Lyre Stage never found to precede the Pipe Stage, nor the Pipe Stage to precede the Drum Stage.

That this should be the order of development seems natural, if we consider the mechanical complexity of the instruments themselves. The Drum is evidently the simplest of all; the Pipe is more complex than the Drum; but the Lyre, which consists of strings bound round pegs, and strung on a frame, is the most complex of all.

In keeping with this is the fact that savages sometimes have the Drum alone, but never the Pipe alone, or the Lyre alone; for if they have the Pipe, they always have the Drum too; and if they have the Lyre, they always have both Pipe and Drum.

Mr. Rowbotham has proved the historic order of the three stages—the Drum, the Pipe, the Lyre—which are as clearly evidenced in what remains of prehistoric archæology, as the successive geologic deposits are shown by the evidence of fossils. His account of the drum stage, and of drum-worship, is specially clear; as is that of the bell-worship of mediævalism, which was on many points analogous to the drum-worship of earlier ages. As the drum was thought to be inhabited by a god, who answered from within when the instrument was struck, bells were supposed to be alive, the tinkling being a sign of life within; and not only the medicine-men, but priests, covered their garments with

them.[1] Within each of the three stages there are minor ones. Probably the very earliest stage was that in which the mere sound of a stroke on an object that yielded it gave pleasure; next the resonance of a hollow object, *e.g.* the primitive rattle, improvised from a branch with nuts hanging on it when shaken in the air, or the more elaborate calabash, a hollow gourd with pebbles in it. The drum stage may have commenced with the accidentally-discovered hollow log, which gave back a sound when struck; and advanced to the carefully-hollowed cup, made of specially-selected wood, with skin—also selected with care—artificially stretched over it.

The Pipe stage succeeded that of the drum. Wind whistling in a hollow reed may have suggested the idea of blowing through one similarly hollowed; and so a reed would be taken, cut, and notched into a flute. Or a conch shell, with the spiral end broken off, may have been blown into, and a primitive horn made. The horn was perhaps first used to frighten enemies in battle, or to give the sign for flight; afterwards as a means of driving away evil spirits, or as a spell to bring rain; again, for purposes of signalling, or calling comrades together; next, perhaps, to charm and allure, to attract or woo. It was natural that man should give up beating a drum, and take to blowing a flute, when this stage was reached; because the pipe, with its softness, would act as a charm to the other sex; and in countries where marriage by capture gave place to marriage by choice,

[1] At the present day the Patagonian or Australian savages look on a watch or clock as inhabited by a god.

or elective affinity, what better than the love-call of the flute? The emotion of grief, as well as that of joy, would at an early stage find expression through musical sound.

It is to be noted that the primitive cave-men made use of pipes of several stops. The pipe with a single notch—giving two notes—would serve as a signal whistle; and when more notes were added, they were probably introduced for an æsthetic purpose, or to charm. Mr. Rowbotham thinks that the primary instrument (the drum), being one of rhythm, appealed more to the intellectual nature of man; while the second (the pipe), being the instrument of melody, appealed more to his emotional nature. This theory, however, is open to doubt.

The Power of Sound, by Edmund Gurney—part of which had appeared in contemporary reviews and magazines—was published in 1880. It is a work of great erudition, Mr. Gurney's chief aim being "to examine the general elements of musical structure, and the nature, sources, and varieties of musical effect, and by the light of that inquiry to mark out clearly the position of Music in relation to the faculties and feelings of the individual, to the other arts, and to society at large." He had not read any of the systems of æsthetic when he wrote his book, and was unreasonably prejudiced against metaphysic; but his aim was to apply scientific treatment to musical phenomena. Nevertheless his conclusion is "the hopelessness of penetrating Music in detail, and of obtaining—whether in objective facts of structure, or in fancied analogies and interpretations—any standpoint external to the actual inward impression

from which to judge it." "The region is," he thinks, "naturally a foggy one."

The most valuable of his twenty-three chapters are those on "Unformed Sound," on "The Elements of a Work of Art," on "Melodic Form and Ideal Emotion," on "The Relations of Order and Reason to Beauty," on "Music as impressive and Music as expressive," on "The Suggestion by Music of external Objects and Ideas," on "Song," and on "The Speech-theory." With all its acuteness, ingenuity, and real value, the book is not luminous in form, and it is dull in expression.

Mr. Sedley Taylor's *Sound and Music* appeared in 1883. It is based on the acoustics of Helmholtz's *Tonempfindungen*, the writer believing that in this work Helmholtz has done for Music what the *Principia* of Newton did for Astronomy. He shows that dissonance arises from rapid beats, and that concords may be classified according to their more or less perfect freedom from dissonance; the octave coming first, followed by the fifth, fourth, the major third and sixth, and the minor third and sixth. This is a strictly physical arrangement, and as demonstrable as the law of gravitation. But it does not follow that the smoothest consonances are the most grateful to the ear; and here the æsthetic of Music comes in. The ear places thirds and sixths first, then the fourth and fifth, and the octave last. This, Mr. Taylor thinks, may be due to some "perception of key-relations" in the thirds and sixths by the ear. "The ear enjoys, in alternation with consonant chords, dissonances of so harsh a description as to be barely endurable when sustained by themselves" (p. 218). "While physical

science is absolutely authoritative in all that relates to the constitution of musical sounds, and the smoothness of their combinations, the composer's direct perception of what is musically beautiful must mainly direct him in the employment of his materials" (p. 219).

6. In 1888 Mr. Henry Wylde published *The Evolution of the Beautiful in Sound.* The aim of this treatise is to base the æsthetic of Music on science and natural law—a principle guessed at by the Greeks, but understood fully only after the rise of modern science. Mr. Wylde thinks that it was because the ancients could not "reduce to practice their theorem that *consonance depended on ratios of small whole numbers between notes*" that they failed to combine tones into harmony, and were therefore limited to melody, or tones massed in unison (p. 11). His assertion that "the beautiful in sound is also the true" (p. 9) is not more luminous, however, than would be the counter affirmation that the true in sound is the beautiful. He follows Helmholtz in tracing the beautiful in sound to a physical cause, viz. the unbroken flow of continuous sound affecting the ear, and thence impressing the mind with pleasure. He analyses "beats" and "coincidences," or the agreement of two sounds in pitch, with a view to establish more fully the basis of a scientific theory; his chief aim being to prove that the pleasure which results from purely harmonious musical sound is not a matter of taste, but is due to the intrinsic principles of science. The three most important steps in the progress of musical science in the last two centuries, according to Mr. Wylde, are as follows:—(1) The discovery that there is "a direct

physical relation between sound and the auditory nerve," and that "the sense of hearing bears a subtle mathematical relation to *quality* in sounds" (p. 222); (2) that all the musical tones which give pleasure "conform in their arrangement to certain mathematical proportions, between the pitch of tones which mark intervals" (pp. 222, 223); and (3) that "the intervals between the pitch of different tones are determined by simple ratios" (p. 223). What we thus reach is not a subjective fluctuating taste, but an objective reality existing in the nature of things, and dependent on the laws of Nature. "Music," says Mr. Wylde, "is the speech of Nature" (p. 229).

7. There are a number of points which would demand discussion in an exhaustive treatise on the æsthetic of Music which can only be mentioned in this book. One of them is the Evolution of the Musical Schools, or national types of Music, due to varieties of race and of temperament. It is possible that some of these types have been determined by the kind of Dance prevailing in the tribe or the nation, quite as much as by the prevailing Song. The rhythmic movements of the dance, if they did not give rise to, would doubtless deepen the appreciation of melody. And the difference between the rhythm of the dance, and other kinds of rhythm, is worthy of note. The utterance of a skilled orator delivering a speech, or of a reader reciting a poem, is not Music, though full of cadence. One who is making a successful speech, or reading a poem with effect, must do it rhythmically. But the movement, not of the voice, but of the whole frame, the measured

grace, the symmetric change, the varied attitude in all the evolutions of the dance, would bring out national character, and differentiate it, in a way in which mere speaking or reciting could never do. It was not, however, till the rise of instrumental music, and until a variety of instruments were in use, that the great national types became distinctively defined.

8. The historical development of the Arts has not run parallel to their structural development from a single root. And, in dealing with each art separately, we find that the evolution of its successive types has been altogether different from the relation in which each of them now stands to the root, as the branches of a tree stand related to its stem. In the case of the one we are now dealing with, suppose we were to construct a systematic chart of the various forms it has assumed—song, sonata, symphony, opera, oratorio, mass, and the rest of them,—as a structural whole it would not resemble, but would entirely differ from, a chronological chart of the way in which these various types have been historically evolved.

The history of its development may be outlined in one or two paragraphs, although it is a subject to which many volumes have been devoted. Passing over the Greek Music, largely derived from Egypt—in which the scales were formed in tetrachords, or groups of four notes — in the Roman world we find no originality in this art, any more than in philosophy. It is indeed to Christendom, and to the development of the Catholic Church, that the modern world owes its music. In the fourth century, Pope Sylvester founded a

music-school at Rome, and shortly afterwards St. Ambrose of Milan arranged the four diatonic scales for Church melodies—the four "authentic modes." At the close of the sixth, and the beginning of the seventh century, Gregory the Great not only improved the Church song, but added new scales—the "plagal modes"—to the scales of St. Ambrose, and introduced antiphonal or alternate singing. About the middle of the same century Pope Vitalianus introduced the organ into churches; and towards its close, and the beginning of the ninth, Charlemange carried Gregory's system into France and Germany. As in almost everything else, the tenth century was the black midnight of the art of Music in Europe. In the eleventh, Guido d' Arezzo greatly improved the Church song, by naming the notes of the scale after the letters of the alphabet, and by extending the Ambrosian and Gregorian tetrachordal system to a hexachord, or scale of six notes. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries little progress was made, except that Franco of Cologne introduced a plan of musical measurements—the length of the note being indicated by its shape—*maxima*, *longa*, *brevis*, *semi-brevis*, and so created the "cantus mensurabilis." As yet the "bar" as a means of measurement was unknown. The thirteenth century is perhaps chiefly memorable, so far as music is concerned, for those "tournaments of song," the contests of wandering poet-minstrels, troubadours, or *minnesänger*. At the beginning of the fourteenth century, Marchettus of Padua laid down rules for the use of consonance and dissonance. At the close of the same century, masses, motets, and other fully developed

compositions were introduced. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the canonic, fugal, and contrapuntal (polyphonic) style was developed; which gave place, at the beginning of the seventeenth, to the modern school of harmony.

In the sixteenth century we find the rise of oratorio and opera. In the year 1580, an attempt was made, by a cultured society in Florence, to resuscitate the lost Greek art of musical recital; and the recitative was revived, in imitation of the Greek tragic recitation. There was at first a very simple orchestra of flute, lute, viol, and spinet, all concealed from the audience.

It is impossible, in such a work as this, to trace the developments of opera in the various European nations, each with its own type, Italian, French, German, and English. It is, however, worthy of note that, in the operas of the nineteenth century, the distinctive features of three arts are subservient to one end—an admirable instance of their overlapping or intersection—decorative Painting, Music, and Poetry are brought together; the eye, the ear, and the intellect are appealed to in unison.

The rise of oratorio was due to the effort of St. Philip de Neri to improve the old "miracle plays," by bringing in allegorical subjects, derived from sacred or legendary story, into the services held in the oratory of his church at Rome. Hence the term *oratorio.* Its earliest form was very simple, a recitative, or *musica parlante,* in imitation of the Greek declamation, a chorus, and an instrumental interlude (the *ritornello*). Out of the original *recitativo* the *arioso* was afterwards evolved; and, at a later date, the *aria.* The successive develop-

ments of the *mass*, the church *anthem*, the hymn-tune or *chorale*, the *madrigal*, and *glee*, might similarly be traced. Of instrumental forms the chief are the *sonata* and the *symphony*. The primitive sonata was a very rude affair, not more like a sonata of Beethoven or Brahms than the spinet was like a Broadwood or Bechstein pianoforte. An essay might be devoted to the historic development of the sonata.[1] From its commencement, as a piece to be *sounded*—in contrast to the cantata, a piece to be sung—through the Sonata di Chiesa, and the Sonata di Camera, the *Suites de pièces*—a collection of varied dance-forms—till we reach the full modern form (destined perhaps to further development), with its four sections or movements. (1) the *Allegro*; (2) the *Andante*, or *Adagio*; (3) the minuet or *Scherzo*; and (4) the *Allegro*, or *Presto*.

The Sonata form is also the model for the *Concerto*, in which one instrument is chief, although it has orchestral accompaniments, the *Symphony*, written for a full orchestra, and which—with the means it can thus command—is capable of a much wider and fuller development.

9. It is difficult to classify the various forms of vocal and instrumental music, so as to present at once a structural whole and an exhaustive list. Under the former, or *Vocal Forms*—to all of which, however, instrumental accompaniment is possible—may be classed (1) the simple *Song*; (2) the *Recitative*; (3) the *Aria*; (4) the *Madrigal*, a part-song of a pastoral character, with one voice to each part, and the *Glee*, a development of the madrigal; (5) the *Mass*, a special kind of

[1] See Dr. Parry's article "Sonata," in Grove's *Dictionary of Music*.

composition, framed after the requirements of the Christian liturgy, and divided into the Missa Solennis and the Requiem; the Missa Solennis consisting generally of (*a*) the Kyrie Eleison, (*b*) the Gloria in Excelsis, (*c*) the Credo, (*d*) the Sanctus, (*e*) the Benedictus, and (*f*) the Agnus Dei; (6) the *Motet*; (7) the *Anthem*; (8) the *Chorale*, or Hymn-tune, which is usually a slow and solemn melody; (9) the *Oratorio Cantata*, in which song and speech alternate; (10) the *Opera*, a drama that is sung as well as acted, and including the *Opera Seria*, *Opera Buffa*, *Operetta*, *Vaudeville*. To these might be added, although it is mainly instrumental, (11) the *Fugue*, a composition in which the melody flies from part to part, and the different parts chase each other—this idea of flight giving rise to the name.

Of the latter, or *Instrumental Forms*, there may be two main branches, the one major and the other minor. The major includes (1) the *Sonata*, a composition for a single instrument, with three or more movements; (2) the *Concerto*, for one instrument, usually with three movements, but with orchestral accompaniment; and (3) the *Symphony*, a composition for a full orchestra, and with from three to six movements. The other forms consist either (1) of detached fragments of the former, such as an *Overture* (or *Ouverture*), which may form an introduction to an Opera or an Oratorio, a *Prelude* (*Vorspiel*), or an *Interlude*, a *Toccata*, and its modern form the *Fantasia* (an irregular composition), the *Capriccio* (a fanciful one), the *Rondo*, in which the chief subject recurs several times. Lyric, meditative, and elegiac compositions, Nocturnes, Impromptus, Ballades,

etc.; or (2) Compositions in the form and measure of the old dance tunes, from which their names are taken, such as the *bourrée*, the *corante*, the *gavotte*, the *minuet*, the *tarantelle*, the *gigue* (jig), the *horn-pipe*, the *sarabande*, the *allemande*, the *galliard*. Out of these old dances the seventeenth and eighteenth century composers constructed their *Suites de pièces*. Lutes and viols had been formerly used as accompaniments to the voice. Viols were also used in these *Suites de pièces*, and out of them the modern sonata was evolved.

An analysis of the forms of musical structure shows a certain resemblance to the forms of poetic structure. Certain short musical compositions not only resemble the lyric and the sonnet, but the requiem and the elegy may be described as twin-sisters in Art. The symphony and the sonata correspond to the epic, and the opera to the dramatic poem. In fact, an opera is not more truly a musical drama, than the drama is a poetical opera. Owing to differences in the medium employed by these arts, a greater variety is possible in one of them than in the other; and the parallel between them may very easily be pushed too far. There is no doubt, however, that the relation between them is closer than that which exists between either of them and any one of the rest; and, as "sphere-born harmonious sisters," their historic alliance has been most intimate. The Greeks chanted their poetry. The speech of the wandering minstrel was song: and the greatest of the Roman poets began his epic, "Arma virumque *cano*," when he was writing it out in verse. The singing of the

lines, their recitation aloud in the course of composition, doubtless aided the latter. It is to be noted, however, that in the ancient world song was, on the whole, an inferior art, a servitor to poetry; it was its accompanist, and was quite content to fulfil a subordinate function. By slow degrees it acquired strength to stand alone, as an equal amongst the others; and, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries of our era, it has not only stood alone—dispensing with poetry as its ally—but has perhaps won its greatest triumphs when dissociated from the latter, in pure orchestral symphony.

10. A list of the more important works dealing with Music may close this chapter. They are arranged chronologically, and not in order of importance.

Rousseau's articles on Music in the French *Encyclopédie* and his *Dictionnaire de Musique* (1767). *A General History of Music*, by Charles Burney (1776). *A General History of the Science and Practice of Music*, by Sir John Hawkins (1776). *Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst*, by Anton F. J. Thibaut (1825), translated *Purity in Musical Art*, by W. H. Gladstone (1877). *Treatise on Harmony*, by Alfred Day (1845). Schopenhauer's *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, § 52 (1852). Moritz Hauptmann's *Die Natur der Harmonik und der Metrik zur Theorie der Musik* (1853). *The History of Modern Music*, by John Hullah (1862). Helmholtz's *Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen, als physiologische Grundlage für die Theorie der Musik* (1863). *Music of the Most Ancient Nations*, by Carl Engel (1864). *The Transition Period of Musical History*, by John Hullah (1865). *Philosophie de la Musique*, by Charles Beauquier (1866). *Essays*,

Scientific, Political, and Speculative, by Herbert Spencer (1868), in which is an essay on "The Origin and Functions of Music." *Treatise on Harmony*, by Sir F. G. A. Ouseley (1868). *Histoire générale de la Musique*, by François Joseph Fétis (1869). *Beethoven*, by Richard Wagner (1870). *The Descent of Man*, part ii. chap. 19, by Charles Darwin (1871). *A Concise History of Music*, by H. B. Bonavia Hunt (1872). *Text-book of Music*, by Henry C. Banister (1872). *Sound and Music*, by Sedley Taylor (1873). *Vom musikalischen Schönen*, by Eduard Hanslick (1874). *Richard Wagner, and the Music of the Future*, by Franz Hueffer (1874). *Sound*, by John Tyndall (1875). *Theory of Harmony*, by Sir J. Stainer (1876). *History of Music*, by F. L. Ritter (1876). Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*, No. 83. *Music and Musicians*, by Robert Schumann, translated and annotated by F. R. Ritter (1877-80). *Musical Forms*, by E. Pauer (1878). *The Philosophy of Music*, by William Pole (1879). Sir George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (1879-90). *Musical Studies*, by F. Hueffer (1880). *The National Music of the World*, by H. Chorley (1880). *The Power of Sound*, by Edmund Gurney (1880). *Aesthetics of Musical Art*, by F. Hand (1880). "Music" in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1884, by Sir George A. Macfarren (republished as *Musical History* in 1885) and R. H. M. Bosanquet. *A History of Music*, by John Frederick Rowbotham (1885). *Aesthetik der Tonkunst*, by R. Wallaschek (1886). *General History of Music*, by W. S. Rockstro (1886). *Musical Expression*, by M. Lussy (1887). *The Evolution of the Beautiful in Sound*

by Henry Wylde (1888). *First Principles of Music*, by C. Vincent (1889). *Harmony, its Theory and Practice*, by Ebenezer Prout (1889). *Tonpsychologie*, by Carl Stumpf, vol. i. (1883), vol. ii. (1890). *Elementary Lessons on Sound*, by W. H. Stone (1891). *The Elements of the Beautiful in Music*, by Ernest Pauer (*n.d.*) *Studies in Modern Music*, by W. H. Hadow (1892). (The last I have not seen, but it is strongly recommended to me by a competent authority.)

CHAPTER X

ARCHITECTURE

1. The origin of Architecture is perhaps more obvious, and more easily traced, than that of any of the other Arts. One of the primary needs of man was a secure dwelling-place, a shelter for rest and safety; and so, the cave and the forest retreat—with their damp, and their partial insecurity—gave place to rudely-shaped huts, made of tree branches or of clay. These primitive dwellings may sometimes have been imitations of the nests of birds, or the lairs of wild animals, although with adaptations suited to the more complex wants of man, and in part created by them. We have no evidence, however, that the explicit intention of primitive man was to copy Nature in this way; and his earliest residences were certainly not an imitation of nests or lairs of any kind. It is quite possible that utility was the impelling force at work, and the need of structures more spacious, elaborate, and intricate as time went on; but, even at the outset, a sense of fitness would guide the work of the primitive handicraftsmen.

By degrees, the house—only resorted to at intervals

for shelter and repose—would be invested with a more than passing interest. A feeling of property, and the charm of rude remembered pleasures connected with it, would lead the savage to decorate his dwelling-place. On days of ease, and comparative security—when hunger did not necessitate the chase, or danger lead to vigilance and defence—the instinct of adornment would assert itself; and certain members of the tribe—its primitive artists—would think, either of enlarging the structure, or of beautifying it. In fact, so soon as the cave-dwelling was exchanged for the hut, or the wigwam, Architecture had begun as an Art. At the same time the idea of the Beautiful had already, to some extent, been evolved.[1]

In addition to houses for residence, the earliest achievement in Architecture was the erection of places of worship, and of tombs, as residences for the dead. The primitive temple—the dolmen—if not coeval with the fortress, immediately succeeded it; and it preceded the primitive palace, or chief's residence. It is worthy of note that after the primary needs of shelter and residence had been met, and defence partially supplied, the next thing to which primitive man turned his attention was, not a building for carrying on business—or for adding to his stores, his resources, and enjoyments—but a place for worship, and for burial. Thus the chapel and the tomb preceded the shop, the warehouse, the bridge, the aqueduct, and the theatre; and perhaps the reason why more attention was bestowed on places of burial, than on houses for resi-

[1] I do not dispute the opinion that some animals possess it as well as men.

dence, was that the latter were looked on as places for temporary sojourn, the former for indefinitely long repose. In Egypt no expense was spared in the construction of the "everlasting home."[1] Under the influence of this idea the rude cromlech, and the still ruder barrow, gave place by degrees to the stately pyramid and tomb. In the construction of all of these, Nature doubtless gave the model, and sometimes suggested the design. While in the majority of cases amongst primitive men the tomb may have been even the model of the house, the imitation of Nature would afterwards suggest many kinds of ornament. The natural arch of the cave, for example, or the forest avenue with its curving boughs, may have supplied the pattern both for the roof, the buttress, and the earliest ornament of the temple. These things, however, would only give hints to the imagination of the primitive artist—no more. From the very first, the creative spirit was the chief factor at work in the process.

To trace the developments of Architecture historically is quite foreign to the purpose of this book; but we may note that the type adopted in each country has depended to a very large extent upon national character; and that it has been developed by climate, as well as by racial inheritance, by the material at hand for practical use, and the mechanical skill existing at the time to utilise the material. It is not a fickle product, because its needs are constant. If there has been less that is arbitrary, or casual, in the evolution of the great architectural types—less of the mere caprice of a generation,

[1] *E.g.* the tomb of Ti at Ghizeh.

or the fashion of a period—than in the development of the other arts, this has perhaps been due to the primitive and simple wants, to which all Architecture ministers. The art is so firmly anchored to utility—it has been so closely associated with the purposes which building must subserve—that there has been less temptation to vagary, or eccentricities of fashion. From the very first, the end in view regulated the work of the architect. Utility has been a guiding element in all the arts, but it has determined both the form and the size of buildings, very much more than it has guided the work of the painter.

It is easy to see how proportion became the first, and how it afterwards remained the dominant law in architectural construction. However much they might be ornamented here or there, and whatever the character of the ornamentation might be, proportion was the first necessity in every building; unity in variety the fundamental and the final law. Fitness of form was the primary requisite, although ornamental detail was an accessory soon added; and in the art of savages, the ornament was often appreciated before the symmetry. Solidity of structure—indicating that the building was not meant for a day, and was not liable to sudden overthrow—was of course attained by solid building; but beauty of structure was attained by a balance of the parts, and by the fitness of the parts to the whole. Mere size, or mass—although it is the chief element in the highest architectural expression—is not architecturally beautiful, apart from unity of design, and harmonious proportion. In and by itself, the vast is neither

beautiful, nor grand, nor sublime. Simplicity even may be as much overdone, as ornament may be in excess. The Great Pyramids are architectural simplicity itself; but in them grandeur and simplicity are combined.

What has been found necessary in all successful Architecture—from the earliest to the latest —is such a unity as takes up the parts into a whole, where they are merged and even *forgotten* in the harmony that results. In the primeval art of the world—so far as it was successful—it will be found that the superfluous, that is to say, all that did not lend itself naturally to the design, or was not an integral part of it, was removed. Ornament in itself intricate might be used, if it was taken up naturally into the structure, where it became a part of the whole. Otherwise, it has had to be remorselessly cut down, and suppressed.[1]

2. A problem—often referred to in previous chapters —must be again considered in our discussion of Architecture. Did the imitation of Nature direct the earliest efforts of the architect? Has the mimetic theory any relevance in the sphere of this primary art? Were the columns of primitive temples an imitation of trees? their capitals a rude copy of the horns of animals? or the curls of human hair? and are the ornamental lines and curves of cathedral roofs an imitation of the intertwisted branches of a natural avenue?

It may be said in answer, that within the sphere of this art, the mimetic theory has the smallest possible scope. There is more *μίμησις* in Sculpture and in

[1] In columnar, as well as in other kinds of Architecture, intricacy is often a source of Beauty.

Painting than in Architecture. Our houses do not resemble caves, or our churches imitate groves, in the same way in which our statues resemble men and women, and our paintings reproduce natural objects. Here again, however—as in the case of the allied arts—it may be admitted that Architecture had *one* of its origins in imitation; but the copying process was from the first associated with something much higher. Along with admiration for the thing copied (which led to a wish to reproduce and perpetuate it), *idealisation* was at work, improving upon the actual, and showing the primitive artist how to transcend it, while embodying its spirit.[1]

A question, which could only be adequately handled in a treatise on Architecture itself, is the evolution of its types, in the successive schools of the world. We have the Egyptian, the Assyrian (with Babylonian, Persian, etc., allied), the Indian (both Brahminical, Buddhist, and Mohammedan), the Mexican, the Greek, the Byzantine (on which are founded both the Saracenic and Moorish), and the Gothic with its numerous subdivisions (Norman, Early English, Pointed, Decorated, Perpendicular, etc.) Perhaps all the lesser types range themselves under two greater ones—the Greek, and the Gothic; or, if there are to be three, the Greek, the Romanesque, and the Gothic.[2] But an interest-

[1] The imitation of Nature (*e.g.* of vegetation) in Architecture is, as a rule, characteristic of late products; and the *μίμησις* turned to human work rather than to natural forms.

[2] The term "Romanesque" is usually applied to the early European developments of the round arch. The lintel and the arch are the two radical styles, so that the Romanesque may be included under the Gothic.

ing question arises, in reference to the history of these types, after they sprang up. Have the subsequent movements (since the rise of Gothic), been rectilinear and forward, or circular and backward? It is probable that the architects of the Parthenon would have looked upon a Gothic cathedral (had they seen one) as uncouth, unsymmetrical, and even base in art. It would have been most natural, if not inevitable.[1] The regular —and the regular is a special type, even if it is "icily regular"—was all in all to the Greek artists. Christianity had to leaven the western world for some time, before Gothic architecture—with its departure from Greek symmetry, for the sake of a higher harmony beyond it—could possibly arise, or even be understood. And Gothic was—quite as much as the early Tuscan plastic art—a departure from the rounded symmetry of the Greek. It preferred a dimness that was suggestive, to a clearness that was so obvious that the ordinary eye could take it in, and see to the end of it at once.[2] Its mystery, and partial vagueness, are the distinctive features of the architectural art of Christendom.[3]

[1] Although the Egyptians and Greeks knew the arch, and some Egyptian architects used it in their vaults, they never (or hardly ever) showed its form in their Architecture.

[2] It is true that mediæval designers aimed at a certain kind of symmetry, and that the want of it in the buildings that survive has sometimes been due to later alterations. Modern Gothic is the only architecture that does not make symmetry its chief aim.

[3] An interesting defence of classic Art as against Gothic will be found in the *Parentalia* of Christopher Wren (son of Sir Christopher, the architect of St. Paul's), 1750. The Gothic is regarded—following Mr. Evelyn—as a "fantastic and licentious manner of Building." Westminster Abbey is even condemned on the ground of its "slender and misshapen pillars," its "sharp angles, jetties, narrow lights, lame statues, lace, and other cut work, and crinkle-crankle," which he

The use of materials in Architecture has depended on their relative scarcity—or abundance—in different countries. Mud is the characteristic building material in Egypt from the earliest times till now. Hence the inward slope of Egyptian walls, imitated in stone in their monuments. The earliest columns in Egypt are of wood. The sarcophagus of the architect of the Great Pyramid in the Boulak Museum represents a palace apparently constructed of palm-tree stems; but in Egypt there are almost no trees, and most of the architectural material used is stone. In Syria, and in Asia generally, wood is abundant; and at Persepolis we find cross-beams of wood connecting the marble columns. Colonnades may have originated from the fact that, in hot countries, people could not meet to talk except under shade; and so they made roofs supported by poles. Walks with trees on either side would naturally follow. Then, as the cities grew wealthier, these avenues would be exchanged for porticoes of marble.[1] The combination of stone and wood as shown in all the more important structures in Greece, determined the evolution of its architectural types. In the earlier art of Egypt—perhaps from the dominance of a single material—we find no grace, and little beauty. There is vastness, simplicity, and strength—immense size—but very little ornament, except floral decoration. But, when the Ptolemies

compares with the "glorious object, the cupola, porticoes, colonnades," etc., of St. Paul's. He invites the "home travellers," without "partiality or prejudice," to "pronounce which of the two manners strikes the understanding as well as the eye with the more majesty and solemn greatness."

[1] See in *Parentalia*, Tract xi.

brought Greek taste into Egypt, the Architecture became really beautiful, as is seen, *e.g.*, in the cloisters at Philae; and we must not forget the coloured network of Ku-en-Aten's temple at Tel-Amarna—just discovered by Mr. Flinders Petrie—which he thinks may have been the type of the network ornament of the first Jerusalem temple. In all Egyptian Architecture there is geometric truth and accuracy,[1] but it must be admitted that there is at the same time a great deal of ponderous symmetry.

3. Sculpture preceded Architecture, as an art, in Greece; and there, the earliest abodes of men were not architectural successes. They were primitive fortresses, rather than homes. Next, we have such buildings as the Treasury of Atreus at Mycenae, then open temples, and the succession of the various orders, the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. In the Doric—like the Norman of the Middle Ages—there was dignity, simplicity, and strength. These features have left their impress on many a temple in Greece, Sicily, and Magna Graecia—the Parthenon being the finest of them.

Almost all the houses of the ancient world have perished; entire cities have vanished, leaving not a trace behind them.[2] Most of the primitive gymnasia and palaestrae are gone, although some remain at Olympia; the early fortresses are overthrown, although one near Syracuse is very perfect still. In contrast with this, however, many of the temples remain; and Architecture is, in this sense, pre-eminently the recording art

[1] The courses of the Great Pyramid vary less than one quarter of an inch in their extent.

[2] The plan of Naucratis, however, and of some houses built 2000 years B.C., is known.

of civilisation. It is a more faithful index and chronicle of attainment than the other arts have proved. The paintings of the early world have almost all been lost; and, but for its Architecture, many of the statues that are still preserved—in frieze, or bas-relief—would have perished also. So far also as the early paintings have been preserved, it is in the tombs, or temples, or the mural decoration of houses, that they survive; and the primitive triumphs of the ceramic art would have been lost, but for their preservation in tombs or buildings, by the help of the sister arts. Thus, in a special manner, the history of Architecture runs parallel with the history of civilisation, and the latter can be traced in the former.

The special excellence of Greece in Architecture (as in Sculpture), was due, not only to the national inheritances of the Hellenic race, but to the land and the climate—"the bright intoxicating air"—in which it lived. It was also due to its pre-eminent thoroughness of culture, to its knowledge of the principles of Art, and to the minute study given by the best workers in any one of the arts, to the collateral ones, *e.g.* to the knowledge of geometry by the architect, and of anatomy by the sculptor and the painter;[1] and, above all, to the marvellous artistic instinct of the whole people, not of its artists only.

4. From the Greek Architecture to the Roman, the transition is easy, although the Roman Architecture was

[1] There are few things in the history of Art more striking than the enthusiastic tribute of the Roman world to the Greek in this respect. *E.g.* in a well-known passage Horace says

Vos exemplaria Graeca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

not distinctive.[1] From the Roman, through the Romanesque, to the Gothic, a long series of stages was traversed, ten centuries of struggle, and of movement that often seemed serpentine but was really continuously progressive. With the final victory of the Christian element, in the civilisation of modern Europe, Gothic Architecture triumphed; not, however, to the exclusion or extinction of its prototypes. These have not only survived, but have been further evolved in the modern world. On the death of the Gothic, the Roman Architecture arose, ennobled in the Renaissance.[2]

It is a difficult historical problem, but perhaps Mr. Ruskin's way of defining the architecture of the three stages—the Greek, the Romanesque, and the Gothic—as respectively that of the *lintel*, of the *round arch and cupola*, and of the *pointed arch*, is the best that has been given; the Parthenon, and the temple of Poseidon at Paestum, being examples of the first; St. Mark's, Venice, the most perfect instance of the second; and Cologne Cathedral, or St. Ouen, at Rouen, of the third. It is difficult for us now to realise the immense advance that was made by the round arch and the cupola over the primitive lintel, and the similar development effected by the pointed style over the rounded cupola. Perhaps because we are so familiar with them all, we forget their intervening stages and their growth. It is a question, however, whether the architectural styles are all finally

[1] Their arch was overlaid with Greek pillars on the lintel for ornament, first developed by Diocletian and fully by Justinian.

[2] Saracenic Architecture flourished in the Middle Ages, but there is no evidence that it got anything from Gothic. There seems evidence that the pointed arch is earlier in Saracenic than in Gothic.

wrought out, and exhausted; or whether we may expect any fresh developments in future. It may be rash to pronounce an opinion; but if, in the thirteenth century, Niccola Pisano achieved what he did by a return on the one hand to Nature—finding ornament as well as beauty there—and on the other to Greek art, there is no *a priori* reason why a Niccola of the twentieth century should not succeed in achieving still greater results, out of materials that seem to be certainly quite as promising.[1]

5. Architecture has a closer relation to utility than any of the other Arts, because we always build for a purpose. We erect our houses for residence, our churches for worship, our fortresses for defence, our factories for industrial work. In the imaginative construction of a poem, on the other hand, of a piece of music, or a painting, we do the work for their own sake as it were, and—as a rule—for purely artistic ends. All buildings are for use of some kind. It may be the aim of the architect that the structures he designs should not only be useful, but also beautiful. In the great majority of buildings, however, the primary question is use; the secondary one is beauty. A house that was utterly uncomfortable, because of the architectural fads of its designer; a church, or a concert-room—in which one could not hear because the architect thought first of æsthetic form, and next of acoustic properties—would be rightly condemned by every one. A dwelling

[1] We may have new Architecture when we have new problems to be solved, and insight brought to bear upon them. There is a new problem in the use of iron; but, while they may be engineering feats, neither the Crystal Palace nor the Forth Bridge is architecture.

constructed not for use, but for contemplation only, would be looked upon, even by the art-world, as an æsthetic impertinence, although it is different in the case of a tomb. In the Taj, for example, the main idea was beauty, for its own sake. Nevertheless, so close is its connection with utility that in Architecture almost everything may be said to be determined by the end in view. Throughout the Greek world the art stood in the closest relation to the polytheistic worship of the people. A temple in Hellas was not meant to accommodate worshippers, except in the colonnades. It was primarily a place for the Gods themselves. In Christendom another idea has taken the place of this, although the consecrated ground—the sacred place—corresponds so far to the spot set apart for the local divinity. A Church is a place in which the worshippers both speak and listen, and therefore its acoustic properties are quite as necessary as its artistic beauty. But, if we compare either the temple, or the church, with a Moslem mosque, we find a further difference. The Mussulman goes to the mosque not so much to hear a discourse as to pray. Therefore the building is essentially different in structure from the temple or the church.[1] The great mosque at Cairo has but a small resemblance to the Parthenon at Athens, or to St. Peter's at Rome.

All great Architecture, however, is the visible expression of thought, or the embodiment of human feeling in a material structure; and, while its charm is perhaps

[1] Discourses *are* delivered in mosques, but only occasionally. The earliest pulpits are said to be in mosques, while the earliest English ones are Jacobean. There are some Gothic pulpits in the refectories of monasteries.

primarily due to the symmetry which results, there can be no doubt that the suggestions of constructive skill, of toil and achievement by past generations, and its *monumental* character generally, helps toward the effect it produces. The one dominant idea, however—the element that is permanent throughout all change of type—is the symmetry, or other artistic expression, it embodies, the proportion which it succeeds in making visible to the eye, and suggestive to the imagination of mankind.

The following books may be read, or consulted, on the subject of Architecture.

De Architectura (*Libri Decem*), by M. Vitruvius Pollio. *L'Antiquité expliquée et representée en figures*, by Bernard de Montfaucon (1722). *An Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture*, etc., by George, Earl of Aberdeen (1822). *History of Architecture*, by E. A. Freeman (1849). *Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture*, by J. H. Parker (1849). *An Historical Inquiry into the true Principles of Beauty in Art, more especially with reference to Architecture*, by James Fergusson (1849). *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, by John Ruskin (1849). *Orders of Architecture, and their æsthetic Principles*, by W. H. Leeds (1850). *The Stones of Venice*, by John Ruskin (1851-53). *Sir Christopher Wren, and his Times*, by James Elmes (1852). *Gothic Architecture of North Italy*, by G. E. Street (1855). *History of the Modern Styles of Architecture*, by James Fergusson (1862). *Entretiens sur d'Architecture*, by Viollet le Duc (1863-72). *History of Architecture in all Countries*, by James

Fergusson (1865-67). *History of the Gothic Revival*, by Sir C. L. Eastlake (1872). *Geschichte der Architektur von den ältesten Zeiten bis zur Gegenwart dargestellt*, by W. Lübke (1875). *Handbook of Architectural Styles*, by A. Rosengarten (1876). *Lectures on Architecture*, by Viollet le Duc (1877-78). *Rise and Development of Mediæval Architecture*, by Sir G. G. Scott (1879). *Lectures on the Rise and Development of Mediæval Architecture*, by Sir George Gilbert Scott (1879). *House Architecture*, by J. J. Stevenson (1880). *Lectures in Architecture*, by E. M. Barry (1881). *From Schola to Cathedral*, by G. Baldwin Brown (1886). *The Poetry of Architecture*, by John Ruskin (1893).

CHAPTER XI

SCULPTURE

1. The media of Architecture and of Sculpture are much the same. Stone, marble, clay, wood, metals—all these are common to both. Their products, however, differ, very much as the reproductions of the inorganic differ from copies as idealisations of the organic. Sculpture has almost always a reference to things that once lived. The sculptor seldom attempts to reproduce inanimate Nature. He deals with the living, or with what once lived; thus Sculpture is subservient to Architecture. It is its handmaiden, for it comes in naturally to adorn the building, the Home, the Church, or the Hall. But the limitation of Sculpture, as compared with the other Arts, is seen in the fact that there is more of imitation in it, than in any of the rest. It is fundamentally mimetic, and yet it is not exclusively a copy of the real. In it, as in painting, *expression* is the dominant note; in other words, the soul that breathes through the medium employed. The outward form is but a channel by means of which an underworking spirit is embodied, and through which it is shadowed forth.

The sculptor's media are marble, stone, terra-cotta, wax, wood, ivory, metals, and even gems ; and he has the choice of either the full round figure, or the bas-relief, the medallion, the brass, or mural monument of stone, or even the intaglio. But he does not always cut or carve the resulting statue, or group of figures, himself. It is true that the masters of the Greek and Renaissance schools themselves worked on their marble and stone statues, and many of the best modern sculptors do the same; but the sculptor is, as a rule, and primarily, a modeller. He works in clay, and to give him artistic scope, his material must be a plastic substance, easily manipulated, and wrought into models. Its subsequent reproduction—into durable marble, stone, or bronze—is, to a large extent, left to others.

In this fact—that what is exhibited at first as the sculptor's art, and is afterwards sent down the ages as a memorial of his insight, is not his actual handiwork, but is manipulated for him by an assistant—we find a fresh point of contrast between Sculpture and the other Arts. The Architect does nothing with his own hands. He merely designs, and then leaves everything to the Builder. The Sculptor works in clay, and leaves the final product—the statue, or the group—to others. The Painter, on the contrary, does almost everything himself: or if—as sometimes happens—he draws a head, and leaves it to a pupil to fill in the rest of the figure, to that extent he practices co-operation, or condones scamp-work. It is true that most of the great painters of the Renaissance had assistants. Even Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds were helped by others in their

work; but in those paintings, which have a permanent value from having a unity of their own, no delegated or proxy-work is possible: except where two great artists have joined hands, and one has drawn the landscape, while another has painted the figures. In such a case, however, the whole of the work is done by the painters themselves.

In the case of Sculpture, one result of leaving the reproduction to others, is that the work can be copied a score of times; as edition after edition of a book can be printed, as a musical composition can be performed a thousand times, and new buildings be set up again and again from the same design. It is quite possible to take a perfect cast of all the great sculptures of the world, and the reproduction may give nearly as much pleasure as the original. It is otherwise with the Painter's work. In its original state, a great Painting—dead and inert though it be—has a sort of life of its own. It exists in itself, by itself, and for itself. It is only when it happens to be successfully engraved, that it is reproduced at all.

2. There are two main types or classes of Sculpture. (1) Busts, or full figures, or groups of figures, representing actual characters—representations of the living: or (2) Ideal studies of possible groups, founded on ancient story, or contemporary incident. Sculpture must represent either what lives, or what once lived, or what might live; in other words, and in all the three cases, the organic. Not only is the realm of the inorganic unsuited for Sculpture, but vegetable life lies beyond its sphere. Ornamental sculpture may of course copy plants, and

we find the lotus reproduced in a thousand different ways. But it is the living, breathing, moving world of organic animal life—a realm within which volition, intellect, and feeling are the dominant factors—that is its special sphere. Men and women, in the plenitude of their physical and mental powers, in the fulness of their varied life, are the subjects for Sculpture; and these so outlined and so draped, that the most graceful forms and expressions of the body are, at one and the same time, "half concealed and half revealed."

Sculpture can thus incarnate a passing thought in a permanent form, and can embody the most transient feeling in shapes that remain. Its essential subject matter is human thought, emotion, character, and action: and their most delicate shades and gradations can be first mirrored to us, and then permanently represented by it. The essence of this Art, however,—more than that of any of its fellows—lies in imitation. In the case of a statue of the living, accuracy of form must, of course, be the groundwork, and many sculptors—as some painters—can work with the help of photographs; but if the expression—which breathes through the form, and animates it—be awanting, the result will be as lifeless as the marble itself.

In the case of ideal compositions it must also be remembered that the fundamental aim of the sculptor is to reach the same end, after which Nature is unconsciously striving. Individual things in Nature—bits, fragments, fractions—may be more perfect than anything he can construct: and yet the artistic whole, which he fashions by imaginative vision, is more perfect than

anything that exists in Nature. A fleeting or casual expression may be more beautiful than anything that can be recorded in permanent form ; and yet the ideal, created by the artist, transcends every actual product in the realm of Nature.

The great Greek sculptors were not mere copyists. They studied this or that individual form, which was structurally more or less perfect; but they transcended all the actual forms which they saw, not only uniting details which had won their admiration into a single artistic product, but creating a new ideal of their own. Individual impressions, gathered from a thousand sources, mingled each with each; and a new product resulted spontaneously from the admixture and the idealisation combined. It is thus that Winckelmann describes the process : "The ancients acted as a skilful gardener does, who engrafts different shoots of excellent sorts upon the same stalk ; and, as a bee gathers from many flowers, they sought to unite the beautiful parts of many beautiful bodies." [1]

Sculpture is certainly more dependent on the material of which it makes use, than any of its allies in the hierarchy of the Arts—Architecture not excluded. Why is this ? Possibly not only because a substantive solid material is necessary, but because the whole value of the result depends upon the extent to which the material can be made expressive of character and purpose, of action or achievement. While Painting, through its arrangements of form and gradations of colour, tries to represent—by what is only a semi-material medium

[1] *Geschichte der Kunst des Alterthums*, § 33.

—the event, the character, or the scene to be pourtrayed, Sculpture must express by form, attitude, and grace, much that the sister-art leaves unexpressed; but which lies, at the same time, as it were in the background.

3. It is to be noted that the rise of both Sculpture and Painting preceded that of Architecture in Greece; and that they were highly developed, long before Architecture attained its zenith. Winckelmann thought that this was due to the fact that their earliest triumphs were an imitation of Nature, and that they arose out of that imitation—the copying of figures and of landscape—although they soon transcended mere copying: whereas the early architects did not copy models previously existing, but created their own types. There is truth doubtless in this; although perhaps Winckelmann pushes it too far. All the three Arts certainly owed *something* to imitation at the outset; but the sculptor and the painter, no less than the architect, had "to discover their rules by repeated trials."

But why was it that Sculpture afterwards eclipsed Painting in Greece? There is little doubt that it was because it became the natural handmaid of the Greek Religion. The temples were filled with statuary, while paintings were introduced into very few of them.[1] In Greece it was not in the temple, but in the private house or hall, that Paintings were hung for decorative purposes; and the people did not associate mural decoration of any kind with the necessities of temple worship. But

[1] The temple of Juno at Samos, and the temple of Peace at Rome were exceptions.

that the statue of the god or the goddess, to whom the temple was dedicated, should be there was absolutely necessary; and, with a polytheistic worship in the ascendant, the presence of the statue was needed, not only to keep up the popular faith, but for the occasional residence of the Deity itself. Thus, one explanation of the marvellous perfection of Sculpture in Greece is its close relation to the temple-worship. Another is the desire of the people to honour their heroes, and illustrious men, by erecting statues to their memory. We may perhaps add that, as in Sculpture there is a rounded beauty—a self-containedness and repose, which we do not find in Painting—this fitted into the fulness of life, the mellow completeness and repose of the Greek culture generally.

These three things may partly explain the triumphs of Greek Sculpture, which was altogether transcendent; but it also had its limitations, of which the chief was this. It reposed in the perfection which it reached. It was satisfied with its attainment, and essayed nothing further. In the highest art of Greece we are not carried beyond the actual, to a greater and an unrepresented ideal, which the actual merely suggests, or reflects "in a glass darkly." Thus, Greek art satisfies, rather than stimulates. In contrast with this, when, at the modern Renaissance, Painting took the lead of all the Arts—especially in the early Tuscan school—and *expression* became the dominant note of the movement, we find that the unconscious aim of all the nobler artists was to suggest, rather than to satisfy. In keeping with the spirit of that Religion whose atmosphere they

breathed, they sought to rise above the actual. And the gradations of colour, the transitions of light and shade, the very materials used in plastic Art, aided this, in a way in which the solid structures of marble—however perfect of their kind—could not do.

4. In this connection, and at this stage, a distinction may be drawn between Classical and Romantic Art,[1] which has perhaps grown out of the distinction between the features of Greek Sculpture and Renaissance painting just noticed. Classical Art conforms strictly to rule, to the canons of experience, established by tradition and transmitted by custom. It is therefore formal, precise, exact. The same type has to be adhered to, the "unities" must not be broken, nor precedents abandoned. When these rules are observed slavishly—without such a vital apprehension of them as leads to their modification in part—they became a dead tradition of artificial excellence. Not only so: they gradually wear out, and, becoming unreal, determine a reaction against themselves. This reaction usually ends in an insurrection. Precedents are tossed aside; and the one dominant feeling with those who lead the movement is, We must be free. It is

> More life and fuller that we want,

although the old canons of a correct taste are all pushed to the wall.

[1] The three types of Art have often been represented as "the Symbolic, the Classical, and the Romantic" (Hegel). The Symbolic in Egypt, vague and obscure, full of mystery and sublimity, over which the freer spirit of classical Greek art triumphed; and this, in turn, giving place to the Romanticism of the modern world.

This reaction against classicality is often turbulent; and, overshooting the mark, it produces a new reaction in favour of the classical and symmetrical. But in its calmer phases, it becomes the happy pioneer of Romanticism in Art, which is at its root a protest against what is conventional, and draws its inspiration not from precedent—that is to say, the formal rules of the past—but from Nature as it is, the living spirit of the hour. In all its moods Romanticism breaks away from the classic type, from usage; and finds the highest truth, not in anything expressed heretofore, but in the ever new and ever-evolving life of the world, with its suggestions of fresh possibility, of new hope, of infinite youth, and of manifold future achievement.

This spirit was perhaps at its highest and freshest in the first Italian Renaissance. It was brighter, purer, and truer amongst the early Tuscan artists—painters and sculptors—than at any other time in our modern era. That period of "Art's spring-birth so dim and dewy" (as Browning puts it), and the time of the rise of Greek Sculpture in the age of Pericles, were the two *freshest* art-periods in history. They were, of course, radically different in tendency. The Greek Sculpture was pre-eminent in its vigour, its radiance, its majesty, its moderation, and its calm. But the modern has a freedom, a movement, and an *expression* which are distinctively its own. Then, as the Greek spirit subsequently stiffened into classicalism, the Renaissance spirit—when it became "heady and high-minded"—developed some mannerisms, and even grotesqueries, which

were alien to the simplicity of its origin. It has done so often since.

If one were asked to name a single man, in whom the two tendencies united, and who gave to each its due—as Shakespeare and Goethe combined width and depth—one might point unhesitatingly to Michael Angelo, and to the Titanic power that is seen in almost all his work, most notably perhaps in the frescoes on the roof of the Sistine chapel at Rome.

Of all our greatest artists Michael Angelo was pre-eminently the child of the modern spirit, and yet he conserved the very best traditions of classical art. If we compare the frieze of the Parthenon with these Sistine frescoes, we find in the former a calm repose, statuesque attainment, the ideal embodied, almost "faultily faultless" in its conformity to the canons that never die. In the latter we find aspiration, the struggle—almost the tumult—of our modern life, with its manifoldness, "new hopes shining" through the very "flesh they fray." Angelo's truthful fidelity to Nature comes out in the way in which he departs from it, in order that he may return to it again. He transcends the bare actual in a new and magnificent artistic synthesis. The subtlest truth to Nature, the most delicate perception of actual fact, was combined with a splendour of imaginative grasp, which was ideal at its heart. To seize the underlying spirit of Nature, and to reproduce it as if in very act of moving, is amongst the rarest achievements of genius.

The limitation of Sculpture as compared with the other Arts is seen when it attempts to be scenic or

historic, rather than to pourtray individual types. The Panathenaic procession has, it is true, been magnificently rendered in Sculpture, and the metopes of the Parthenon are unrivalled; but these are exceptions, and "the exception proves the rule." The Laocoon is not so impressive in marble, as a picture of the subject it represents might have been in fresco, or in tempera; while the Niobe fails to make the grief it pourtrays expressive to the beholder. The greatest triumphs of Sculpture are in the statue or bust (or the group of statues) which represent and embody individual character.

5. As a conclusion to this chapter a few remarks condensed from a discussion by M. Guizot may be quoted. They will be found at length in his *Essai sur les limites qui séparent, et les liens qui unissent, les Beaux Arts* (1816).

A statuary, say Scopas, draws forth from a block of marble an Apollo that surpasses in beauty the most exquisite thing in Nature. From a stone, a man makes a God. Raphael takes a gray canvas and a few colours, and lo, the Prince of the Heavens, the Archangel Michael himself descends! Why dispute about the relative superiority of these two arts. Which is the nobler we do not care, but we care to distinguish in what they agree, and in what they differ, where they are inter-dependent, what is the peculiar province of each, what boundaries divide them, and for what end each must work, which neither can lose sight of. When Michael Angelo died, his statues were almost the only models left to his disciples in Florence. (His great frescoes were in Rome.) These disciples studied them with ardour: their imagination was penetrated by them, and their taste formed. Hence the works of these

painters have the stiffness and the rigour of marble. The imitation of Sculpture exposes the painter to serious error, even if some anatomical knowledge be gained. The sculptor takes a mass of clay; he builds up a figure, and can walk in spirit around it. The aim of the painter is different. He desires to make his figures look as if seen from a distance, with light, shade, and colour, not as they are, but as they seem. The only thing common to the two is design; and even in it there is a difference. The sculptor has to do with three dimensions—height, breadth, and depth—the painter with two only; the depth must be conveyed by shadows, light and colour. Each Art then has a definite nature, and a limit. Sculpture deals with situation, Painting with action. The sculptor, in representing form, must never lose sight of Beauty. Truth ever must be rejected, rather than Beauty be sacrificed. If the sculptor loses beauty of form he cannot compensate for his loss. The painter might give us compensation by colour. In Sculpture, would the distorted features of a weeping woman be beautiful? No; but the painter can produce the flitting colour, the transparent skin, the hue and the expression of the eye. Motion is not suitable for sculpture. The want of colour and the weight of the marble prevent it. In a painted figure, human life may manifest itself in complexion, in colour, and other characteristics of vitality: marble cannot convey these characteristics, and it is therefore unsuited for the representation of action. All violent action is transitory, and for this Sculpture is unsuitable because of the rigidity of the material. . . . Complicated action too is unsuitable for Sculpture; marble is not elastic like flesh. The sculptor of the Laocoon has been careful not to represent the arms and legs of the children as crushed or distorted. The combination of figures in Sculpture is difficult. The great masters of antiquity represented the Muses separately, each forming an independent whole. Painters, on the other hand, might combine the nine in one picture! A fixed individual position, rather than an action, is best for a sculptor; and this we find in the masterpieces of old

times. A painter can seize an expression, and depict complicated emotion or action, in a few strokes perhaps, on his canvas, working under a sublime but transient inspiration. For instance, in the famous rape of the Sabines, is the alarm and passionate fury the fruit of long study? No; it is a flash of genius so transient that, unless it had been seized at once, it would have perished. But the sculptor must have a subject he can calmly develop, depth of feeling rather than brilliance. He must possess sustained enthusiasm, which can treasure and brood over an expression, rather than the lively excitement that burns to incarnate its own idea. Even Michael Angelo has more fire in his frescoes than in his statues. Grief, not rage, is suitable for Sculpture. This we find was the ancient usage. A statue in a fury could only excite mirth! The main necessity in Sculpture then is simplicity of form, expression, and attitude.

The following books may be read, or consulted, on the subject of Sculpture.

Vita di Benvenuto Cellini (1730), translated by Thomas Roscoe (1822), and by J. Addington Symonds (1888). *Laokoon*, by G. E. Lessing (1769). *Lectures on Sculpture*, by J. Flaxman (1829). *Geschichte der Griechischen Plastik*, by J. Overbeck (1857). *Handbook of Sculpture, Ancient and Modern*, by R. Westmacott (1864). *Uebersicht der Geschichte der toskanischen Sculptur*, by H. Semper (1869). *Aratra Pentelici*, by John Ruskin (1872). *History of Sculpture from the Earliest Times*, by Wilhelm Lübke (1872). *The Renaissance of Art in France*, by Mrs. Mark Pattison (1879). *History of Greek Sculpture*, by A. S. Murray (1880-83). *The Parthenon Frieze*, by T. Davidson (1882). *The Parthenon*, by James Fergusson

(1883). *Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture*, by Charles C. Perkins (1883). *Æsthétique de Sculpture*, by H. Jouin (1888). *Histoire de la Sculpture grecque*, by Maxima Collingnon (1892).

CHAPTER XII

PAINTING

1. In discussing the other Arts much has been already said in reference to Painting, but it must now be examined by itself in detail.

The area traversed by the painter is Nature in its widest sense; that is to say, both the external world, and the world of humanity; or, to put it otherwise, he deals with Nature animate and Nature inanimate. But in the results reached by this art—its achievements—we must include (1) the original work of the artist in oil or water-colour, in pastel or in glass; and (2) those reproductions of original work, which are given us by the tools of the engraver, on wood, copper, steel, or glass, by the etcher and the lithographer; and, when we take these reproductions into account, along with the work they have reproduced, we find that perhaps more pleasure has been given to the human race by this art of Painting than by any other, with the possible exception of Music.

There are elements of the picturesque in Painting that are not to be found in any of the other arts.

On a small bit of canvas or a scrap of paper, it can record a great tragic incident, or a story full of pathos; it can chronicle a national event, can give expression to the central feature in a great character, can embody the aspiration of a period, or the effort of a whole generation, which it would require many pages of literature to describe, or even to outline in prose or verse. By the freedom it allows to the artist in the way of composition—by light and shade, and by form and colour combined—it can at one and the same time represent and idealise the subjects with which it deals. It is true that its creations are limited to a special period of time, and to a definite area of space; while a poem may traverse almost any interval or area, as in the great epics. The compensation which the painter has, however, is his power of concentrating into a small picture a visible note of time, a story of varied and perhaps of much latent significance, and of thus expressing certain aspects of life which cannot be defined through language.

In the chapter on Art in general, and also in that on Poetry, the question as to whether it consists in imitation or in ideality has been to a certain extent discussed; but the one-sidedness of the mimetic theory may perhaps be more clearly seen in the sphere of plastic Art than in that of any of the others. In his use of pigments, Form and Colour are so blended by the Painter, that each brings out the special excellence of the other; and a result is produced, which is not an imitation of anything in Nature, but its interpretation. Landscape Art—on which the mimetic theory has sometimes tried to take its stand—is not successful

in so far as it is a copy of the actual world, but in so far as it illumines Nature, with

> The light that never was on sea or land.

We shall presently see to what extent Painting arose out of imitation, and to what extent it did not: but it may be noted at this stage that it is to the *suggestiveness*—both of landscape-art and of figure-painting—that their main charm, as well as their chief power, is due. The charm of representative landscape-art is the same as the fascination of the landscape represented. The special attractiveness of sea and sky, for example, to one who has been initiated into their beauty, is their suggestion both of depth and of distance; and in this connection it is worthy of note that *near* Beauty, even under the brightest kind of light, has not the same suggestive power that distant Beauty has, when seen under a dimmer kind of light. Mr. Ruskin has also called attention to the fact that the great landscape artists—and even the great figure-painters—give us *luminous backgrounds* whenever they can, with "not only light *in* the sky, but light *from* it." [1] This may be taken as evidence of the higher value of what every landscape picture suggests than of what it pourtrays.

2. What Mr. Ruskin, in another part of the second volume of *Modern Painters*, calls the "Imagination Penetrative" in Art, is neither more nor less than the divination of the Beautiful to which all high Art attains—that second-sight which gets to the heart of things, through every hindrance and impediment. As has been

[1] *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. note to p. 243 (ed. 1888).

already pointed out, this intuition of the Beautiful apprehends it synthetically, without any attempt to scrutinise it analytically; and it is questionable if any writer of our time, or of any previous time, has got to the root of the matter on this subject with such penetrating discernment as Mr. Ruskin has done. Certainly no one has expressed the result in language so splendid; although, in his delightful pages, the rhetorician may sometimes be stronger than the philosopher. What, for example, could be finer than the following sentence, referring to the intuitive discernment of reality by the artistic spirit. "There is no reasoning in it. It works not by algebra, nor by integral calculus. It is a fiery pholas-like mind's tongue that works and tastes into the very rock-heart; no matter what the subject submitted to it, substance or spirit, all is alike divided asunder, joints and marrow, whatever eternal truth, life, principle it has laid bare; and that which has no truth, life, nor principle dissipated into its original smoke at a touch."[1]

It is in thus getting behind the mask of mere appearance, and out of the shadow-land of surface truth to the root and core of things, that all high Art originates. From this insight into Nature comes seriousness in artistic work, with freedom in its execution; and a product, full of suggestiveness, is the result. It may be added that it is by getting away from himself, in the first instance—or by a loss of self-consciousness—that the artist can alone be said to succeed in his art. In his admiration and love of the Beautiful, in his pursuit

[1] *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. p. 160.

of its often fugitive form, he does his best work, without knowing how he does it, and without regarding it as his own. It is a maxim applicable to all Art that egoism is hostile to it, while mannerism of every kind destroys it. The individuality of the artist of course remains, the mark of a distinctive style. He can no more escape from that than from his shadow; but he is so absorbed with his work, he so lives in it and for it, that he does not think of it as his own. He forgets himself; and it is left to posterity to remember him.

3. The *differentia*, or characteristic, of Painting amongst the allied arts is the way in which Colour and Form—with the subtle gradations of light and shade, together with the composition or balance of the parts in a landscape, and their grouping in a figure-piece—disclose a Beauty to the eye, and through the eye to the mind of the beholder, which is not revealable through the other senses: the way in which Colour and Form, thus appealing to the mind through the gateway of sense, disclose character, and enable us "to see ourselves in all we see." This distinctive feature of the art will perhaps be more apparent after we have considered its origin.

4. The origin of Painting is, however, like that of the other arts, prehistoric. Its first beginnings are of necessity lost in the haze of antiquity. It must have preceded sculpture, as drawing was doubtless earlier than either of them. To outline an object, in partial imitation of something else, was an earlier, and a much easier, effort than to model a figure in clay, or to imitate the colours of Nature. Suppose one legend of its origin to have a foundation in fact, viz. that a girl,

on parting with her lover, saw his shadow cast on the wall, and at once traced its outline *in memoriam*, that she might have some visible relic of their companionship —such a legend might explain how the art took shape, but it would not tell us its real origin, any more than the story of the man who heard the strokes of a hammer, or listened to the wind in the forest, and then began to hum a tune in imitation, would explain the origin of music.

It may be admitted, however, that in the earliest drawing, carving, and painting, imitation would have a more prominent place, than in any of the other arts. In reference to a portrait, the primitive feeling—if not the first question—would be, "Is it like?" Resemblance to the original, of which it was meant to be a memorial sign or suggestion, would be the first consideration; although, even in that case, the element of ideality would be at work, and would come in, differentiating the two things—the original and its copy—as the literal and the ideal, the product of Nature and the work of Art.

In tracing the beginnings of the Arts, we are apt to be deceived by their surface manifestations in particular places. If Art in general be a spontaneous product of human nature, all the arts will be more or less indigenous to every race; and it may be a mistake to speak of this or that one as having been created by a particular nation at a special time. Each may have assumed its best known historical form, in a special race, at a definite time; but its germs were everywhere, and the art itself a world-wide possibility.

5. It is in Egypt that we find the first rise of the art of Painting; and the earliest date assignable to it

is the age of Cheops, the builder of the great Pyramid—more than 4000 years B.C. It had doubtless grown, by the slow development of many centuries, to the point it then reached; but we have no surviving relics of these earlier stages. In 4000 B.C. Egypt was in a state of high civilisation. Architecture and Sculpture flourished; the science of Mathematics and the art of symbolic writing were known; but the Paintings, which preceded these arts in the order of time, have perished. The earliest ones, as yet discovered, are mural paintings, done in tempera; the figures, single or in groups; the heads drawn in profile; but the bodies, and even the eyes in the head, represented as if one looked straight at them frontwise. There is no perspective, no light and shade, no foreshortening: there are a few pastoral and domestic scenes, but no attempt at landscape. In such conditions, expression was scarcely possible. The outlines were filled in with a wash of simple colour, which merely relieved the monotone of the figures by slightly varied illumination.[1]

Nevertheless, both Painting and Sculpture were at their zenith in Egypt at least nineteen centuries B.C. In the time of the twentieth dynasty—that of Rameses III., *i.e.* 1000 years B.C.—they were verging to decay. In the temples at Thebes there were paintings of rare excellence, showing a varied range of Art, the subjects being exploits by land and sea, delineations of Nature, and very animated figure-painting, though without gradations of colour—mere illumination. They were possibly the product of a time in which Art was

[1] Compare Maspero's *Egyptian Archeology*, pp. 164-201.

comparatively free—not yet manacled to the cultus of the official hierarchy, as in the age of the Ptolemies.

Egyptian Art, however, throughout its long and somewhat monotonous course, was for the most part traditional. It worked along the immemorial grooves of precedent; mass and form were the chief things regarded, colour and grace being next to nothing. Hence it became increasingly austere. It was realistic at the first, unideal throughout, and slavishly traditional to the end. In its origin it was mainly an art *in memoriam*, *i.e.* it was designed to preserve the likeness, and thus to recall and perpetuate the memory of the dead. It was intended to be "the counterfeit presentment" after death of those who had been honoured and esteemed in life. The oldest surviving portraits—those recently discovered by Mr. Flinders Petrie and others in Egypt—were not designed, however, for the delight of the living. They were *placed within* the tombs, buried there in darkness, preserved not for future inspection, but for the very practical use of the departed. The origin of this custom is extremely interesting. These εἰκόνες of the dead were deposited, along with the embalmed mummy, within the tomb, and there locked up—it was hoped for ever. The explanation of this leads us to one of the most curious beliefs of primitive man, viz. belief in an element distinct from the body, the mind, and the soul, and separable from them at death, but destined to be reunited later on,—an element which remained in the tomb, beside the body which was embalmed, and which required corporeal nourishment, as the latter had done when alive. Portrait statues of the dead were placed within the tomb,

as a temporary artificial residence for this element. From the note subjoined, referring to this belief, it will be seen how closely the arts of Painting and Sculpture were allied at the first.[1]

6. From Egypt the art of Painting passed to Syria, to Asia Minor, to Assyria and the Euphrates Valley, to the Etruscans and to Greece; and in the earliest art-efforts of these people we find the same characteristics as in Egypt, viz. profile outlines with a front view of the face, no foreshortening, or perspective, or light and shade. But before plastic art began in Greece it had passed its prime in Egypt, and had almost died out in the latter country. That there were settlements of Greek and Italian tribes in Egypt long before the authentic history of Greece and Italy began, seems certain; and although the pupils soon outdistanced their masters at

[1] Amongst the ancient Egyptians the belief was universal that each human being was a composite structure of several distinct and separable elements. There was the body, the mind, the soul, the shadow, the name, and another element which was called the *Ka*. Though the distinction between mind and soul was not clearly drawn, it is to the last element in the list that psychological interest now mainly turns: and there is considerable difference of opinion as to what this principle or element (Ka) really was. Whether it denoted the individuality of the person (Brugsch), his double (Maspero), his genius or eidolon (Le Page Renouf), his personality (Wiedemann), or the vital principle (A. Edwards), the important point to note is that it was considered as something distinct from body, mind, and spirit, and separable from them at death. It was not an abstract principle, but a concrete essence, which required material sustenance both in this life when united to the body, and after death when separate from it. The earliest Egyptian statues were carved by the primitive sculptors for the residence of the Ka, when death had broken up the unity of the present life; and they were, on that account, made extremely realistic or life-like—so realistic that, when disinterred from the ruin of centuries, and seen with their full busts and eyes of crystal, they so frightened the Arab workmen that they took them for demons, and wished to break them up.

almost every point, it was from Egypt that a large part both of Greek and Italian art was derived.

All the Greek paintings have perished, except the few which survive on terra-cotta vases; and yet there have been none in the world so splendid in form and colour as those produced in the dominant period of Greek art. We read of these paintings in the pages of Pausanias and Pliny, where they are minutely described; their types, their schools, and characteristic features unfolded in detail. Amongst them there were idealists and realists in theory; and there must have been rare technical excellence in the work of both schools. The discovery—for it was nothing less—of the laws of perspective, and of light and shade, by Apollodorus, was certainly the greatest event in the history of Painting in the ancient world; and from it, far more truly than from the notable work of Niccola Pisano, we may date, as Browning put it,

> Art's spring-birth so dim and dewy.

But the walls, on which the works of Apollodorus and his great successors in the Greek school—through Polygnotus and Apelles—were painted, have long since crumbled to dust. Some of the Greek Architecture, and more of the Greek Sculpture, remain, but of its magnificent mural Painting—which reflected the life of the people in its classic prime as much as its epic and tragic poetry did—not a single shred survives. Were they now discovered, rescued from the burial of centuries, exposure to the air would very soon destroy them.

7. It is possible that Etruscan plastic art preceded

that of Greece,[1] but when the Greeks entered lower Italy they certainly influenced the art of that district, and their superior work was copied by the Latin race. Greek Painting thus survived in Græco-Roman art; and in the mural decorations of the houses in Pompeii—and such a work as the painting of Ceres, from the same buried city, transferred to Naples—we see a sort of reflection, from which we may infer the characteristics of the earlier work. There is every reason to believe (as already indicated) that the Greek Paintings which have perished were not inferior, in symmetry of structure, and refinement of composition, to the best Greek Sculptures. Judging by the designs on the vases which survive, we have at least analogical evidence on the subject. But, although the laws of perspective were known (and their discovery was—as already said—the great fact in Hellenic art), Greek painting remained to the last deficient in this very feature, as well as in variety of colour. Hence the Greeks never succeeded in the painting of landscape. Pliny tells us that the only colours used were red, yellow, white, or black.[2] Perhaps the very absence of rich and varied colour, however, would make the symmetry of structure more noticeable. The early mastery lay in composition and expression apart from colour.

The art-work of Polygnotus was chiefly spent on mural decoration; fixed monumental art. The later paintings of Zeuxis and Apelles were—like most of our modern pictures—movable or tabular pictures on wood,

[1] Compare Tiraboschi, *Storia della Litteratura Italiana.*
[2] This is not quite correct. Blue was also in use.

πίνακες. Even by Zeuxis and Timanthes, however, form—rather than colour or perspective—was attended to. Rare excellence was reached in the expression of character in figure-painting; but such addenda as a background or a foreground, or variety of shade, were neglected. It is possible that, in the later period of Apelles' career, more attention was given to colour, but we cannot tell. In those wall decorations in the houses discovered at Pompeii and Rome, we have evidence of the marvellously cunning work of the Greek painters, their simplicity and freedom of style, without any straining after effect, or the production of novelties. They were not "impressionists" or "opportunists" in Art; but their pourtrayal of life and character was supremely natural. Perhaps the very want of background, and of light and shade, helped them in their simple realistic expression of life and character. The former was not known to them in full; but, even had it been known, it would have had no attraction to them, because of what excelled it in the latter. In such instances of ornament, however, as survive—the ceiling decorations of houses, for example—we find an almost perfect sense of harmony, of flawless ornament, which can only be explained by the fact that their artists lived and breathed in a constant atmosphere of Beauty.

The debt which the modern world owes to Greece in the matter of Art is immeasurable; and, although much of it has been lost, the surviving memorials are priceless. Moreover, in a profound sense, the Art of Greece is immortal, and none of it has been really lost. Its influence lives on in what it has given rise to. It is the destiny

of all Art ultimately to perish. A city which was the wonder of the world is taken and plundered. Its temples become barracks, its sculptures are targets for the missiles of the invader, its bronze statues are melted down, the entire city is overthrown. But what that same city did, for the art-education of the world while it lasted, can no more be rooted out than the progress of the human race itself can be arrested.

8. Something ought to be said, however briefly, of the state of Art in Palestine and in Phœnicia. In Palestine plastic art was almost non-existent. There were architects and builders, and workers in brass, proficients in the goldsmiths' and silversmiths' craft, carvers in wood and stone, and workers in tapestry. We read in the Book of Exodus (xxxi. 4, 5) of "cunning work in gold, and silver, and brass, and in cutting of stones, and in carving of timber." But the Jewish monarch who built the great Temple in Jerusalem had to send to Tyre for his workmen, and the art of Painting was discouraged, if not forbidden. A sculptor's studio in Samaria, or an iron-worker's forge at Jericho, would have been considered a direct incitement to idolatry, and as supplying material for the worship of the graven images forbidden in the decalogue. Palestine had, in fact, a totally different function to fulfil, in the evolution of the world's progress, than contributing to artistic ends.

So far as the bordering territory of Phœnicia is concerned, its art was mainly limited to carvings on coins; but it is to be noted that a great art-inheritance may be thus represented and preserved, quite as much as in painting on pottery, or in the illumination of MSS.

9. Returning again for a moment to Greece, the history of Painting in that land has been written over and over again; and its progress has been dexterously traced, from the early idealism of Polygnotus to the finished grace of Apelles (who wrote on Art as well as worked in it); and for a discussion of such questions as how far distemper and fresco were used, and how far encaustic, how far the paintings were mural, and how far tabular, what colours were employed, and what the *simplex color* (which Quintilian attributes to Polygnotus) was, reference must be made to the numerous detailed histories of the art. It is sufficient here to note some of the reasons why Greece was so pre-eminent in an Art, the memorials of which have so completely perished. There were racial causes, and climatal ones. There were national characteristics inborn in the race, due both to its compositeness and to its solidarity. There were other characteristics developed in the course of the monumental history of the people. There was the influence of the national games, at which contests for prizes in the Arts took place, which were open to all competitors. There was, above all things, an art *cultus* in the land, which became a passion with the Greek people. Surrounded on all sides with Beauty, the nation was carefully *educated* in its appreciation; and their government, their warfare, their trade, their daily life, their very athletics, ministered to that end.

Roman Art was a mere echo of that of Greece, as we have seen that the Latin Literature and Philosophy were but lunar reflections of the solar light of Hellas. Imperial Rome was too busy with conquest, and with

legislation, to have leisure for the development of any native art. Art was therefore a foreign commodity in Italy, much of what it possessed having been stolen in war, and the rest executed for the most part by Greek artists, who had settled in the richer country. It may even be said that, when the decline of Greece set in, the art-spirit left the world for a time. Grandeur of effect rather than intrinsic beauty, decorative splendour rather than grace of form, were aimed at. Certainly, so far as Painting was concerned, the centuries of Roman ascendency were periods of dreary and corrupt magnificence; although we must not forget that the Imperial City gave us the arch, and the cupola. Her architecture, indeed, was great, but the transfer of the capital from Rome to Byzantium completed the destruction of the art of the ancient world. Constantine, it is true, made the Empire Christian, but he made an unnatural graft of Christianity on the old pagan stem; and it was not till a later age that the Palestinian leaven entered the world in a natural manner, giving rise to the modern art of Christendom.

10. Christianity was at the first, naturally and inevitably, hostile to Art. That of Greece especially was more than distasteful to the disciples of the new faith; and, as it had no longer any vitality of its own, it could not assert itself as having a right to live. The incursions of the northern tribes—rude warriors who had no regard for Beauty—completed the ruin of what remained. The Gothic invaders of Italy spared nothing that remained from the injuries inflicted by the wear and tear of time. The destruction of temples, statues, and paintings was wholesale. The iconoclasm of Knox and his coad-

jutors was nothing to that of Attila and his host. Thus, the Church on the one hand, with its new creative influences, and the Goths on the other, with their ruthless spirit of destruction, were forces that together worked against the very existence of Art. All that savoured of old-world idolatry, or had been associated with it, had to be destroyed. It was a ruthless stream of tendency, like that which consumed the priceless library of Alexandria.

The iconoclasm of the northern tribes was both blind and brutal; but when the destructive frenzy spent itself, it was seen that the art-instinct of the world could not die. It emerged again transformed; and, through a calmer spirit of reconstruction, a Gothic art—finer even than the Greek which it superseded—set in. The many-sided life developed by Christianity demanded some expression through visible media, and it found it by means of all the arts, Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Poetry, and Music. Certain new ideas—which were more original and creative than any that had been known in Greece—had to be represented symbolically, and these religious ideas were embodied quite as significantly in the art as in the literature of Christendom.

We have already seen that the architects who planned, and the masons who built, the great abbeys and minsters of Europe had thoughts to express, as well as emotions to record, which were the direct product of the new religion. The immense significance of Art in the development of Christendom—in the evolution and consolidation of its religious ideas—is very often overlooked. Still more frequently is it forgotten that the iconoclasm which preceded its rise "prepared the way"

for a renaissance, that was the richest and the most varied recorded in history, making its path "straight in the desert," as it were. What western Europe ultimately gained from Constantinople and from the extraordinary wealth of artistic ideas which grew up in Byzantium —when the Greek and the Græco-Roman elements blended with the Christian—is a significant element in the history of Art.

11. Byzantine Art was at its zenith in the sixth century. It is probably best represented by St. Sophia in Constantinople. It blended previous styles, and was an adaptation of them to the altered circumstances of the age. The art of Arabia at first utilised that of Byzantium, as the Byzantine had utilised the Roman: but this was gradually thrown aside, and Persian elements mingled with it. The mosque of Torloon in Cairo, however (876), has a distinctive style of its own. The Asiatic influence gradually dominated over that of the Græco-Roman period; and in the Alhambra we see the final development, the goal of Arabian decorative art. The later Turkish style starts structurally from the art of Byzantium; but the ornament introduced was a graft, partly from Arabia, and partly from Persia. There was no originality in it; it was a late and a very conventional evolution of the early Mohammedan art. As reference has been made to the Alhambra, it may be noted that this remarkable structure stands to Moorish art, very much as the Parthenon does to that of Greece, but that it is more elastic and less original; Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Arabic elements being all conjoined in it, without any symbolism.

12. Coming down to the modern Renaissance, the greatest achievements in monumental Painting were in the period from Giotto to Michael Angelo; and it is to be noted that the plastic art of Christendom grew strong, in its alliance with the architectural ideas which guided it, and with the sculpture which helped it forward. Afterwards, the divorce of the sister arts—through a specialisation that was inevitable—led to a license in each, which was injurious to all of them. The value of a study of the great masters in any one art, to the specialist in another of them, is notorious. The advantage of a knowledge of the Elgin marbles to a painter, for example, —giving him a sense of form, and an appreciation of character that is stately, refined, and dignified, before he proceeds to deal with ornament in detail—can hardly be exaggerated. The study of Brunelleschi's architectural work on the Duomo, and of Ghiberti's designs for the Baptistery gate, doubtless helped Masaccio in his wonderful fresco-painting in the Bracancci chapel at Florence, and kept him from vagary.

It is impossible in a work such as this to trace out the characteristics of the various schools of Painting; but it may not be out of place to select a single artist belonging to the early Venetian school, before the time of the later colourists—who sacrificed thought to technique, and expression to sensuousness—and refer briefly to his work.

13. Victor or Vittore Carpaccio, a Venetian painter of the fifteenth century, is said to have been a pupil of Giovanni Bellini. His principal works are a series of large canvas oil pictures, illustrating the legend of St.

Ursula in the Academia, and a series of oil pictures on panel, illustrating the style of St. George and the Dragon in St. Giorgio Schiavoni, Venice. Besides these, in the church of St. Alvise, Venice, there are eight or nine tempera pictures on wood panels painted by him at a very early age, his power of inventive and imaginative genius showing plainly through the archaic and crude execution.[1] Carpaccio's style combines the imaginative and inventive treatment of the earlier days of Italian art, with the breadth, and much of the light and shade of the later—the grave dignity, and steady reserved power of the Bellinis, with the larger lines and bolder masses of Titian and Tintoretto. He belongs to the select group of earnest workers in art, to whom the first and all-important thing is, "what they have to say," and the second, "how it is to be said." The later Venetian painters (and the same is true of other schools) contented themselves, as execution became more brilliant and clever, with "how to do it"; the subject, the theme itself, being given the second place. It is worthy of special note, however, that the technical excellence of the former class of painters—to whom the subject came first—is of a very high order. As Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, the technical work in Carpaccio's "Presentation in the Temple" (Academia, Venice) cannot be surpassed, either for drawing or colouring.

Carpaccio had all the Venetian delight in splendid processions, festivities, gorgeous draperies, etc., but there

[1] Crowe and Cavalcaselle do not admit the authenticity of these early pictures, but Mr. Ruskin is of opinion that they are the work of the young Carpaccio.

is also a noticeable touch of what may almost be called Puritanism in his St. Ursula. The sweet, simple face of the princess, as she stands arguing point after point with her father the tired old king, might have been painted from a modern English model—a "girl graduate" of the nineteenth century—so quiet, subdued, and orderly is the character expressed, so totally different from the gorgeous slovenliness of the Titianesque or Veronese ladies. The king, with his head resting on his hand, in utter weariness after the reception of foreign ambassadors, the proposal for his daughter's hand, and finally his daughter's own doubts and difficulties—all illustrate the line,

> Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

These, and other points in the St. Ursula series, are more Shakespearian in conception than anything commonly met with in pictures. Everything in fact, from the peace and order of the princess's bedroom, the pomp and magnificence of the Court, down to the ghastly shooting and stabbing of the last martyrdom, is painted with a calm strength and with perfect execution; and yet nothing stares, or calls out for admiration, on account of its technical excellence. The whole of the execution is subordinate to the dominant thought, and to the telling of the story as plainly and simply as possible. The painter's own personality is as invisible as is Shakespeare's in *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, or Sir Walter Scott's in the *Antiquary*. Carpaccio seems equally at home with the pure-souled St. Ursula, the knightly enthusiastic prince-lover, the weary king, the weeping

queen, the lounging courtier, the brutal cross-bow ruffian, who tries his weapon at a dove in the air as St. Ursula and her maidens draw near.

In the St. George and the Dragon fight, the dragon is being charged and killed with a furious determination that would seem overdone, were it not for the horrors on the ground underneath the creature, bodies half devoured, and skulls, in one of which may be discerned a ghastly grin at the dragon's overthrow. These repulsive details are wrought out with a realism which shows how thoroughly the painter's mind was occupied by the hideous nature of the thing to be destroyed; and yet, in the full flood of his wrath, Carpaccio could not help seeing and noting the old truth, "Dragons may be slain, but evil is not without its seed." Accordingly he has painted little slimy efts, dragon spawn, creeping out of gangrene flesh, and corners of bony limbs. But the absolute helplessness and even imbecility of the captive creature, as he is dragged along by St. George into the market-place, are given with a sort of humorousness, a feeling of the absurd incapacity of the power of evil. The point of it seems to be, Only charge boldly and well, and the most threatening of the powers of evil will collapse, like this dragon, into a lifeless mass of matter. Though these tiny efts may symbolise the power of evil to perpetuate itself—like the bacilli of physical disease—and may require fresh encounters in the future, the defeat of their gigantic parent shows how all may be ultimately crushed.

The work of other painters than Carpaccio might be similarly dealt with, so as to bring out their underlying

characteristics, notably his great predecessor, John Bellini,[1] and many others in the Tuscan school; but it is difficult to select, and to give a reason for selecting, special artists in this book; and it is scarcely necessary, as so much recent criticism has been directed to this end. It is not so much with a detailed study of the work of individual painters that we have to do, as with the general characteristics of the art of Painting itself.

14. In considering it as distinguished from the other arts, it is important to note what was referred to at the beginning of this chapter, viz. how Colour is an aid to Form. In Painting it is not the representation of rounded form—beauty in three dimensions—that is aimed at (although this may be suggested). It is the representation of objects, and their interpretation, by likeness on a surface yielding only the two dimensions of length and breadth. This surface presentation, however, must be lit up with a significance which leads the spectator to supply the third dimension easily for himself. It is colour, more than anything else, that invests a flat surface with the semblance of round corporeal form. It adds a radiance that no photographic reproduction of a scene can give.

What the painter has to do in the way of selection may also here be noted. He cannot proceed at once to paint what appeals to sense. He must choose certain things for artistic treatment, groups of phenomena which meet the eye, and at the same time appeal to the imagination. As Nature, even in one of its landscape

[1] It is a pleasure to acknowledge here my indebtedness to an artist friend, Mr. Harry Goodwin, for my knowledge of the distinctive features of Carpaccio's and John Bellini's work, and for much else in art-criticism.

forms, is far too vast and multiform for us to grasp its full significance at a single moment—even of the most sympathetic apprehension—it must be resurveyed by us, and dealt with in detail, *i.e.* if we are to understand, as well as to enjoy it. In the vague synthesis of enjoyment we miss many things in Nature—points, elements, and aspects of its beauty. Therefore it is that the painter detaches for us select "bits" of Nature; and pourtrays them, as having some characteristic, or significance, when thus detached. He brings them before us, cut off from the rest of Nature; and, by focussing our vision upon parts of the general whole, he adds to our pleasure and at the same time deepens our insight.

15. A treatise on plastic art ought to deal with many matters intentionally overlooked in this volume. It should explain the various *kinds* of painting, and their relation to each other, which are as important as the relation of a drama to an epic, or a sonnet to an elegy, and perhaps more distinctive than the sonata, the symphony, and the oratorio are. It should not only explain the different media used in oil and water-colour, in fresco and in pastel, but unfold the different *effect* of each, in the production of the result that is common to all, viz. the representation of the Beautiful. A single remark on the latter point will illustrate the kind of discussion referred to. The pure delicate light of water-colour must be contrasted with the richer but darker lights and shadows of oil. Water-colour has an ethereal grace, a freshness and soft liquidity (not transparency) which oil wants. It is luminous, but not lustrous. The brightness of oil can cast light on other objects, which water-colour cannot. Perhaps, in pure

pearly grace and delicacy of light, fresco is unrivalled; but, for the most part, it belongs to the past. Modern water-colour has taken its place; and, in the latter art, no man ever excelled as Turner did. The Venetian masters began what he completed. A good way of comparing the two kinds of art-work, in oil and water-colour, so as to bring out what is distinctive in each, is to contrast them not under the blaze of day, but in the twilight, either at dawn or sunset; and it will be found that water-colour catches the light, and retains it much longer than oil.

For the characteristics of the several arts which *reproduce* Painting, viz. engraving on wood, copper, or steel, etching, lithography, painting on glass, with all the subdivisions of each—*e.g.* line-engraving, stippling, mezzotint, etc.—reference must be made to special treatises on the subject.

16. There is also a physical and scientific side to the discussion of Painting, which involves questions of Optics and the chemistry of colours. These bear much the same relation to Painting, that the laws of sound, and the principles of Acoustics bear to Music. The primary, secondary, and tertiary colours, and the laws of their combination in pictorial effect, are as strictly scientific as are the notes of the scale, and their combinations in musical structure. We have red, yellow, and blue (the primary colours); orange, purple, and green (the secondary ones); olive, citron, and russet (the tertiary). The secondary colours are due to the combination of any two of the primary ones; *e.g.* red and yellow combined produce orange; yellow and blue combined produce green; while

red and blue produce purple, indigo, or violet. The tertiary colours (olive, citron, and russet) are due to the mingling of the secondary ones (orange, purple, and green); while brown, marone, slate, etc., are due to combinations of the tertiaries.

If the nine colours — primary, secondary, and tertiary — be numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., to 9, we find that —while the first three are single or simple colours—

the 4th	is due	to a mixture of the	1st	and	2nd,
„ 5th	„	„	1st	„	3rd,
„ 6th	„	„	2nd	„	3rd,
„ 7th	„	„	5th	„	6th,
„ 8th	„	„	4th	„	6th,
„ 9th	„	„	4th	„	5th.

It must be remembered that the changes of colour, due to subtle intermixture and combination, are incessant. Colour is never stationary for an instant of time, because of movements both in Nature and in the organ of human vision.

The following works on Plastic Art, in one or other of its aspects, may be studied or consulted by the student. They are arranged chronologically.

Treatise on Painting, by J. Burnet (1763). *History of Painting in Italy*, by Luigi Lanzi (1792), translated by T. Roscoe in 1828. *The Art of Painting in Oil, and in Fresco*, by J. F. L. Mérimée, translated by W. B. S. Taylor (1832). *A Treatise on Painting*, by Leonardo da Vinci, translated by J. F. Rigaud (1835). *Handbuch der Geschichte der Malerei von Constantin dem Grossen bis auf unsere Zeit*, by Franz Theodor Kugler (1837), translated by Sir Charles East-

lake in 1851, and by A. H. Layard (1887). "Painting" in *Encyclopædia Britannica* (7th edition), by B. R. Haydon (1838). *Die Werke Italienischer in den Galerien von München, Dresden, und Berlin*, by Signor Giovanni Morelli, translated by L. M. Richer in 1883, "Italian Masters in German Galleries." *Modern Painters*, by John Ruskin (1843-60). *Lectures on Painting and Design*, by B. R. Haydon (1846). *Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, by Lord Lindsay (1847). *Account of the Artists of Spain*, by Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell (1848). *Lectures on Painting by the Royal Academicians*, edited by R. N. Wornum (1848). *Philosophy of Painting*, by Harry Twining (1849). *Lectures on Painting*, by John Ruskin (1854). *Grammar of Ornament*, by Owen Jones (1856). *Elements of Drawing*, by John Ruskin (1857). *A New History of Painting in Italy, from the second to the sixteenth Century*, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle (1864-79). *William Blake: a Critical Essay*, by A. C. Swinburne (1868). *Murillo, and the Spanish School of Painting*, by W. B. Scott (1873). *Flemish Painters*, *Titian*, and *Raphael*, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle (1879-85). *History of Painting*, by A. Woltmann and K. Woermann, edited by Sidney Colvin (1880). *Greek and Gothic*, by St. John Tyrwhitt (1881). *The Graphic Arts*, by P. G. Hamerton (1882). *Albrecht Dürer*, his life and works, by M. Thausing (1882). *Lectures on Painting*, by Edward Armitage (1883). *A Short History of Art*, by Francis C. Turner (1886). *Albrecht Dürer*, "Literary Remains," edited by W. M. Conway (1889).

CHAPTER XIII

DANCING

It will be strange to no one who is acquainted, in the most elementary manner, with the history of the Arts that Dancing is included amongst them. If its influence on the other arts has at times been exaggerated, the debt which they all owe to it has quite as often been ignored.

The subject has been discussed by philosophers and critics from the earliest times, notably from Plato onwards; but although the literature devoted to the subject — from Lucian's dialogue *De Saltatione*, to Schiller's theory of the *Spiel-trieb*, and thence to Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Essays*—is extensive,[1] it is not too much to say that the origin of Dancing, its philosophical significance, and its relation to the other Arts, have been more fully apprehended towards the close of the present century than at any previous time. It may be added that for this result we owe a great deal to the labours of such men as Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer.

In the present work less need be said of it than of the other Arts, partly because, in a volume already

[1] For a list of works on Dancing see p. 249.

published in the Series, written by the Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh,[1] there is a chapter exclusively devoted to "The Festival, in its Relation to the Form and Spirit of Classical Art." In that chapter the process by which the festal dance created the artist is traced out, and the effect of mimetic dancing on the sculpture and painting of Greece is clearly outlined.

In prehistoric times human beings doubtless expressed emotion pretty much in the same way as that in which they express it now. In joyous moods the latent energy of body and mind—whether gently excited or violently stirred—would force itself forward, and demand a physical as well as a mental path to work in. It found relief in many ways. The pent-up energy was relieved by vocal utterance and by gesture, by shout, by song, and by dance; and there was probably more of harmony or rhythmic movement in the primitive dance—however wild and uncouth it was, according to our modern standards—than in the primitive song. Forms of Beauty were gradually and very naturally evolved, out of the movements of the bodily frame in the dance, and of the voice in song. The muscles of the body obeyed the suggestions of the mind, and responded rhythmically.

A new stage was reached, when the dance was not only enjoyed by the dancers themselves, and indulged in, as a means of giving delight to those who practised it, but was also delightedly witnessed by spectators, who did not themselves dance, and when it thus became an elaborate spectacle. In this second stage the pleasure

[1] *The Fine Arts*, by G. Baldwin Brown.

was mainly transferred to the audience, although the performers continued to share it. It is to be noted that dancing very soon became a mimetic art, and acquired a symbolic meaning in virtue of what it imitated. When it was seen that it could embody, and symbolically express, certain ideas, a still loftier stage was reached. Gradually it became the parent of arts higher than itself, and by its own development reacted upon them, after they were evolved. The dancers reproduced the traditional stories, the legends of their tribe, as well as the incidents of the chase and the achievements of battle. Thus, so soon as the dance became mimetic, we have the germ, not only of the comic pantomime, but also of the tragic drama.

If, therefore, we are to find the origin of the dance in the stimulus given to the bodily organs—from the quickened circulation of the blood, in a joyous mood, leading to a corresponding motion of the whole frame,—it is evident that the resulting movement would be naturally harmonious, and that it would instinctively ally itself to other rhythmic things. Thus, in the dance, the song, and articulate speech, we may find the prehistoric roots of those more elaborate Arts which we have been considering in previous chapters.

The three were very soon combined in one,[1] and so combined they were made use of in the earliest rites or

[1] Primitive songs were soon illustrated in the dance. Some physical movement was the fit accompaniment of the voice; but it is somewhat curious that the earliest dances were so largely mimetic, even a copy of the motions and doings of animals. In the Kru and Damera dances of contemporary African tribes, we find direct imitations of the hunt; and many war dances, both ancient and modern, have been at once commemorative and symbolic.

religious usages of mankind. It is to be noted that the primitive worship of the race, though serious, was festal, and not melancholy. The great religious processions—into which so much of the beauty of movement entered—were but a further development of what is the essence of the dance, viz. the poetry of motion. When we come down to what is relatively a late period of civilisation, viz. the departure of the Jews from Egypt, we find a memorial ode composed in honour of their Exodus, and while that ode was sung others took timbrels and danced. After the settlement of Israel in Palestine we find mention of a yearly religious festival in Shiloh, at which the daughters of the place came out "to dance in dances." Next we find that King David "danced before the Lord with all his might," in an ecstasy of joy over the return of the ark to Jerusalem.[1] In one of the greatest hymns in its Psalter Israel is exhorted to rejoice in Him that made him, and "to praise his name in the dance"; while the Preacher of the Exile says to his contemporaries, "There is a time to mourn and a time to dance." We thus find that in

[1] Thus described by Dean Stanley: "David was dressed in the white linen mantle of the priestly order; and as in the prophetic schools where he had been brought up—and as still in the colleges of the Eastern dervishes,—a wild dance formed part of the solemnity. Into this the king threw himself with unusual enthusiasm; his heavy royal robe was thrown aside; the light linen ephod appeared to the bystanders hardly more than the slight dress of the Eastern dancer. He himself had a harp in his hand, with which he accompanied the dance. The women came out to welcome him and his sacred charge, as was the custom on return from victory. The trumpets pealed loud and long; the shout as of a victorious host ran through the valleys of Hinnom and the Kedron, and as they wound up the steep ascent which led to the fortress. It was the greatest day of David's life."—*The Jewish Church*, vol. ii, lecture xxxii. p. 84.

Palestine the dance was expressly associated with religious worship.

In all the great ceremonials, both of Greek and mediæval times—from the Panathenaic procession at the Acropolis, to the festival of San Giovanni at Florence—dancing played an essential part. In Greece especially it was a necessary element in every joyous festival. When spring came back to bless the world each year, the dance of Flora celebrated its return, of which the English May-pole dance is doubtless a survival. The Spartan dance was connected with the martial training of youth; and in actual combat the Spartans met the enemy with a particular kind of step, which was a sort of military dance. When five years of age the children at Sparta were taught this dance, which Plato thus describes. He says, "It imitates the modes of avoiding blows and darts, by dropping, or giving way, or springing aside, or rising up, or falling down; also the opposite postures, which are those of action, as, for example, the imitation of archery, and the hurling of javelins, and of all sorts of blows."[1] Plato's references to Dancing in *The Laws* are extremely interesting. He says, "Dancing is of two kinds, one of nobler figures, imitating the honourable; the other of the more ignoble figures, imitating the mean; and of both these there are two further subdivisions. Of the former, one kind is of those engaged in war and vehement action, and is the exercise of a noble person and a manly heart; the other exhibits a temperate soul in the enjoyment of prosperity and moderate pleasure, and may be truly called, and is, the

[1] *Laws*, vii. 815.

dance of peace. . . . In the dance of peace the consideration is whether a man bears himself naturally and gracefully, and after the manner of well-conditioned men. . . . Every man, when the pleasure is greater, moves his body more, and less when the pleasure is less; and again, if he be more orderly and disciplined he moves less; but if he be a coward, and has no training or self-control, he makes greater and more violent movements; and in general, when he is speaking or singing, he is not altogether able to control his body; and so, out of the imitation of words and in gestures, the art of dancing has originated."[1] The Greek mythology represented Dancing as a pastime amongst the gods. Pindar refers to Apollo as ὀρχηστὴς (the dancer); and both Jupiter and Pan are represented in the act of dancing. In the *Symposiacs* of Plutarch[2] there is an interesting discussion on Dancing. The question is headed, "motion (φορά), gesture (σχῆμα), and representation (δεῖξις). What each of these is, and what is common to both Poetry and Dancing."

"Dancing is made up of motion and manner (σχέσις), as a song of sounds and stops; stops are the end of motion. Now the motions they call φοραί, and the questions and likeness to which the motions tend, and in which they end, they call σχήματα; as, for instance, when by their own motions they represent the figure of Apollo, Pan, or any of the raging Bacchæ. The third, δεῖξις, is not an imitation, but a plain downright indication of the things represented. . . . In Dancing the σχῆμα represents the shape and figure, the φορά shows some action, or

[1] *Laws*, vii. 814, 815. [2] Book ix. question 15.

passion, or power; but by the δεῖξις are properly and significantly shown the things themselves, for instance, the heaven, the earth, or the company. . . . We may aptly transfer what Simonides said of Painting to Dancing, and call Dancing mute Poetry, and Poetry speaking Dancing; for poesy doth not properly belong to painting, nor painting to poesy, neither do they anyway make use of one another. But poesy and dancing have much in common, especially in that sort of song called Hyporchema, in which is the most likely representation imaginable, dancing doing it by gesture, and poesy by words. So that poesy may bear some resemblance to the colours in painting, while Dancing is like the lines which mark out the features of the face. . . . The most famous writer of Hyporchema[1] shows what tendency poetry hath to dancing, whilst the sound excites the hands and feet, or rather as it were by some cords distends and raiseth every member of the body, so that whilst such songs are pronounced or sung they cannot be quiet."[2] Plutarch complains, however, that in his day Dancing had "associated to itself a mean paltry sort of music"; and "falling from that divine sort of poetry with which it was formerly acquainted, had lost its honour with excellent and wise men."

It is also to be noted that in Greece symbolic and mystic meanings were recognised in the dance. There have been many more unsuccessful parallels than that which Plutarch draws between the motions of the Bacchic dance—from right to left and from left to

[1] Simonides.

[2] Compare Robert Browning's *Up in a Villa, down in the City.*

right, the strophe and the antistrophe—and the motion of the planets and the revolution of the earth upon its axis.

It was to be expected that the art of Dancing would show signs of deterioration, and even of degradation, more rapidly than others. Even in Rome it had begun to degenerate; and while Cicero reproached the consul Galbinus for having danced,[1] the Emperor Tiberius expelled the dancers from Rome, and, subsequently, Domitian excluded some persons from the Senate for having indulged in the art. It is not surprising that when dances became revelries they had to be solemnly abolished. The Fathers of the Church—notably St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom—condemned them, but a curious fact remains to be noted. Before the Church dignitaries would agree to condemn the *fandango*, they had it performed before them; and the reverend Fathers were so delighted with it, that they exchanged the intended curse into a blessing. It is also to be noted that the *Danses basses* at the Court of Charles IX. were danced to psalm tunes.

Most of what survived of the art in the Middle Ages degenerated toward the level of savage custom. But its renaissance in the fifteenth century may be said to date from the festivals which were held in connection with the marriage of the Duke of Milan to Isabella of Aragon, when Poetry, Music, and the Dance were again combined, in a natural manner. In 1662, a

[1] In the *Pro Murena* he says, "No one dances when he is sober, unless indeed he is mad; nor in private, nor at any ordinary convivial gathering. Dancing is the ally of excited festivals, effeminacy, luxury, and wantonness."

Royal Academy of Dancing was founded in Paris; and thenceforward the practice of the art became one of the national institutions of the country.

Although the religious dance has now become extinct, it may be mentioned that at the Council of Trent, in 1562, the Church dignitaries gave a ball to Philip II. of Spain, and themselves took part in it; that Menestrier tells us [1] he used to see canons and choristers holding hands in solemn dance, and singing hymns of jubilee; and that even now, during the octave of the festival of Corpus Christi, in the Cathedral of Seville, a ballet is danced every day before the high altar. It is only in Spain, however, amongst Catholic countries, that this art survives as an element in religious festivals. In France it was abolished in the twelfth century—at least in the diocese of Paris—by Odo the bishop.

Curious bits of evidence may be gathered on the subject of the relation of the dance to religious worship —*e.g.* Scaliger says that bishops were originally called "Præsules," because they were in the habit of leading the dance on feast-days. Another noteworthy thing is the origin of the word choir—that part of the sacred edifice where the most solemn services are performed. It is in all likelihood derived from χόρος (a dance). The chorus—which came latterly to mean the words sung by several accompanying a soloist, or the company of singers themselves—originally meant a dance in a ring (a round dance), and then a dance with singing conjoined. Again, in the instructions issued for the performance of the first oratorio at Rome—*La Rappresentazione*

[1] *Traité des Ballets,* 1682.

dell' Anima e del Corpo, by Emilio del Cavaliere, which was performed in the Church of La Vallicella in 1600—the following occurs: "The performance may be finished with or without a dance. If without, the last chorus is to be doubled in all its parts, vocal and instrumental; but, if a dance is preferred, a verse beginning thus, *chiostri altissimi, e stellati*, is to be sung, accompanied sedately and reverentially by the dance. Then shall succeed other grave steps and figures of the solemn kind. During the ritornello the four principal dancers are to perform a ballet, *saltato con capriole*, 'enlivened with capers or *entre chats*,' without singing. And thus, after each stanza, always varying the steps of the dance; and the four principal dancers may sometimes use the *galiard*, sometimes the *canary*, and sometimes the *courant* step, which will do very well in the ritornello."

Every student of the thirteenth and fourteenth century romances must be familiar with the many secular dances, then practised in England and on the Continent. They are referred to in Chaucer's *Frankleyne's Tale*, for example, and in several of the manuscripts of the fourteenth century. It is unnecessary to describe them in detail, but it may be remarked that, while the dance became more of a fine art in some European countries than in others—the Spanish Cachuca and Fandango, for example, or the Minuet of Poitou, may be given as examples, in contrast with the boisterous domestic rompings of our own Anglo-Saxon period, and of many subsequent country dances—it is in Music that the Dance has found its friendliest ally

and its best interpreter; and, as we have already seen, Music has itself been enriched by the alliance. It is probably susceptible of even greater refinement than anything to which it has yet attained; although, in some of the dancing on the modern stage, we find the very poetry of motion, *e.g.* that of Mary Anderson as Perdita in the *Winter's Tale.* As Florizel says,

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function.[1]

Reference should be made at the close of this chapter to the remarkable poem by Sir John Davies, first published in 1596, which he called *Orchestra, or a Poeme on Dauncing*, and in the edition of 1622, *Orchestra, or a Poeme expressing the antiquitie and excellencie of Dauncing.* Since Plutarch dealt with the symbolic meaning of the Dance, few writers, if any, have touched the same subject with more felicity.

Five of the stanzas of the poem may be quoted, one of which (the 49th) has a special interest from its having more than suggested a verse to S. T. Coleridge, in his *Ancient Mariner.*

17

Dauncing (bright Lady[2]) then began to be,
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
The fire, ayre, earth, and water did agree

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[1] *Winter's Tale,* Act IV. Scene iii.
[2] The edition of 1596 was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

By Love's persuasion—Nature's mighty king—
To leave their first disordered combating,
And in a dance such measure to observe,
As all the world their motion should preserve.

34

Behold the World how it is whirled round,
And for it is so whirled is namèd so;
In whose large volume many rules are found
Of this new Art, which it doth fairly shew;
For your quicke eyes, in wandering to and fro
From East to West, on no one thing can glance,
But if you mark it well, it seems to daunce.

43

And now behold your tender nurse the Ayre,
And common neighbour that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions faire
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses Dauncing do propound!
For what are Breath, Speech, Echoes, Musicke, Winds,
But Dauncings of the Ayre in sundry kinds.

49

For lo the sea that fleets about the Land,
And like a girdle clips her solide waist,
Musicke and measure both doth understand;
For his great chrystal eye is alwayes cast
Up to the Moone, and on her fixed fast;
And as she daunceth in her pallid spheere,
So daunceth he about his centre heere.

77

Since when all ceremonies, mysteries,
All sacred orgies, and religious rites,
All pomps, and triumphs, and solemnities,

All funerals, nuptials, and like public sights,
All Parliaments of peace, and warlike fights,
All learned arts, and every great affaire
A lively shape of Dauncing seems to beare.

The following is a list of works on Dancing, or in which the Art is discussed:—

Plato, *The Laws*, Book vii. 814-816. Aristotle, *Poetics*, ch. i. Plutarch, *Symposiac Questions*, xv. Lucian, *De Saltatione*. *De Arte Gymnastica*, by J. Mercurialis (1569). *Orchésographie*, by T. Arbeau (1588). *Orchestra, or a Poeme on Dauncing*, by Sir John Davies (1596). *Essay towards an History of Dancing*, by John Weaver (1712). *Le Maître à Danser*, by J. P. Rameau (1726). *La Danse ancienne et moderne, ou Traité historique de la Danse*, by L. de Cahusac (1754). *Lettres sur les Arts Imitateurs*, by M. de Noverre (1757). *Lettres sur la Danse*, by M. de Noverre (1760). *Essay on the Opera*, by Francis Algarotti (1762). *Le Triomphe des Graces*, by A. G. M. de Querlon (1774). Article "Danse" in *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, by D. Diderot (1786). *Characteristic National Dances*, by A. Read (1853). "Progress, its Law and Cause," by Herbert Spencer, in *The Westminster Review*, April 1857, republished in *Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative* (1868). *History of Domestic Manners in England during the Middle Ages*, by T. Wright (1862). *Geschichte der Tanzkunst bei den cultivirten Völkern von den ersten Anfängen bis auf die Gegenwärtige Zeit*, by Albert Czerwinski (1862). *Geschichte des Tanzes in Deutschland*, by F. M. Böhme (1866). *Der Tanz, und seine Geschichte*, by

Rudolph Voss (1868). "Essay on Dancing," by W. Bellars, in *Tinsley's Magazine* (1875). *Dancing, and its Relation to Education,* by A. Dodworth (1885). *Grammatik der Tanzkunst,* by F. A. Zorn (1887). *Dancing as an Art,* by A. Marriott (1888). *Traité de la Danse,* by Eugène Girardet (1891).

APPENDIX A

RUSSIAN ÆSTHETIC[1]

NO regular theory of æsthetics was elaborated in Russia before the second half of the reign of Alexander I. (about 1830). Up to that time Russian authors, especially the poets, followed the example of foreign literary schools, chiefly French ones, but did not discuss the principles of Art. The poets of Peter the Great's age were close imitators of the French classics. *Sumarokoff* wrote tragedies, based on the famous rule of the three unities; *Kantemir* wrote satires, imitated from Boileau, and *Credjakovsky* odes; but none of these poets had talent to create anything of value, or had a conception of art of their own. The only man of real merit and originality was *Lomonosoff* (1711-65), the son of a humble fisherman of Archangelsk, who rose to an eminent position by his genins and wisdom. He is generally considered to be the father of Russian literature. Lomonosoff was a great scholar, whose genius may be compared with that of Newton or Lavoisier, and he was one century in advance of his time. With rare intellectual gifts

[1] In the preface I have mentioned my indebtedness to F. Vengeroff for my knowledge of Russian Æsthetic. I should add that this chapter has been kindly revised by S. Stepniak.

he was able to surpass all his contemporaries in the capacity of court poet, to which post he was appointed *ex officio.* He rendered great services to Russian grammar, and his verses are remarkable enough for their time. But he had no poetical talent, and his odes are examples of heavy rhetoric. His travels in Germany and in France and his knowledge of foreign literature led him to try to bring Latin elements into Russian style. This gave a pedantic character to his prose ; but, on the whole, he succeeded in making, out of a semi-barbaric language, a literary one appropriated to the aims of art. The literary people of his day spoiled the spoken language by an admixture of German and Latin words clumsily Russified. Lomonosoff's language is itself semi-barbaric, but that of his predecessors was wholly barbarous. Only A. S. Pushkin returned to the real spoken language of the people.

During the reign of Catherine the Great French taste continued to be dominant, and literature in Russia was confined to a small circle of court poets, whose chief object was to praise the Empress, and who had no other standard but the classical Art of France with its strictness and narrowness of form. The chief representative of that age is the poet Derjavin (1773-1816), whose odes show great power of expression. In all his poems (*Feliza*, *The Vision of Murza*, etc.), patriotism and a strong royalist feeling prevails, and Art for him consisted in hyperbolical pictures of the grandeur of Russia, its people, and its Empress. The real merit of Derjavin, however, is to have made Russian verse smooth and easy, and to have given examples to posterity of a truer national poetry.

The reign of Alexander the First brought more liberty of thought to the nation in political and social matters, and also in questions of Art. Literature was no longer confined to

a small circle of court poets. It spread in society, and it changed its character. New principles of taste came into fashion. The partisans of classical Art found strong antagonists in several new literary schools, which tried with success to introduce freer conceptions of Art, and more especially to create a literary style that was natural and clearer than the affected and pompous language of the preceding generation. The most important of those schools was the Arzamas society (1815-18) which, with its constant aim after naturalness, became the precursor of Romanticism, and succeeded in destroying for ever the outworn ideal of the pseudo-classical epoch, or the imitative Russian literature of the eighteenth century.

Romanticism was introduced into Russian literature by Karamzin (1765-1826) and Zoukoffsky. In his youth Karamzin travelled a great deal in western Europe, became thoroughly acquainted with foreign literature, and was borne forward by the romantic current, which then began to influence European literature. On his return home he published *The Letters of a Russian Traveller* (1797-1800), and a series of novels, *Poor Liza*, *Natalja*, *the Bajar's Daughter*, and others, all written in a style of Art which constitutes their chief literary merit. In these works Karamzin gives us a purely romantic conception of Art, the predominance of feeling over reason, emotion at the sight of beauty in Nature, sentimental descriptions of poetical passion (in the style of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*), a kind of mystic fatalism in the analysis of passion, the continual struggle of good and evil, and a belief in the fatal ruin of those whose passions cannot yield to circumstance. Totally devoted to the world of mere sensation, Karamzin professed complete indifierence to national and political questions. It is for this reason that his works,

after a momentary vogue, fell into oblivion; but they had a great educational influence in their time. They awakened tender feelings, and the sense of Beauty, in a society that was till that time hardly interested at all in questions of Art.

Zoukoffsky introduced romantic principles into Russian literature, by interpreting the treasures of German and English poetry to Russian minds. He was chiefly a translator; but, by his wonderful poetic intuition, he succeeded in making foreign poems national. His translations of Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, of poems by Walter Scott, Gray, and Thomas Moore, gave the last stroke to the rhetorical verses of the Russian pseudo-classics. Zoukoffsky's ideal in Art is that of romantic poetry in general, viz. bucolic simplicity, longing for Beauty, delight in melancholy moods, and a great admiration at one and the same time for violent passions, and extreme moral virtues, constancy in love, friendship, etc. These views were adopted by most of the writers of that time, and the poet Pushkin, who then began his career, followed the principles of Romanticism throughout its first epoch.

Such was the state of Russian Art, when, towards 1826, German philosophy found its way into the Russian Universities, and gave rise to new æsthetic ideals. The system which found most favour was that of Schelling, and a new school of artists and critical writers arose, who abandoned romantic theories, in favour of the æsthetical views of the German philosopher who attracted their minds by his pantheism. The identification of spirit and matter, the conception of the real world as the visible body of an invisible spirit, became the creed of the enthusiastic new school of Russia. With Schelling they abandoned the experimental system in philosophy and accepted the intuition which enables man

to conceive the infinite and eternal idea, in its limited and transient manifestations on earth. The poetic sense was considered as a manifestation—and a very important one—of the same inner feeling, because it brings out the relation between man and the immortal spirit. Inspired with the poetic gift, man can embody eternal ideas in symbols of Art.

The most renowned of the æsthetic writers of that time was Nadejdin (1804-56), who introduced his doctrine in a series of articles in the *Messenger of Europe* (*Wjestnik Evropi*). He looked upon the æsthetic sense not as a mere element of human nature which produces poetry, but as a general factor in education and life. He defended the principle of pure Art, and protested against those who consider Art only as a kind of entertainment, which helps us to bear the fatigues of life. "Æsthetic education," he says, "completes and crowns our life; without it our human nature cannot ripen. It opens to us the poetry of life, which is the complete harmonic development of all the strings of our human being. Without this development the strings would never yield full and clear sound. Our life would become dull, monotonous, cold, and dark. In anything we did a heavy rattle of mechanical work would be heard, and our knowledge would have the dull void of pedantry about it. Without æsthetic education we cannot fully enjoy the better part of our being."

These ideas were closely followed by a literary circle, the members of which—Stankevich, Odojevsky, Kdreevsky, and others—all young and full of idealism, delighted only in questions of Beauty and Art, and professed complete indifference to politics and the questions of real life. Out of that circle of idealists—with their passion for German philosophy—came W. Bjelinsky (1810-48), the first

Russian critic who discussed questions of Art not as an imitator of foreign writers, but in an original manner of his own, adapted to the wants of Russian life. He was the first to develop a theory of literary criticism, and to give to his countrymen definite and lasting standards of taste. Bjelinsky was one of the greatest of æsthetic critics—like Sainte-Beuve, a sort of Russian Lessing—quite independently of the philosophy which engrossed him for the time being. He began his studies in the University of Moscow, and there he spent his youth, under the influence of the æsthetic theories of Nadejdin, and in the society of Stankevich and his friends. His earliest essays, therefore, are full of Schellingism. In his famous first article, "Literary Dreams," published in the review *Molva* in 1824, he states that no real literature has yet existed in Russia, and he thus explains his views on the object and aim of Art.

"The whole boundless, beautiful world is but the breath of a single, eternal idea, the idea of eternal God, manifesting itself in numberless forms, as a grand apocalypse of the absolute unity in endless variety. The moral manifestation of this eternal idea is the struggle between good and evil, between love and egotism. Without struggle there is no merit, without merit no reward, without action no life. . . . What is therefore the destination and the aim of Art? To picture, to reproduce the life of nature is the eternal object of Art. . . . Poetical inspiration is the reflection of the creative force of Nature. As long as a poet follows freely the instantaneous flash of his imagination he is moral, and he is a poet; but as soon as he pursues some particular aim and prescribes an object to himself, he is a philosopher and a moralist, but he loses his magic power over me. He destroys the charm and makes

me pity him if, having a real talent, he has also a special aim, and leads me to despise him, if he tries to entangle my soul in harmful ideas."

In the same article Bjelinsky treats the question of nationality in Art. "Every nation," he says, "by an infallible law of nature, must manifest in its life some particular side of the life of humanity as a whole.[1] The nation that does not fulfil this task does not really live, it only vegetates, and its existence is of no use whatever." These views of Bjelinsky in the first epoch of his authorship, combined with what he said in different other articles belonging to the same period, may be summed up in two propositions: (1) the aim of Poetry is to embody eternal ideas in symbols of Art, and a work is poetical as long as the poet creates freely and spontaneously; (2) the ideas expressed by the poet are possessed by the nation he belongs to, and belong to the time he lives in. Bjelinsky was strongly opposed to every kind of constraint in Poetry, to all affectation. He first criticised those who tried to imitate popular poetry, and maintained that Pushkin—whose genius he was the first to admire—was more national, when he wrote naturally and spontaneously, faithful to his inspiration, than when he attempted to imitate popular tales; because all imitation, or even a preconceived idea, paralyses spontaneity in Art, and only spontaneous Art can be national.

Towards the year 1837 the æsthetic views of Bjelinsky underwent some change. The influence of Schelling gave way to a new current, which gradually found its way into Russia. He and his intellectual friends got more and more influenced by Hegel's philosophy, and became Hegelian both in theory and practice. Bjelinsky then began writing

[1] Compare Ruskin's chapter upon "Nationality in Art" in the first volume of *Modern Painters.*

in the *Examiner of Moscow* (*Moskovsky Nabljudatel*), and there announced Hegel's famous principle that everything existing is reasonable. In Art, he extolled the calm objective contemplation of life, which he now considered as the most important duty of the artist. He regarded a work as truly artistic, only when the artist showed an impartial objective conception of life, presenting a close connection between the idea meant to be shadowed forth, and the form in which it is embodied. The idea must be entirely absorbed by the form. Any predominance of the idea or the feeling over the form excludes a product from the sphere of Art. In an article on a drama of Polevoy (1838), he explains that—

> the chief condition of a poetical work is to be concrete, and it is concrete when the idea has penetrated the form, and the form has expressed the idea, so that when the idea is destroyed, the form gives way too; and when the form is ruined, the idea is also gone. That is to say, the concrete is the mysterious, indissoluble tie of the idea, and of the form which constitutes universal life, and without which one could not live. This is especially true for works of Art; a musical production has an idea and a life, and this forms the mystery of its influence on the human soul; it has also sounds which make its form. Take away the sounds, and the piece of music will exist no more. . . . Every work of Art is artistic when it is based on the law of necessity, when it has nothing arbitrary in it, when not a single word, a single sound, could be substituted by another word or another sound. True artistic productions have nothing accidental, superfluous, or wanting. Everything in them is necessary, and in the right place.

The most important point in Art is not the idea, but the form, which must be penetrated by the calm shine of æsthetic beauty. The greatness of an idea does not imply its æsthetic beauty; on the contrary, it often makes it doubtful. The identification of the idea and the form established as the ideal in Art, made Bjelinsky sometimes

narrow in his critical appreciations. Thus, he disapproved of some of Schiller's best poems, because the idea they expressed outstepped the artistic form. This conception ot Art, as a calm disinterested reproduction of harmony in Nature, without any kind of violence in the form, made him praise every kind of objective Art, and condemn different literary species—as, for instance, the satire—as not artistic, because it displays acute feelings of woe, anger, and bitterness, which are contrary to the Olympic calmness an artist should always preserve. He rendered full justice to Schiller, but he put Goethe far above him.

Objectivity (he says) as a necessary condition of Art, prevents any moral aim, any judgment of the artist on his work. Picturing the wrong actions of men, the true poet does not write satires, because satires do not belong to the domain of Art. Describing moral monsters, the poet does not do it sullenly, as some people think; it is impossible to be indignant, and to create, at the same time; anger spoils the temper, poisons the pleasure; while the time of poetical inspiration, on the contrary, is the time of highest rapture. The poet cannot hate his own pictures, however ugly they may be; on the contrary, he rather loves them, for he already fancies them as purified ideas.

In 1839 Bjelinsky came from Moscow to St. Petersburg and became a critical contributor to the "Annals of the Native Land" (*Otetchestvennic Tapaski*). The new life, far from the literary circles of Moscow with their narrow party-spirit, and the sight of real life—quite different from his own idealistic dreams, and his literary friends in Moscow—had a great influence over him. His æsthetic ideas, after a time, became more realistic. Abandoning the pure idealism which he had received from Hegel's philosophy, he began to take into consideration the wants of real life; and from an admirer and teacher of pure art, he became the prophet of Art for the purposes of reality, and of *truth* as

the chief element, and the *conditio sine qua non* of true Art. This was the third and the most fruitful epoch of his authorship. His new views came out in his articles on the comedy of Gribogedoff, *The Misfortune of being too clever*, on Gogol's *Inspector*, on the poetry of Lermontoff and Pushkin. In the article on Gribogedoff, Bjelinsky announced the complete end of Romanticism, which he affirmed to be an appanage of the youthful period of life in a nation, when Poetry is seen in the incense of prayer, in the sigh of triumphant love, or in the grief of separation. In contrast with this, the poetry of the manhood of humanity —the newer poetry—realises the beauty of form, and opens the mysterious gates of the sacred temple of the spirit, in reality and not in dreamy vision. In short, the romantic poetry was the poetry of dream, and of vague aspiration within the domain of Idealism; the new poetry was the poetry of reality, and of life. In another article on Marlinsky, Bjelinsky throws emphasis on truth, naturalness, and reality in Art.

> Simplicity (he says) is a necessary condition of an artistic work, the very essence of which denies every external ornament, every affectation. In Art everything that does not reflect reality is a lie, and proves a want of talent in the artist. Art is the expression of truth, and reality alone is the highest truth; anything out of it, that is to say, anything invented by the author, is a lie, and a calumny on truth.

These principles—which seem such truisms now—were wholly new at that time; when poetry, full of affected romantic excesses, was in vogue. Bjelinsky, after having, at the outset of his career, indulged in dreamy idealistic views—which he had imbibed from German sources—at length reached a truer conception of Art, and thus greatly influenced, if he did not indeed create, the æsthetic sense of his time. He rejected the classic conception of

Art, with its predominance of the form over the idea, and the romantic idea with the spirit, dominating over the form, and found perfection in the synthesis of the two—that is to say, in the union of romantic thought with classical plasticity of form.

He thus became the founder of the idealistic principle which guided the pleiad of Russian writers and artists in the middle of the century (Gogol and his School), who combined realism and study of life, with a constant care for beauty of form; while many of the æsthetic opinions he put forth remain as permanent standards of literary judgment.

In his critical articles Bjelinsky established the principle of Art for the purposes of life, but this utilitarian view is opposed to his æsthetic theory, in which he is a pure metaphysician. In fact, the domain of Art for him is the Beautiful, and however different philosophical systems may define the Beautiful—whether it is a part of the poet's soul, and he only clothes it in material symbols, or whether it is contained in reality itself, and consists in the embodiment of the idea in physical symbols, so that the poet's aim is but to *discover* the Beautiful in nature and life,—in any case, each of those definitions is utterly opposed to the utilitarian principle Bjelinsky professed in his best articles. He himself did not see the incongruity of his æsthetic conception of the Beautiful, as the only object of Art, with the wants of the new realist school in Russian literature, the best representatives of which he hailed as true geniuses and artists. But some other critics of that time, who completely abandoned metaphysical theories, and were realists in Art, tried to transplant æsthetic views on realist ground, and at the same time to conciliate the utilitarian principle in Art with a purely æsthetic conception.

The first attempt was that of W. Majkoff, a young critic of Bjelinsky's time, whose untimely death in 1847, at the age of 23, prevented the full development of his rare literary gift. He explained his theory of Art in his articles on the poet Kolzoff (*Otetchestvenige Lapiski*, 1848) and the novels of Walter Scott, and its main features are as follows. When we examine the reality that surrounds us, we compare all that we see with ourselves; and everything in which we do not see the least likeness with ourselves, and which is therefore completely new, strange, and incomprehensible, is *interesting* to us. We want to study the unknown, and to discover what we have in common with it. But, when we attain that, the thing appears with its other face—the *sympathetic* one—that is to say, everything that we find it has in common with us excites our sympathy. "Therefore," says Majkoff, "we necessarily divide every object open to our knowledge into two parts. To the one we refer everything that does not in the least recall to us our own nature; that is the interesting part, which excites only our curiosity. To the other we refer all that it has in common with us; this is the sympathetic part, which produces love, an affection coming from the heart. The difference between the results caused by those two opposite sides of an object is, that the former lasts only so long as a thing is new, and gives way to indifference when we know it; whereas the latter, or sympathetic part (call it what you like) preserves an everlasting interest, unless we lose the capacity of feeling and sympathising.

"This distinction between the interesting and the sympathetic also constitutes the difference between Science and Art. Everything that excites our curiosity, but does not cause any emotion, belongs to the domain of Science; all that is sympathetic—all that in which we find a part of our-

selves, which agitates us, makes us glad, causes indignation, or frightens us — constitutes the domain of Art." Thus, artistic thought, according to Majkoff's theory, first appears in the form of love, or indignation; and the mystery of the creative power in Art is the capacity of representing reality from its sympathetic side. That is to say, the artist recreates the real world, not by altering its forms, but by transferring them into the world of human interest, *i.e.* into poetry.

Such is the æsthetic theory of Majkoff, which has the merit of putting Art on real ground, and of widening its domain, according to new wants. He says that the domain of Art is not confined to the Beautiful, but that it has to reproduce everything that concerns man and causes any emotion. At the same time Majkoff's theory is based on a utilitarian principle. Art with him does not only consist in copying Nature, it is also connected with human interests. But there are different interests in life; some of them purely material, others of a more elevated character. Art may certainly treat either of them, without abandoning its domain; but the higher Art is, the higher are the interests it serves.

After Bjelinsky's and Majkoff's death there was a complete reaction, which lasted about seven years (1848-55). Poets, novelists, and critics returned to the obsolete principle of pure Art, and condemned every literary production which showed any aim beyond the limits of pure Art. The most inveterate champions of the doctrine of Art for Art's sake were Drujinine and Annenkoff. Drujinine wrote novels in the old romantic style, and in his critical articles detracted from the precepts of Bjelinsky. Many other critics followed his example, and during seven years the influence of Bjelinsky was nearly non-existent. The literary productions of that

time have but little value, although they show the constant care of the authors for beauty of detail. Only a few writers resisted the general fancy for pure Art, and kept to realism in æsthetics. They belonged to the so-called Slavophil party, which sought to give to the whole of Russian civilisation a strong national character, and considered Art as a means of propagating their ideas.

Out of that party came A. Grigorjeff (1822-64), a renowned critic, whose works present a curious mixture of ultra-patriotic cant, with literary opinions really remarkable for their wisdom and justice. He looked upon pure Art as a sign of decay. True Art, he says, has always been, and will always be, national, or democratic in the philosophical meaning of that word. Poets are the voices of masses, of nations, of localities, heralds of grand ideas, and of the mysteries of life, bearers of words, which explain epochs and nations. The aim of Art is to create typical figures, *i.e.* symbols of determinate forms, or structures of psychical life, bearing the marks of particular national character. Genuine criticism must define and explain this typical national expression of ideals in Art. Pointing out the connection between artistic production and the ground from which it springs, and analysing the positive or negative views of the artist on life, it investigates life's very essence. Grigorjeff calls this kind of criticism *organic,* in contrast to the *historical* criticism of Bjelinsky,—who considered Art as the result of life, and not as the expression of the ideals which rule life—and in contrast to the *æsthetic* criticism, which is utterly detached from life.

A revival of æsthetic thought in Russia took place about 1855 with the first articles of Nicolas Tchernicheffsky (1828-89), whose philosophical theories determined a remarkable movement towards extreme realism in Literature and Art. As Bjelinsky was the intellectual leader of the

idealistic generation of Russian writers, between 1840 and 1850, the teaching of Tchernicheffsky produced a violent reaction in an opposite direction; a reaction which reached its height ten years later and determinated the so-called nihilistic literature, with its utter contempt of Art.[1] Tchernicheffsky did not go as far as his disciples. He left but few literary works, in which, however, he put forth original and highly interesting theories, both philosophical and æsthetic. As unfolding his æsthetic views, his most important works are, *Essay on the Epoch of Gogol* (1855-56), in which he explains Bjelinsky's theories, to a generation which had almost forgotten the precepts of the great critic; and his dissertation entitled *Relation of Art to Reality* (1855). His literary career was unfortunately cut short; the important part he played in a political affair causing his exile to Siberia, where he spent twenty years in hard labour in the mines, under very miserable conditions, and without the least possibility of continuing his studies. He returned home in 1887, with his physical and moral strength broken, and died two years afterwards.

The dissertation of Tchernicheffsky aimed at the destruction of former æsthetic theories, built on metaphysical ground, and the building of new and thoroughly realistic ones in their place. That is why the author begins by an analysis of the idea of the Beautiful. Rejecting one after another of the former definitions—as, for example, that "the beautiful is the full expression of the idea in a single object," or that "the beautiful is the identification of the idea and the form"—Tchernicheffsky gives his own definition, based on a realistic foundation.

The feeling which the Beautiful causes in man is a bright joy, like the joy of feeling the presence of some one dear to

[1] *I.e.* The philosophical, not political nihilism.

us. We *love* the Beautiful, with a disinterested love; we love and enjoy it, like the presence of a dear person. This proves that the Beautiful contains something dear to our heart. But this "something" must be extremely vast, able to assume various forms, and immensely general; for we consider very different things as beautiful, and creatures most unlike one another. The most general thing of which men are fond, and the most pleasant, is life; more especially such life as we consider best; and, next to it, any kind of life; because it is in any case better to live than not to live. Every living creature is afraid of destruction, of non-existence, and it likes life. It seems then that the definition "the Beautiful is life; a being is beautiful when we see in it life, as it ought to be according to our conceptions; a thing is beautiful when it is the expression of life, or when it reminds us of life,"—it seems that this definition explains adequately every phenomenon which produces in us the feeling of Beauty.

If that definition be correct, it follows that the Beautiful in Art must needs be inferior to the Beautiful in life. Indeed, if the Beautiful is everything that reflects life in the completest possible way, how can the reflection—however near it may be to the original—equal the original? The greatest part of Tchernicheffsky's dissertation consists indeed of a refutation of the theory that the idea of the Beautiful, not realised in life, is realised in works of Art, in which everything that lessens Beauty in Nature, everything accidental, can be put away, and the ideal of Beauty appear in its full splendour. Tchernicheffsky tries to prove the falseness of that idea; the Beautiful in Nature never yields to Beauty in Art, a beautiful landscape or a beautiful face does not impress us less than a picture. On the contrary, the Beauty of Nature, with its constant variety, is much superior to Art.

But if Art is not able to perform what has been attributed to it—viz. to realise the ideal of Beauty—what is the aim of Art? Its nearest aim, according to Tchernicheffsky, is to reproduce life, without aiming to surpass, or even to equal it; but only in order to recall Nature and Life to our mind, to

help our memory. If we have once seen the sea, a picture that reproduces it gives us pleasure, by helping the imagination to recall the sensation we once had. But such an aim would certainly be a poor one, and does not explain the enthusiasm of the artist in his work. The simple and indifferent catalogue of a museum, and the plainest hand-book, would serve as well for the purpose of reminding us of things we have seen before. But Tchernicheffsky gives a much wider aim to Art in his further explanation.

The general opinion (he says) is that the object of Art is the Beautiful, but this makes its domain extremely narrow. If we even agree that the sublime and the comical are elements of the Beautiful, many works of Art could not on account of their subject be comprised under these three rubrics—the beautiful, the elevated, the comical. In painting there may be pictures of domestic life, without a single beautiful or funny face; or pictures of old men or old women, who do not possess the peculiar beauty of old age. In music it is still more difficult to introduce these distinctions; if we put marches, pathetic pieces, etc., into the category of the sublime; if we count pieces full of love, among the Beautiful; if we find besides many comical songs, we will still have a great quantity of pieces which, on account of their subjects, cannot be included without constraint in any of these classes. Where, for example, are melancholy tunes to be classed? Do they belong to the sublime, because they express pain, or to the beautiful as tender dreams? But of all the arts, the one which is especially opposed to its being comprised within the narrow limits of the Beautiful, is Poetry. Its subject is the domain of Life and Nature. The points of view of the poet on life, in its various manifestations, are as various as may be our conceptions of different phenomena; and the thinker finds in reality many things besides the beautiful, the elevated, and the comical. Every grief does not attain the height of the tragic; every joy is not graceful or comic. The subject of poetry cannot be exhausted by these three elements. We see this plainly in the fact that poetical works have ceased to find their place within the frames of old subdivisions. That dramatic poetry does not represent only the tragic and the comic is proved by the invention of the drama. In the place of the elevated epic poetry, we have the novel, and its various kinds. For most of our modern lyrical poems we could not find, in the old divisions, a name which would indicate

the character of their subjects. A hundred rubrics would not be sufficient, and naturally three cannot comprise everything. It is the subject, and not the form, which must be beautiful.

Further on, in giving the final definition of Art, Tchernicheffsky asserts that the domain of Art is not only the Beautiful, but that it comprises everything that interests man in Life and Nature. Interesting things from a general point of view—that is the object of Art. But Tchernicheffsky does not point out—as Majkoff did—the difference between the interesting element which rouses curiosity, and the sympathetic which excites our feelings. He takes interest in its general and vague meaning, and underrates the distinction between Science and Art.

Out of this theory arises his conception of Art, as a means of impressing human minds with scientific, philosophical, and political views. He does not deny the great importance of Beauty in Art, but he wants Art to serve the interests of social life, to express the leading ideas of its time. It is not the aim of literary criticism, therefore, to discuss whether an artistic production follows the principles of æsthetic beauty. It has to determine whether it is a true picture of life. If it is not true, the critic rejects it, and does not care for its possible artistic perfection ; but if the illustration of life be exact, he immediately begins to analyse what is related by the author, as if it were not created by fancy, but were real fact.

Such a conception of criticism was appropriate to the new era of reform which began in Russia with the reign of Alexander II. Every one wished to take part in the great social work ; men of letters and artists were anxious to express the philosophical and political ideas, which agitated the society of that time ; and a new school of critics took up Tchernicheffsky's ideas on criticism, carrying them even

so far as absolutely to neglect the question of Beauty in Art. Examples of such peculiar criticism—where heroes of novels are spoken of, approved, or condemned like living persons, and situations are described by an author like true facts—are particularly frequent in the works of two critics, Dobroljuhoff and Pisareff, who played an important part in the intellectual life of their time.

N. Dobroljuhoff (1836-61) showed sympathy with the views of Bjelinsky, only as far as he objected to made-up theories in Art, to works written in order to set off some philosophical or moral idea. He wanted an artist to be natural and spontaneous in his imagination. That is the principle he expounded in one of his most remarkable articles entitled "A bright ray in the dark realm," where he analysed a social problem unfolded in a comedy of Ostroffsky.

> We don't mean (he says) that a writer must create his work under the influence of a certain theory. He may have whatever opinions he likes, but he must be sensible of truth and life. An artistic work may express an idea not because the author proposed it to himself in writing, but because he was struck by different facts in life, out of which this idea becomes evident. Thus, the philosophy of Socrates, of the comedies of Aristophanes, have the same purpose, which concerns the religious creed of the Greeks, *i.e.* the overthrow of the old superstitious religion. But it is not necessary to suppose that such wa Aristophanes' aim. He attains it simply by describing the life and the customs of his time. His comedies prove clearly that when he lived the reign of Greek mythology was over, and he thus leads us to the same idea which Plato and Socrates prove in a philosophical way.

But except this concession to Bjelinsky's theories, Dobroljuhoff was completely the disciple of Tchernicheffsky. He saw the difference between the theoretical philosopher and the artist, only in the fact that the former reasons in a concrete way, without letting partial phenomena out of his

sight; whereas the other tends to generalise. According to Dobroljuhoff, there is no essential difference between Science and Art. Literature had for him a secondary and subordinate importance.

Literature (he says) is designed by its very essence not to play an active part. It only suggests what ought to be done, or relates what was and what is done. In the first case, it takes its materials and foundations from pure science; in the second case, it takes them from the very facts of life. Thus, generally speaking, Literature is a subordinate power, the part of which lies in its propaganda, the merit of which depends upon the subject it propagates, and its way of propagating it.

Dobroljuhoff's views on Literature as a useful but secondary factor of the intellectual progress of society, paved the way to the entire rejection of Art, which we find in the works of D. Pisareff, who seriously advised the poets and novelists of his time to give up useless rhyming, and to devote themselves to popularising natural history! D. Pisareff (1841-68) had a strange fate in Russian literature. He was a prophet in his time, and raised more enthusiasm than men of the greatest literary eminence; but after his death general opinion turned against him, and he was ignored. At the present time the judgments passed on Pisareff are extremely different. Among living Russian critics there are enthusiasts of his genius, as well as violent depreciators. His short life was an unbroken tide of success, and the influence he had on the youth of his country was so great, that his exaggerations and even blunders were hailed with the same enthusiasm as his boldest and most ingenious ideas. He was a man of brilliant wit, and unusual eloquence; himself an enthusiast in everything he undertook, he knew how to impress his readers with his own overflowing passion. Absorbed with the study of the natural sciences, and greatly influenced

by the theories of Kant, J. S. Mill, Lewes, and Büchner, he saw the welfare of mankind in the progress of positive knowledge and rational philosophy. Literature and Art were mere trifles to him, unworthy of men of talent, who could contribute to the development of society in a more effectual way. He found his views confirmed by the assertions of his predecessors in criticism, Tchernicheffsky and Dobroljuhoff, and undertook a regular campaign against Literature and Art in general. This part of Pisareff's efforts is undoubtedly the weakest, and has but an historical interest, as showing the state of feeling at the time, and the decay of æsthetic insight under the influence of positivism. Pisareff unfolded his æsthetic views in a famous article, which he called "Blossoms of innocent Humour"; in which he tried to prove that the great Russian satirist Tchedrin is but a witty trifler, who had better have abandoned Art, and studied the natural sciences. In this article Pisareff records the decay of poetry and fiction, and is much gratified to find that "rhyming is at its last breath." He hopes that no really gifted man of his generation would devote himself to verse. He says that those who know what a great thing economy of human force is, will understand how important it is for the general welfare that intelligent men should preserve their brains for useful work!

Pisareff was not always such an absolute antagonist of Art, and the above article is the only one in which he utters such extravagant views. In his other writings he makes concessions to the artistic element in Literature, but says that the main point is to express a new idea; while the form in which it is expressed does not matter. Those who cannot discuss their ideas in theoretic or philosophic shape, but who prefer to utter them in images of fiction,

may do so. Society will appreciate their ideas, in whatever form they may be presented.

Since the time of Pisareff, Russian criticism has given up his exaggerations; but it has preserved the realist conception of Art. The historical theory of æsthetics, put forth by Taine, has had some influence on recent writers; and upon the whole it may be said that the Russian critics of the present day—while retaining the peculiarities of their nation—do not diverge very far from the æsthetic views which now guide the Literature of western Europe.

APPENDIX B

DANISH ÆSTHETIC

PHILOSOPHY may be said to have had no place in the literature of Denmark till the beginning of this century. Its earliest efforts were inspired by German thought, especially by that of Schelling and Hegel; and not till quite recently has Neo-Kantism on the one hand, and English philosophy on the other, had any influence on Danish thought. Although no Danish thinker can be said to mark a turning-point in the history of Philosophy, the country has produced some noteworthy men (Treschou, Sibbern, R. Nielsen, Höffding), and one of real genius, viz. S. Kierkegaard. Philosophy, indeed, has played a considerable part in the intellectual life of Denmark, especially in the development of poetry and of religious ideas;[1] but the philosophy of Art and of the Beautiful has not been much studied; and it is only quite recently that a living philosopher—Claudius Edward Theodor Wilkens—has set up a philosophical system of æsthetic.

[1] Cp. Professor Harold Höffding, "Die Philosophie in Dänemark im 19. Jahrhundert" (in *Archiv für Geschichte der Philosophie*, herausgegeben von Ludwig Stein, Bd. II. Heft 1); and K. Ibsen, "Den danske Filosofin under senaste årtionda" (in *Finsk Tidsskrift*, 1890). ("The Danish philosophy during these ten years.")

The more important writers on Philosophy who have dealt with the general subject of the Beautiful, or its special branches, are the following :—

The naturalist, Hans Christian Oersted, who has been already referred to (vol. i. pp. 89, 90). To what was there stated it need only be added that in a smaller essay, *To Kapitler af det Skjönnes Naturlove* (Two chapters of the Natural Philosophy of the Beautiful)—of which there is also a German translation, *Naturlehre des Schönen* (1845)—he made an interesting attempt to found a scientific Philosophy of the Beautiful by an inductive-empirical method; and thus prepared the way for the German Fechner, who, in his *Vorschule der Aesthetik* (1876) has laid the basis of an experimental science of the fine arts.

Frederik Christian Sibbern (1785-1872) became Professor of Philosophy in the University of Copenhagen in 1813. Like Oersted, he was mostly influenced by Schelling in metaphysics, and by Solger in æsthetics, but he was an independent thinker. He published three volumes, *Om Poesi og Kunst* (On Poetry and Art), at Copenhagen (1834-53). In a peculiar and somewhat homely style he discussed most of the æsthetic problems, to some extent in sympathy with the Germans, yet with independent common-sense, and a freshly discriminating eye. Sibbern, however, did not exercise any very great influence on æsthetics in Denmark.

A far greater, and for some time a predominant, influence was exerted by Johan Ludvig Heiberg—a poet, and a vigorous philosophical critic. He was born at Copenhagen in 1791, and after studying Natural Philosophy turned to Literature. He obtained the degree of Ph.D. in 1817 for an essay *De poëseos dramatico genere hispanico, præsertim de Pedro Calderone de la Barca*; and was after-

wards Professor of the Danish language and Literature in the University of Kiel. In 1830 he became Professor of Philosophy and Danish Literature at the Military High School, and died in 1860. Heiberg wrote many critical essays on the subject of the Beautiful. In one of them he gave the outlines of an Æsthetic Philosophy in the spirit of Hegel. He also wrote a criticism on Oehlenschläger's tragedy, *Væringerne i Miklagaard.*[1] Oehlenschläger, in an anti-criticism, expressed his displeasure. This led to Heiberg's giving, as the basis of his reply, the outlines of his æsthetic system, which was worked out on Hegelian lines, and printed in the *Kjöbenhavns flyvende Post* in 1828, under the title *Svar paa Hr. Professor Oehlenschläger's Skrift*, An answer to Professor Oehlenschläger's pamphlet.

Its fundamental thought is as follows: The first thing in poetic criticism is an acknowledgment of merit, which ought to be decided by immediate feeling, as we cannot give a reason for it unless we enter upon technicalities. "An estimate of technicalities is inevitable, but it must be founded on a feeling of the poetical, *i.e.* criticism must, like everything dialectic, originate in something immediate; if not, it is idle. But the immediate criticism cannot be without an after-reflection of itself." If criticism, therefore, is to become anything better than mere tautological praise or blame, it must pass into technicality—that is to say, into an examination of the conformity of the poetical work with the species of poetry to which it belongs. "The poetical may often be separated from the technical. Thus a tragedy may be founded on poetical materials, and in its execution give evidence of poetic spirit, but it may notwithstanding be deficient in the requirements of tragedy;

[1] "Væring" is a name for the northern warriors; and "Miklagaard" is the old northern name for Constantinople.

for a poetical work must not only be poetic in general, but must also in every way correspond to the special class of poetry to which it belongs. An epos, a drama, must not only be each of them poetical, but the former must be epic and the latter dramatic."[1] Technical treatment is thus the criterion. "Every work which fulfils the requirements of the species of poetry to which it belongs, is good; and if it corresponds perfectly to its idea, it is masterly."

This criticism is widely different from the formal and technical criticism of the French, which was only an inquiry as to how far a poet's work corresponded to the opinions he had adopted on the subject in general, opinions which prejudice and convenience had fixed as invariable articles of faith. "If criticism is to be raised from being a mere expression of opinion to the rank of Philosophy, the critic must first clearly grasp the idea of the various forms of poetry, not defining them according to convenience and prejudice, but developing them out of the idea of poetry itself. He must then examine how far any particular poetical work corresponds to the notion thus defined. This only is criticism; everything else is idle, arbitrary reasoning, without purpose or advantage." Heiberg then develops the various species of poetry in the spirit of Hegel. Construed according to his dialectic system, this conception of criticism may be called speculative, formal, and critical.

Johannes Carsten Hauch, a lyric and dramatic author of considerable rank, and a novelist, was born at Frederikshald, in Norway, in 1790. He first studied law, afterwards philosophy, and became Professor of Northern Literature at Kiel in 1846, and of Æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen in 1851 — Oehlenschläger's successor. He

[1] *Prosaiske Skriften*, iv. p. 198.

died at Rome in 1871. Hauch's æsthetical essays—*Afhandlinger og æsthetiske Betragtninger* (Essays and æsthetical observations), Copenhagen, 1855, *Æsthetiske Afhandlinger og Recensioner* (Æsthetical essays and criticisms), vol. i. 1861, and ii. 1869—deal for the most part with the nature of lyric and dramatic poetry, with critical and æsthetic analyses of Shakespeare, Holberg, and Oehlenschläger. He does not give us anything, however, that cannot be found in Schlegel, Solger, and Hegel.

Georg Morris Cohen Brandes—well known as a writer on the history of philosophy and as a literary critic—was born at Copenhagen in 1842, took his degree of Ph.D. in 1870, and has since travelled much in Europe, and has gained an influence over Danish poetry and literature somewhat similar to that of J. L. Heiberg. He is the leader of the younger school of poets, and has published a few works on Æsthetics. *Æsthetiske Studier* (Æsthetical studies), *Begrebet den tragiske Skjæbne* (The notion of the tragical fate), *To Kapitler af det komiskes Theori* (Two chapters on the theory of the comical), Copenhagen, 1868, and *Den franske Æsthetik i vore Dage* (French æsthetics in our day), *En Afhandling om H. Taine* (An essay on H. Taine), Copenhagen, 1870.

Julius Henrik Lange, an eminent art-critic and writer on the history of Art—born at Vordingborg in 1838, in 1871 Professor Extraordinary of the History of Art in the University of Copenhagen — has given an ingenious contribution to the Philosophy of Beauty in an essay *Om Kunstværdi* (On artistic value), Copenhagen, 1876. Its fundamental thought is that "the 'artistic value' of a work of art is the value which the representation of the subject proves to have had to the artist, and which, through that, it comes to have to us."

Alfred Lehmann, experimental psychologist, born in Copenhagen, 1858, has worked in the spirit, and according to the method of Fechner. In his book, *Farvernes elementære Æsthetik; en objektiv psykologisk Undersögelse* (The elementary Æsthetics of Colours; an objective psychological inquiry), Copenhagen, 1884, he has tried—by an inductive-experimental method—to define the laws of the harmonious combination of colours.

Claudius Edward Theodor Wilkens—born at Kolding, in Jutland, 1844, Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy and Sociology in the University of Copenhagen—has written both on Sociology and Æsthetics. In his work *Æsthetik i Omrids, Med særligt Hensyn til moderne Æsthetik* (Outlines of Æsthetics, with special regard to modern Æsthetics), Copenhagen, 1888, Danish literature has for the first time got a hand-book of Æsthetics, which traverses the whole of the science, leaving no idea untouched. His fundamental view is best explained by showing the relation in which it stands to the principal æsthetic schools. He considers Kant right when he says that the æsthetic judgment is the result of our personal feeling. The Beautiful is that which involuntarily and spontaneously (*i.e.* without conscious effort) calls forth a state of feeling within us. The Beautiful, then, is in the subject itself, as the light and colour are in the eye that sees. But as colour has in it something objective, so also with the Beautiful. There must be something we value as beautiful. This — the objective nature of the Beautiful—has been sought in two ways, first in the *idea*, *i.e.* in a sublime, spiritual element. This is the æsthetic of Content, which regards the beautiful as the absolute in the form of intuition: the theory of Hegel. The next is the æsthetic of Form, where the beautiful is sought in certain simple primarily pleasant relations—

regularity, symmetry, etc. : the theory of Herbart and his School. If, for instance, we take such a simple thing as an orange, the æsthetic of Content seeks the idea of the fruit; while the æsthetic of Form takes account of the simpler relations, viz. the sensuous yellow colour, which however does not indicate any relation, and the globular form, which pleases by symmetry—a primitive relation of beauty. The æsthetic of Form here grasps an element of universal validity, but limits itself to the fact that it is universally pleasing. The physiological æsthetic of Herbert Spencer goes one step deeper in apprehension, and asks the reason why these relations please us; and finds it, physiologically, in our senses and nerve-system being stimulated in a special harmonious manner. Here then are three explanations of the Beautiful—three æsthetical systems.

From these three Wilkens advances, however, to a fourth point of view, the psychological-scientific. This turns critically against the æsthetic of Content, which is indeed right, but only gives us a poetic view of the Beautiful, not a scientific view; and it agrees with the æsthetic of Form, and physiological æsthetic, in that we must make use of analysis. Trying by a psychological method to discover the elements of Beauty in the orange, he finds first that the æsthetical looker-on must be able to rise to a free intuition of the Beautiful, without desire for the beautiful thing. He must apprehend the object as an image, a phenomenon, a fancy, without caring for the usefulness which lies behind it. When this is done he finds as the first element in the beauty of the orange pleasure in the pure intensity of the yellow colour. A pure colour—like a clear tone—gives us a delight of general validity, which is devoid of all desire, *i.e.* a pure æsthetic pleasure. As

the single perception is a compound, the pleasure is, no doubt, due to a harmonious relation among all the elements which go to constitute it; but it is augmented by the physiological and psychological fact that feeling is more deeply stirred by red and yellow colour than it is by green.

Secondly, the round form pleases us by its symmetry —a universally accepted and primitive element of beauty. A deeper reason for the pleasure due to symmetry is that we have a clear manifestation of exact regularity, by which the manifold may be expressed in a simple formula, "unity in multiplicity." The intuition is here satisfied by perspicuity and ease; the thought, by unity in multiplicity; the very will, by the subordination of the manifold under a law.

Thirdly, to these considerations must now be added the form as an expression for the contents of life. The orange is an organic form, and in all our interpretations of organic form our own view of life plays a part. Let our personal view of life be called A; the organic expression of it B; A and B will now enter into a firm association. If next we see a man, animal, or plant, which is more or less analogous with our own body, then we co-apprehend, co-feel, "in"-feel A into B. The whole organic kingdom we explain æsthetically, by analogy with our own body. We consider a perfectly healthy, strong, active body beautiful, because it expresses health, harmony, happiness; and by an unconscious effect of association this generally accepted "co-feeling" will also influence our view of the orange. The round form suggests fulness of life, abundance of life.

Fourthly, to this must be added a circle of further associations, viz. all those connected with our knowledge

of the orange—of the countries, the places where it grows, the South, etc.—and which surround it with a light veil of poetry. This has its simple psychological foundation in associations which also give us the key to the poetry of a landscape, and to pictures of it, as also to those harmonies which attach themselves to the separate colours. Thus, the æsthetics of Form and the physiological æsthetics are indirectly criticised. Their explanation is partly true, but it is too poor; and the element of truth in the æsthetic of Content is psychologically explained. It is the contents of life, happiness of life, harmony of life, which we value as beautiful in the form.

The result of his many-sided inquiry into the nature of the Beautiful Wilkens gives in the following definition of it: "The Beautiful is a picture of life in its harmonious, energetic fulness, with the happiness of life corresponding thereto; a picture which, in the æsthetically contemplative subject—through sympathy with life—gives a resonance of that happiness, and also manifests itself in a richer and more harmonious nerve-current and apprehensive faculty, with enjoyment corresponding thereto, expressing itself in a generally accepted, immediate, desireless pleasure, the judgment of the æsthetic power of valuation." In the other parts of his book the Sublime, the Tragic, the Ugly, the Comic, and the Fanciful are developed—the method pursued being everywhere the empiric-psychological—and all those factors which contribute towards the characteristically complex feeling produced by the beautiful and the sublime are analysed with care.

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